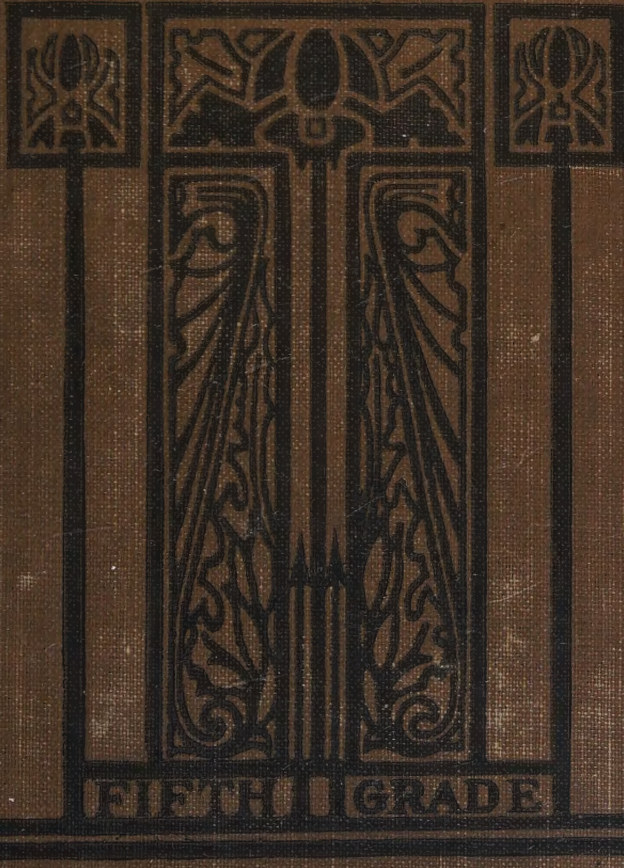
ELSON
GRAMMAR SCHOOL READER
BOOK ONE



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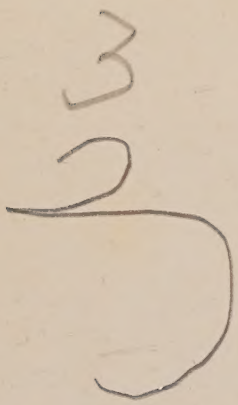

ELSON

GRAMMAR SCHOOL READER

BOOK ONE

BY

WILLIAM H. ELSON
AUTHOR ELSON PRIMARY SCHOOL READERS

AND

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INTRODUCTION TO THE ELSON GRAMMAR SCHOOL READERS

Reading holds a commanding position in the school course. It lies at the foundation of all other studies and is fundamental to advancement in them. Whatever makes for good reading makes for progress in all other branches. Because of its importance, reading should have due recognition in the time-schedule of the school and should have fullest preparation at the hands of the teacher. A poor teacher of reading is a poor teacher, whatever else she may do well, while a good teacher of reading has gone a long way toward teaching efficiency. Reading therefore holds first place among elementary school studies.

In the primary school, children learn to read, while in the grammar school they read to learn. In other words, the aim of the primary school is to give children power to read, while that of the grammar school is to use this power to further the ends of education, i. e., to interpret the printed page and gain knowledge from books, to acquire the reading habit, to find beauty and pleasure in the study of literature, and to acquire a discriminating taste. Grammar school reading therefore has a field and purpose of its own.

The Elson Grammar School Readers have a definite purpose. They are not merely "another set of readers." They aim to supply reading material of a character worthy the high place that reading holds in the school course, and to furnish it in abundance. In addition, this material is carefully selected, well graded, classified, and abundantly provided with "Helps" to aid pupils and teachers in interpreting the thought. The series consists of four books, each containing three divisions. *Part One* of each book deals with short selections in prose and poetry

from American and British authors, grouped with reference to various criteria, chiefly that of theme. In this part are found some of the fine old pieces long recognized as among the best in literature. *Part Two* contains some of the great cycle stories that reveal stages of human development;—pure adventure, of which "Aladdin and His Lamp" is typical of the group found in Book One; heroism, manifesting itself in love for State, expressed in the Greek and Roman stories found in Book Two; chivalry—shown in the protection of the weak and in the cause of Christianity—exemplified in the stories of King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table, in Book Three; pure literature, expressed in the works of our great American writers, in Book Four. The importance of these great cycle stories, which have delighted old and young for countless generations, should not be underestimated. *Part Three* consists of selections from our great American writers, together with biographies of the authors, historical notes, and other helps. These enable the pupils to know and love our great American authors and some of their choicest creations. In Book Four this part is devoted to dramatic and patriotic selections.

THE AUTHORS.

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COURSE OF READING

In the ELSON READERS selections are grouped according to theme or authorship. This arrangement, however, is not intended to fix an order for reading in class; its purpose is to emphasize classification, facilitate comparison, and enable pupils to appreciate similarities and contrasts in the treatment of like themes by different authors.

To give variety, to meet the interests at different seasons and festivals, and to go from prose to poetry and from long to short selections, a carefully planned order of reading should be followed. Such an order of reading calls for a full consideration of all the factors mentioned above. The Course here offered meets these ends but may easily be varied to fit local conditions.

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INTRODUCTION

This book is designed to furnish a rich and varied supply of reading matter suited to the interests and needs of children in the early part of the grammar school work. The selections have been made with great care from among the masterpieces of British and American literature. Many familiar old pieces that have stood the test of time are included in the list. They are the songs that will always be sung and the stories that will always be told. The grouping into separate parts will aid both teachers and pupils in classifying the material, indicating at a glance the range and variety of literature offered.

Part One includes both poetry and prose. The stirring notes of patriotism with which the book opens find fitting supplement in the charming stories which follow, "The Leak in the Dike" and "The Golden Touch" being typical of the entire group. The series of nature poems, the group of fables in poetry and prose, poems relating to duty and courage, and the group of lullaby poems, complete a collection of literary creations notable for their charm of expression and conspicuous for their beauty of thought and imagery.

Part Two deals with adventure. It contains some of the Arabian Nights tales,* the story of Robin Hood, Gulliver's Travels, and Robinson Crusoe. These fine old stories of adventure, handed down from earlier days, have delighted old and young for many generations. We read them today for the same reason they were told in the days of old, for amusement and entertainment.

The stories contained in Part Two have been rewritten, or carefully edited. In other selections in this book,—for example, "The Golden Touch," "Capturing the Wild Horse," "A Paradise of Children," etc., simpler words have been substituted in a few instances for those unfamiliar to children at this age.

* As here given these tales are adapted from The Young People's Library of the Henry Altemus Company.

Part Three presents a few of the great American authors, and no apology is needed for the names included in the list offered. They represent the makers of our American literature and the selections chosen are those best suited to children of this age. From Franklin to Whittier, the spirit and thoughts of our developing nation are set forth in a literature distinctively American, and some of the choicest treasures of that creative period are here brought together. Through these, the children may become familiar with the life of the past and may be made conscious of some of its lessons for the present and the future. They may thus come to know and love American authors and their works.

The biographical and historical notes are intended to make the stories and their authors more interesting and real to the children and to furnish helpful data for interpreting them. "Helps to Study" include questions and notes designed to stimulate inquiry on the part of pupils and to suggest fruitful lines for discussion. Only a few points are suggested, to indicate the way, and no attempt is made to cover the ground in all directions; that remains for the teacher to do. The questions found in the book are for the pupils to use in the preparation of their lessons. To make these of value the teacher must not fail to draw upon them in every lesson.

While placing emphasis primarily on interpreting the selection for the reader himself, the formalities necessary to give the full force of the selection to the hearer must not be overlooked. The technique of reading, though always subordinate and secondary to the mastery of the thought, nevertheless claims constant and careful attention. Good reading requires clear enunciation and correct pronunciation, and these can be secured only when the teacher steadily insists upon them. The increase in our schools of children in whose homes a foreign language is spoken, and the influence this has upon clearness and accuracy of speech, furnish added reason for attention to these details.

At the close of each lesson lists of words for pronunciation

are found. These should form the basis of special drill exercises. The habit of using the dictionary and other reference books for pronunciation and meaning of words, for historical and mythical allusions should be steadily cultivated. Under "Helps to Study" will be found vocabulary lists. These include a few words found in the lesson which pupils are expected to make a part of their vocabulary, to incorporate into their daily speech, and to use when occasion requires. Pupils should master these words and make them their own. Growth of vocabulary is a necessary part of the daily reading lesson of all pupils.

To discriminating teachers it will be apparent that this book is not the usual school reader. On the contrary, it differs widely from this in the cultural value of the selections, in the classification and arrangement of material, in the variety of interests to which it appeals, and in the abundance of classic literature from British and American authors which it contains. It aims to furnish the best in poetry and prose to be found in the literature of the English-speaking race, and to furnish it in abundance. If these familiar old selections, long accepted as among the best in literature, shall be the means of cultivating in pupils a taste for good reading, and at the same time shall have that refining influence on character which good literature always has, then the book will have fulfilled its purpose.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to those who have given valuable suggestions and help in the compilation of this book.

The Authors.

February, 1911.

PART I

PATRIOTISM, STORIES, POEMS OF NATURE AND DUTY

Better—a thousand times better—than all the material wealth the world can give is the love for the best books.

PART I

PATRIOTISM, STORIES, POEMS OF NATURE AND DUTY

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY

CHARLES SUMNER

Charles Sumner (1811-1874), an American statesman and orator, was born in Boston, Massachusetts. He graduated at Harvard College and at the Harvard Law School. In 1845 he delivered an oration in Boston on "The True Grandeur of Nations" that stamped him as an orator of the first rank. He became United States senator in 1851 and was a member of the Cabinet of President Lincoln. The following selection is taken from an address at the Cooper Institute in New York in 1867.

THERE is the national flag. He must be cold indeed who can look upon its folds, rippling in the breeze, without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship and country itself, with all its endearments. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence.

It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new state. The two together signify union past and present.

The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and altogether, bunting, stripes, stars, and colors,

blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

What does the author say the flag means to an American in a foreign country?

How can you explain this?

What makes our flag beautiful?

How does the American flag "represent all" more than the flags of other countries?

What do the stripes in the flag tell? How many stripes are there in the flag?

What do the stars show?

How many stars have we in the flag now?

To whom do the words "our fathers" refer?

What does the white in the flag signify or represent?

What does the red signify? The blue?

To what does the orator compare the cluster of stars in the American flag?

What part of the flag shows that there was union among the states in the past?

What part shows the present union of states?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

main-tain′ (mān-tān′)
ăl-tĕr′-nāte
sŭb-līme′-ly
rĕc′-ŏg-nīze
ŏf-fĭ′-cial-ly
sym′-bŏl-īze
fŏr′-eign (ĭn)
ō-rĭg′-ĭ-năl
prō-claim′ (klām′)

VOCABULARY:

văl′-or—bravery; courage.
rĕv′-er-ence—great respect and affection.
nă′-tion-al—of the nation or belonging to the nation.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"trophies"
"symbolizes"
"constellation"
"constituting"
"He must be cold"
"every part has a voice"
"officially recognized"
"to be cherished by all our hearts"
"to be upheld by all our hands"
"endearments"
"proclaim"
"colors have a language"
"blazing in the sky"

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Francis Scott Key (1780-1843) was an American lawyer and poet. He was a native of Maryland. His "The Star-Spangled Banner" made him famous.

1

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed, at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

2

On that shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

3

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

4

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust";
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

HELPS TO STUDY

Historical: The incidents referred to in this poem occurred during the war of 1812. In August, 1814, a strong force of British entered Washington and burned the Capitol, the White House, and many other public buildings. On September 13 the British admiral moved his fleet into position to attack Fort McHenry. The bombardment of the fort lasted all night, but the fort was so bravely defended that the flag was still floating over it when morning came.

Just before the bombardment began, Francis Scott Key was sent to the admiral's frigate to arrange for an exchange of prisoners and was told to wait until the bombardment was over. All night he watched the fort and by the first rays of morning light he saw the Stars and Stripes still waving. Then, in his joy and pride, he wrote the stirring words of the song, which is now known and loved by all Americans—"The Star Spangled Banner."

Notes and Questions

When was this song written?
What "perilous fight" had taken place?
Where was the author during the fight?
What had he seen at the "twilight's last gleaming"?
Over what ramparts was the flag streaming?
What proof did he have during the night that the flag was still flying over the fort?
Who were the "foe's haughty host"?
What words tell where the foe was?
What words tell that the foe had ceased firing?
Why was this?
Where was the reflection of the flag seen?
What is the meaning of "thus" in the line that begins "O thus be it ever"?

What land is the "heav'n-rescued land"?
What does the author mean when he speaks of the "Power that has made and preserved us a nation"?
Read the words which must be our country's motto.

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

pĕr'-il-ous	tow'-er-ing (tou'-ĕr-ing)	dĕs-ō-lā'-tion (shŭn)
hăv'-ŏc	haugh'ty (hô'tĭ)	rĕf'-ūge
hīre'-lĭng	pŏl-lū'-tion	vaunt'-ing-ly (vônt')

VOCABULARY:

rĕs'-cūe—to free or deliver from danger or evil.
trī'-ŭmph—victory; a state of joy because of success.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"mist of the deep"	"ramparts"
"fitfully blows"	"bombs bursting in air"
"rocket's red glare"	"Star-Spangled"
"haughty host"	"towering steep"

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY*

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

James Whitcomb Riley (1852-1916) is an American poet. He was born in Indiana and is called "The Hoosier Poet."

1

OLD GLORY! say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue,—
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you to?—
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?—
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,

*Copyright, 1900, James Whitcomb Riley. Published by permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

With your stars at their glittering best overhead—
By day or by night
Their delightfullest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue!—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?—say, who—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old banner lifted, and faltering then
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

2

Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were,—
For your name—just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear;—
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye
And an aching to live for you always—or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last.—

3

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:—
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,

Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,—
My name is as old as the glory of God.
. . . So I came by the name of Old Glory.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

To whom is the poet speaking?
What question does he ask?
What soldiers are meant by "the gray"?
What soldiers are meant by "the blue"?
Why were they given these names?
What does the poet mean by describing the blue and the gray as "blended ranks"?
This poem was written in the year of our war with Spain. How were the blue and the gray blended at that time?
When do the stripes in the flag become "ripples"?
Read the lines which tell how we feel when we see the flag fly and "the boys marching by".
Who are the boys referred to in these lines?
How old does the flag say its name is?
Of what is the "driven snow-white" the symbol? (See p. 15.)
Of what is the "living blood-red" the symbol?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

vāgue (vāg)	răp'-tur-ous	chrĭs'ten-ing (krĭs''n-ĭng)
āch'-ing	leaped (lēpt, or lĕpt)	cŏn-joined'

VOCABULARY:

au'-dĭ-ble—loud enough to be heard.
sym'-bŏl—a sign; anything which suggests an idea or thing.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"rapturous air"	"square heaven of blue"
"scars of all wars"	"a blur in the eye"
"fame so becoming to you"	"skyward cast"
"a tang to the spirit"	"vague lisps"
"cast yourself free"	"aching to live for you"
"the ring of the same"	"conjoined of them all"
"at their glittering best"	"skyward cast"
"laughing down"	"droop o'er the sod"
"delightfullest light"	"long grasses nod"

THE LAND OF LIBERTY

(AUTHOR UNKNOWN)

1

I LOVE my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
  Her sunshine and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks, that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air
  In wild, fantastic forms.

2

I love her rivers, deep and wide,
Those mighty streams that seaward glide
  To seek the ocean's breast;
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,
Her shady dells, her flow'ry dales,
  The haunts of peaceful rest.

3

I love her forests, dark and lone,
For there the wild bird's merry tone,
  I hear from morn till night;
And there are lovelier flowers, I ween,
Than e'er in Eastern lands were seen,
  In varied colors bright.

4

Her forests and her valleys fair,
Her flowers that scent the morning air,
  All have their charms for me;
But more I love my country's name,
Those words that echo deathless fame,
  "The Land of Liberty."

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

What are "pine-clad" hills?
What parts of our country are noted for pine forests?
In what regions would you see rocks, such as are described in the first stanza?
What things are mentioned in the second stanza as objects of the poet's love?
Name one of the "mighty streams that seaward glide."
What does the poet say makes the forests beautiful?
What comparison is made between our flowers and the flowers of Eastern lands?
What does the poet love more than all the beautiful things which he has mentioned?
Read the line that gives this name.
Commit to memory the last three lines of the fourth stanza.

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

haunts (hänts)	hōar'-y (hōr'ĭ)	rŭg'-gĕd
rear (rēr)	lĭb'-ēr-ty (tĭ)	vā'-rĭed (rĭd)

VOCABULARY:

fāme—glory; public reputation.
pēace'-ful—quiet; still; undisturbed.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"gushing rills"	"hoary heads"
"fantastic forms"	"pleasant vales"
"varied colors"	"deathless fame"

THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON*

32
1799

RUFUS CHOATE

Rufus Choate (1799-1859), an American orator, was a native of Essex, Massachusetts. He graduated from Dartmouth College. He and Daniel Webster were the greatest orators of their time.

THE birthday of the "Father of his Country!" May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts!

His memory is first and most sacred in our love; and ever

*From one of Choate's orations.

hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and of might.

It was the daily beauty and towering and matchless glory of his life which enabled him to create his country, and at the same time secure an undying love and regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men, before his day, in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that Young America was Washington.

HELPS TO STUDY

Historical: The words, "First in the hearts of his countrymen," were first used by Colonel Henry Lee in the Resolutions which were presented in the House of Representatives on the death of Washington, December, 1799, "to the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." The date 1774, mentioned in this oration, was the year in which the First Continental Congress met.

Notes and Questions

Read the line that tells the place which the memory of Washington holds in the love of the American people.

What enabled Washington to "create his country"?

What secured for him the love of the American people?

When was the expression "The first in the hearts of his countrymen" first used?

Who said it?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

ĕn-ā′-bled (b′ld) sā′-crĕd crē-āte′
cŏl′-ô-ny (nĭ) rĕck′-on (′n) ŭn-doubt′-ĕd-ly

VOCABULARY:

dāi′-ly—happening or belonging to each day.
sē-cūre′—to get possession of.
hēre-aft′-er—from this time forward.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"to create his country" "a spell of power and of might"
"matchless glory" "daily beauty"

INDEPENDENCE BELL
(AUTHOR UNKNOWN)

1

THERE was a tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down—
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

2

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

3

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way, there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

4

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled.

The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

5

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

6

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exultant cry!
"Ring!" he shouts, "ring! grandpa,
Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly at the given signal
The old bell-man lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

7

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious Liberty arose!

8

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;

But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bell-man
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out loudly, "Independence;"
Which, please God, shall never die!

HELPS TO STUDY

Historical: In June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia offered a resolution in Congress, "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states." This motion was seconded by John Adams of Massachusetts and carried on July 2.

John Adams, Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, Roger Sherman of Connecticut, and Robert Livingston of New York were chosen to draw up a declaration which should contain this resolution. The Declaration of Independence was written by Thomas Jefferson and adopted by Congress July 4, 1776.

The old State House, Philadelphia, in which Congress met, is now known as Independence Hall.

Notes and Questions

Where did the events related in this story take place?
What city is meant by the "quaint old Quaker town"?
Where were the people of the city gathered?
Why were they so excited?
To what is the pressure of the people against the building compared?
How many people are represented as speaking in the third stanza?
How do you know this?
Why are the sentences in this stanza so short?
Why are Adams and Sherman mentioned by the people?
What reason had the people for thinking that the nation's life was "at hazard", that is, in danger?
What portal is referred to in the fourth stanza?
What is a patriot?
Who were the Spartans?
For what did they fight?
What did the ringing of the bell tell to the people?
How did they show their joy?
Why should we remember the bell-man on the "Fourth of each July"?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

tū′-mŭlt	swĕat	hăz′-ard	clăm′-or-ous
quāint	tŭr′-bū-lent	pā′-trĭ-ŏt	fā′-bled (b'ld)
Quāk′-er	stī′-flĭng	dăl′-ly-ĭng	Phœ′nĭx (fē′-nĭks)

VOCABULARY:

blēak—cold and cutting.
dĕnse—close; compact; thick.
rē-pōse′—quiet; rest; calm.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"bleak Atlantic currents" "turbulent with sound"

"Spartan"—a native of Sparta, one of the states of ancient Greece. At the battle of Thermopylæ three hundred Spartans under Leonidas held a narrow pass against a large Persian army, until every Spartan was slain.

"Phœnix"—a bird which the ancient Egyptians believed visited their country once in several hundred years. They thought this bird burned itself to death and from its ashes sprang a new Phœnix.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

Samuel Woodworth (1785-1842), an American poet and editor, was born in Scituate, Massachusetts. He was a printer by trade. He wrote patriotic songs, but of all his writings the "Old Oaken Bucket" is best liked.

1

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

2

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar which Jupiter sips;
And now, far removed from thy loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

What "scenes" of his childhood does the poet remember?

What words does he use to describe the bucket?

On what part of the bucket did the moss grow?

When did the boy find greatest pleasure in the old oaken bucket?

What do you think he did in the field?

How does the poet describe the bottom of the well?

What does this tell you of the depth of the well?

What does the poet say is the emblem of truth?

How did the boy drink from the bucket?

What does the poem tell us could not tempt the boy to leave the old oaken bucket?

Words and Phrases for Study.

PRONUNCIATION:

dāi'-ry ěx'-quĭ-sīte rĕc-ŏl-lĕc'-tion
ĭn-tru'-sĭve-ly (trōō) nĕc'-tar Jū'-pĭ-ter (jōō)

VOCABULARY:

rĕ-grĕt'—longing; sorrow.
glōw'-ing—warm with exercise.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"tangled wildwood" "exquisite pleasure"
"rude bucket" "infancy"
"intrusively swell" "The cot of my father"

"blushing goblet"—a goblet filled with wine which would give a red color to the glass.

"Jupiter"—The Romans believed in many gods and goddesses. The chief of all their gods was called Jupiter.

"nectar"—the name given by the Greek poets to the drink of the gods. It was supposed to resemble red wine.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

GEORGE P. MORRIS

George P. Morris (1802-1864) was born in Philadelphia. He was an editor and a poet and was connected with a number of newspapers in New York City. His poems and songs are particularly pleasing.

1

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough;
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand;
Thy ax shall harm it not:

2

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown

Are spread o'er land and sea;
And wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies.

3

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand:
Forgive this foolish tear,—
But let that old oak stand!

4

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

To whom is the poet speaking in these verses?
What does he wish to prevent?
Why is the tree dear to him?
Whom does he remember seeing under the tree?
What did they do there?
How will the poet protect the tree?
Where do you think the tree grew?
For what was this tree remarkable?
By whom was it planted?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:
fā-mĭl'-iar (yär) rē-nown' fŏr-beâr' (bâr)

VOCABULARY:
fā-mĭl'-iar—well known; well understood.
grāte'-ful—pleasing; welcome; thankful.

WORDS AND PHRASES:
"forefather" "earth-bound"
"forbear thy stroke" "grateful shade"
"gushing joy" "heart-strings"

HOME, SWEET HOME

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

John Howard Payne (1792-1852) was born in New York City. He became an actor and also a writer of plays and operas. His song "Home, Sweet Home," was first sung in one of his operas in a London theater. He died at Tunis, Africa, to which place he had been sent as United States consul.

1

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

2

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds, singing gayly, that came at my call—
Give me them!—and the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

HELPS TO STUDY

Historical: "Home, Sweet Home" has made the name of John Howard Payne famous all over the world. The complete song had originally four stanzas, but the two given here are the finest and best known.

When Jenny Lind, the celebrated Swedish singer, visited the United States in 1850, she sang in Washington before a large audience. John Howard Payne sat in one of the boxes and at the close of a wonderful concert, the singer turned toward the box in which the poet sat and sang "Home, Sweet Home" with so much sweetness and power that many in the audience cried like children.

Notes and Questions

What words in the first stanza are repeated in the refrain or chorus?

What is it that the poet says "hallows" or blesses us when we are in our homes?

With what word in the same stanza is the word cottage contrasted?

With what word in the first stanza is the word cottage contrasted?

What does the second stanza tell us that the poet had at home and missed afterward?

Of whom do you suppose he thinks when he remembers his childhood's home?

What is it that really makes home beautiful?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

păl'-âce hăl'-lō̂w ĕx'-īle hum'-ble (hŭm'-b'l)

VOCABULARY:

cŏt'-tāge—small house.

dăz'-zle—to confuse or bewilder with intense brightness.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"exile from home" "came at my call"

"charm" "splendor dazzles"

"lowly thatched cottage" "peace of mind"

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

MARY HOWITT

Mary Howitt (1804-1888) was an English poet. She was the wife of William Howitt, who was also a poet and author. Her poems are widely read.

1

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the Spider to the Fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things to show when you are there."
"Oh no, no," said the little Fly; "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

2

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the Spider to the Fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around; the sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in!"
"Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again who sleep upon your bed!"

3

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly: "Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh no, no," said the little Fly; "kind sir, that can not be:
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see!"

4

"Sweet creature!" said the Spider, "you're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings! how brilliant are your eyes!

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,
And, bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

5

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly Fly would soon come back again:
So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the Fly;
Then came out to his door again, and merrily did sing:
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple; there's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead!"

6

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes and green and purple hue,
Thinking only of her crested head. Poor, foolish thing! At last
Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast;

7

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor—but she ne'er came out again!
And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you, ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counselor close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

How did the spider first try to attract the fly into his web? Read the fly's answer.

After his first invitation had failed, what did the spider then invite the fly to do?

Why did the fly refuse this invitation?
What was the spider's next offer?
How did the fly answer this?
What was it that tempted the fly to "call another day"?
Why did the spider tell the fly that she was beautiful?
How many times had the spider told the fly what she knew was not true?
Why did she believe him this time?
Have you ever known a person to be caught by a piece of flattery like the spider's?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

gauz'-y (gôz'-ĭ)	wĭl'-y (wĭl'-ĭ)	brĭl'-liant (yănt)
sŭb'-tle (sŭt'-'l)	dī'-ā-mond (mŭnd)	hūe
fīerce'-ly	ne'er (nâr)	coun'-sĕl-or

VOCABULARY:

brĭl'-liant—glittering; shining.
wĭt'-ty—possessing wit or humor; amusing.
flăt'-ter—to praise insincerely.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"subtle web" "warm affection"
"flattering words" "evil counselor"

THE WIND AND THE MOON

GEORGE MACDONALD

George Macdonald (1824-1902) was a Scotch poet. He wrote many poems and stories for children. "The Wind and the Moon" is especially pleasing.

1

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out.
You stare in the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about.
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out."

2

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep on a heap
Of clouds, to sleep
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon—
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

3

He turned in his bed: she was there again.
On high in the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

4

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge and my wedge
I have knocked off her edge.
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

5

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread
"One puff more's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer glum will go the thread."

6

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone;
In the air nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone:
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

7

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down, in town,
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and halloed with whistle and roar,
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more.

8

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
But in vain was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

9

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone on her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

10

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath, good faith,
I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"

11

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair,
For, high in the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

Why did the wind want to blow out the moon?
What did he do when he thought he had succeeded?
Read the lines which tell how the wind felt when he saw the moon grow broader and bigger.
What does the tenth stanza tell us that the wind thought he had done?
Read the lines which tell that the moon did not know that the wind was blowing.
Read the lines which give the most beautiful description of the moon.
What qualities does this story give to the wind?
Do you know any person who has these same qualities?
How do you feel toward the wind as you read the story?
Do you think the poet wanted to teach us something in this poem or did he want to amuse us?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:
hăl-loed′ (lo͞od′) rĕv′-ĕls ăf-fâir′ rā′-dĭ-ănt

VOCABULARY:
shȳ—easily frightened; timid.
blăst—violent gust of wind.
glĭm′-mer—to shine faintly or unsteadily.
mō′-tion-less—without motion; at rest.

WORDS AND PHRASES:
"merry-mad clown" "marvel of power"
"shy stars" "revels"

THE LARK AND THE ROOK

(AUTHOR UNKNOWN)

1

"GOOD-NIGHT, Sir Rook!" said a little lark,
"The daylight fades; it will soon be dark;
I've bathed my wings in the sun's last ray,
I've sung my hymn to the parting day;

So now I haste to my quiet nook
In yon dewy meadow—good-night, Sir Rook!"

2

"Good-night, poor Lark," said his titled friend,
With a haughty toss and a distant bend;
"I also go to my rest profound,
But not to sleep on the cold, damp ground;
The fittest place for a bird like me
Is the topmost bough of yon tall pine tree.

3

"I opened my eyes at peep of day
And saw you taking your upward way,
Dreaming your fond romantic dreams,
An ugly speck in the sun's bright beams,
Soaring too high to be seen or heard,
And I said to myself: 'What a foolish bird!'

4

"I trod the park with a princely air,
I filled my crop with the richest fare;
I cawed all day 'mid a lordly crew,
And I made more noise in the world than you!
The sun shone forth on my ebon wing;
I looked and wondered—good-night, poor thing!"

5

"Good-night, once more," said the lark's sweet voice
"I see no cause to repent my choice;
You build your nest in the lofty pine,
But is your slumber more sweet than mine?
You make more noise in the world than I,
But whose is the sweeter minstrelsy?"

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

What title did the lark give to the rook?
Where does the rook make his nest?
Where does the lark make his nest?
What did the rook see when he opened his eyes?
What was the lark doing at that time?
Why did the rook think the lark was foolish?
How did the rook spend the day?
Read the words in which the rook compares the lark's voice with his own.
Read a line in the last stanza which shows that the rook's words did not make the lark discontented.
How would you answer the two questions which the lark asks?
Which bird had given pleasure to others during the day?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

rō-măn'-tĭc	cąwed (kôd)	tī'-tled ('ld)
hўmn (hĭm)	ĕb'-on	mĭn'-strĕl-sў
rōōk	dew'y (dū'-ĭ)	soar'-ing (sōr-ĭng)

VOCABULARY:

dĭs'-tant—not friendly; far off.
slŭm'-ber—sleep; repose.
fâre—food; provisions for the table; a journey; the price of a journey or passage.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"dewy meadow"
"haughty toss"
"distant bend"
"daylight fades"
"bathed my wings"
"parting day"
"nook"
"titled friend"
"rest profound"
"fittest"
"princely air"
"crop"
"lordly crew"
"peep of day"
"romantic dreams"
"richest fare"
"ebon wing"
"minstrelsy"

AESOP'S FABLES

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A lion was sleeping in his lair, when a mouse, not knowing where she was going, ran over the mighty beast's nose and awakened him. The lion clapped his paw upon the frightened little creature, and was about to make an end of her, when the mouse, in pitiable tone, begged him to let her go. The lion, smiling at his little prisoner's fright, generously let her go. Now, it happened not long after that the lion fell into the trap of the hunters, and, finding himself without hope of escape, set up a roar that filled the whole forest with its echo. The mouse, recognizing the voice, ran to the spot, and at once set to work to nibble the knot in the cord that bound the lion, and in a short time set the noble beast at liberty; thus convincing him that kindness is seldom thrown away, and that there is no creature so much below another but that he may have it in his power to return a kind act.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

A hare boasted loudly to a tortoise of her speed in running, at the same time giving him a look of scorn because of his slowness.

"Let us have a race," answered the tortoise. "I will run with you five miles, and the fox over yonder shall be the judge."

The hare with a scornful smile agreed, and away they started together.

Soon the hare left the tortoise far behind, and, feeling a little tired, lay down on a tuft of grass that grew by the way. "If that slow-coach passes, I shall see him and easily catch up with him again," she said to herself, and fell asleep.

In the meantime the tortoise plodded on, slowly but surely. After a time, he passed the hare, who, sure of reaching the goal first, still slept, and who awoke only to find that the tortoise had reached it before her.

THE WIND AND THE SUN

A dispute once arose between the Wind and the Sun, as to which of the two was the stronger.

To decide the matter, they agreed to try their power on a traveler, and the one who should first strip him of his cloak, was to win the wager.

The Wind began. He blew a strong blast, which tore up the oaks by their roots, and made the whole forest look like a wreck. But the traveler, though at first he could scarcely keep his cloak on his back, drew it about him more closely than ever.

The Wind, having thus tried his utmost power in vain, the Sun began.

Bursting through a thick cloud, he sent down his sultry rays so forcibly upon the traveler, that the poor fellow was almost melted.

So he quickly threw off his cloak, and went happily on his way.

Gentle means will often succeed, where force will fail.

HELPS TO STUDY

Historical: Aesop, the great story-teller, was a Greek slave who is supposed to have lived in Athens more than two thousand years ago. His fables, a large number of which were about animals, were intended to make the people better. In these fables he made the animals talk so as to show the difference between good deeds and bad deeds. After Aesop's death these stories were remembered and written down in different languages, so that every one could read them the world over. They teach us useful lessons.

Notes and Questions

Which of these fables do you like best? Why?

What lesson may we learn from each?

Which lesson do you think most useful to you?

What other fables have you read?

To which fable does each of the following apply:

"The race is not alone to the swift."

"Kind means are the best."

PRONUNCIATION:

sŭl'-try
fōr'-cĭ-bly
fŏr'-ĕst
tôr'-toise (tŭs or tĭs)
lair (lâr)
goal (gōl)

VOCABULARY:

bōast'-ĕd—bragged; spoke of herself with too great confidence.
pĭt'-ĭ-a-ble (b'l)—exciting pity; sorrowful.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"sultry"
"scornful"
"tuft"
"plodded"
"goal"
"seldom"

PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD

WILLIAM BLAKE

William Blake (1757-1827) was an English poet and artist. He was born in London. His "Piping Down the Valleys Wild" was written as an introduction to his "Songs of Innocence."

1

Piping down the valleys wild,
  Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
  And he laughing said to me:—

2

"Pipe a song about a lamb:"
  So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again:"
  So I piped; he wept to hear.

3

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
  Sing thy songs of happy cheer:"
So I sang the same again,
  While he wept with joy to hear.

4

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read—"
So he vanish'd from my sight;
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

5

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

What does the poet say he was doing when he saw the child?
What did the child ask him to do?
Why did the child want him to write his songs in a book?
What did the poet use for a pen?
Where was the poet when he saw the child?
Why did he stain the water?
Mention something which may have grown there and with which the piper could have stained the water.
Did the incidents told in this poem really happen or did the poet imagine he saw the child?
Read the lines which tell his purpose in writing this and other songs.

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:
läugh'-ing ru'-ral (rōō'-răl) a-gain' (a-gĕn')

VOCABULARY:
chēēr—mirth; joy.
ru'-ral—of the country or belonging to the country.

WORDS AND PHRASES:
"rural pen" "vanish'd"
"wept with joy" "hollow reed"
"Piper" "pleasant glee"

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

PHŒBE CARY

Phœbe Cary (1824-1871) was an American poet. She was born in Cincinnati and lived with her sister, Alice, in New York City.

1

The good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike for me;
And take these cakes I made for him—
They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."

2

And Peter left the brother
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
In the willow's tender shade;
And told them they'd see him back before
They saw a star in sight,
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
In the very darkest night!
For he was a brave, bright fellow,
With eye and conscience clear;
He could do whatever a boy might do,
And he had not learned to fear.

3

And now with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day,
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place—
Alas! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent;
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

4

And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes,
And saw the shadows deepen
And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.
But she said: "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve—
Though it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."

5

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he;
And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,

As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
"That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!
You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
"I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe."

6

But hark! through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.
'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.

7

A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

8

And the boy! he has seen the danger
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him
Save the echo of his call.

9

So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea;
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying—and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last;
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

10

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?

Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!

11

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears;
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife—
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"
So, there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

HELPS TO STUDY

Historical: A large part of Holland consists of meadow-land, so low and flat that the sea would overflow it during high tide if it were not protected, partly by natural sand hills but more by a wonderful system of diking. The dikes are long mounds or thick walls of earth and stone, broad at the base and gradual in slope.

Notes and Questions

What purpose do the dikes of Holland serve?

What are the sluices that keep the sea "safe"?

What tells you that Peter's father was a poor man?

Read the lines which tell what the "pleasant errand" was.

Why is a leak in a dike such a dreadful thing?

How do you think Peter had learned this?

Why did he not run to some cottage for help?

How long did he hold back the water?

Why did he not think of running away?

What do you think was the hardest thing that Peter had to bear that night?

What made Peter a hero?

What kind of boy was Peter before he became a hero?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

cŏn′-science (kŏn′-shĕns) cru′-el (krōō′-ĕl) ănx′-ioŭs (ăngk′-shŭs)
sluic′-es (slōōs′ĕs) strĭck′-en chāfe

VOCABULARY:

dū′-ty—that which a person is bound to do; that which he should do.
griēve—to sorrow or mourn.
stär′-tle—to move suddenly or to be excited when alarmed.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"sluices"—gates for regulating the supply of water.
"duty held him fast" "mortal fear"
"the sun is under the sea" "narrow bound"

"And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went"

CASABIANCA

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

Felicia Hemans (1793-1835), an English poet, was born in Liverpool. She lived much of the time in North Wales. "Casabianca" and "The Landing of the Pilgrims" are her best known poems.

1

THE boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled,
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

2

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm—
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

3

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

4

He called aloud:—"Say, father, say
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

5

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

6

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair;

7

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

8

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

9

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!—

10

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young faithful heart!

HELPS TO STUDY

Historical: The hero of this poem was the son of Louis Casabianca, the captain of L'Orient, the flag-ship of the fleet which carried Bonaparte and his army to Egypt. In the Battle of the Nile the powder magazine exploded, the ship was burned, and the captain and his son perished.

Notes and Questions

How did it happen that the boy was alone on the "burning deck"?

What words in the first stanza tell you that many were killed in the battle?

Read two lines from the third stanza which tell how the boy showed his faithfulness and his "heroic blood."

Why did not his father come to him?

Why is his father called the "chieftain"?

What did the boy ask his father?

Why did he remain in such great danger when he might have saved himself?

What was it that "wrapt the ship in splendor wild"?

What made the "burst of thunder sound"?

What things are mentioned as fragments which "strewed the sea"?

Why is it good for us to read such a poem as this?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

crēa′-ture
ŭn-cŏn′-scious (shŭs)
hē-rō′-ĭc
wrēath′-ing
chĭēf′-taĭn (tĭn)
frăg′-ment

VOCABULARY:
tăsk—work; business; toil; labor.
găl'-lant—brave; noble; high-spirited.
făith'-ful—trustworthy; honest; sincere.

WORDS AND PHRASES:
"lone post of death"
"wreathing fires"
"sail and shroud"
"splendor wild"

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER*

(AUTHOR UNKNOWN)

1

THE woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.
The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

2

She stood at the crossing and waited long
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

3

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

4

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,

*From Harper's Weekly. Copyright, 1878, by Harper & Brothers.

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

5

At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

6

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

7

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;

8

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

9

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head,
In her home that night, and the prayer she said,
Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

Where was the woman when the boy saw her?
Of what was she afraid?
How did the boy know this?
What did he offer to do?
What had the other boys done?
What did he tell the boys afterwards?
How did the woman feel toward the boy?
How do you think his own mother would have felt if she had seen him?
Can you think of any reason why this boy was the gayest of the group?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:
guīd'-ed ā'-gĕd (ā'-jĕd or jĭd) rē'-cent

VOCABULARY:
nō'-ble—honorable; worthy; above what is mean.
tĭm'-ĭd—not bold; easily frightened.
thrŏng—crowd; multitude.

WORDS AND PHRASES:
"gayest laddie" "merry troop" "Hailing the snow"

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING-MACHINE

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

John Townsend Trowbridge (1827-1916), an American writer, lived in Cambridge. He and Lucy Larcom were for a time editors of "Our Young Folks' Magazine." Trowbridge first saw a flying-machine sixty years after he wrote "Darius Green." He was then eighty-three years old.

1

If ever there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump
With flapping arms from stake or stump,
Or, spreading the tail
Of his coat for a sail,

Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
And wonder why
He couldn't fly,
And flap and flutter and wish and try—
If ever you knew a country dunce
Who didn't try that as often as once,
All I can say is, that's a sign
He never would do for a hero of mine.

2

An aspiring genius was D. Green:
The son of a farmer,—age fourteen;
His body was long and lank and lean,—
Just right for flying, as will be seen;
He had two eyes, each bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry,—for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
Working his face as he worked the wings,
And with every turn of gimlet and screw
Turning and screwing his mouth round, too,
Till his nose seemed bent
To catch the scent,
Around some corner, of new-baked pies,
And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes
Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
That made him look very droll in the face,
And also very wise.

3

And wise he must have been, to do more
Than ever a genius did before,
Excepting Dædalus of yore

And his son Icarus, who wore
Upon their backs
Those wings of wax
He had read of in the old almanacs.
Darius was clearly of the opinion,
That the air is also man's dominion,
And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,
We soon or late
Shall navigate
The azure as now we sail the sea.
The thing looks simple enough to me;
And if you doubt it,
Hear how Darius reasoned about it.

4

"Birds can fly,
An' why can't I?
Must we give in,"
Says he with a grin,
"'T the bluebird an' phœbe
Are smarter'n we be?
Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller,
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
Does the leetle, chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?
Jest show me that!
Er prove't the bat
Has got more brains than's in my hat,
An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"

He argued further: "Ner I can't see
What's th' use o' wings to a bumblebee,
Fer to git a livin' with, more'n to me;—
Ain't my business
Important's his'n is?

"That Icarus
Was a silly cuss,—
Him an' his daddy Dædalus.
They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax
Wouldn't stan' sun-heat an' hard whacks,
I'll make mine o' luther,
Er suthin' er other."

5

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned:
"But I ain't goin' to show my hand
To mummies that never can understand
The fust idee that's big an' grand.
They'd 'a' laft an' made fun
O' Creation itself afore 't was done!"
So he kept his secret from all the rest,
Safely buttoned within his vest;
And in the loft above the shed
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
And all such things as geniuses use;—
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!
A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;
An old hoop-skirt or two, as well as
Some wire and several old umbrellas;
A carriage-cover, for tail and wings;
A piece of harness; and straps and strings;
And a big strong box,
In which he locks
These and a hundred other things.

6

His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke
And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk

Around the corner to see him work,—
Sitting cross-leggéd, like a Turk,
Drawing the waxed end through with a jerk,
And boring the holes with a comical quirk
Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.
But vainly they mounted each other's backs,
And poked through knot-holes and pried through cracks;
With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks
He plugged the knot-holes and calked the cracks;
And a bucket of water, which one would think
He had brought up into the loft to drink
When he chanced to be dry,
Stood always nigh,
For Darius was sly!
And whenever at work he happened to spy
At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
He let a dipper of water fly.
"Take that! an' ef ever ye get a peep,
Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"
And he sings as he locks
His big strong box:—

7

"The weasel's head is small an' trim,
An' he is leetle an' long an' slim,
An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb,
An' ef yeou'll be
Advised by me
Keep wide awake when ye're ketchin' him!"

8

So day after day
He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,
Till at last 'twas done,—

The greatest invention under the sun!
"An' now," says Darius, "hooray fer some fun!"

9

'Twas the Fourth of July,
And the weather was dry,
And not a cloud was on all the sky,
Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
Half mist, half air,
Like foam on the ocean went floating by:
Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.

10

Thought cunning Darius: "Now I shan't go
Along 'ith the fellers to see the show.
I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!
An' then, when the folks 'ave all gone off,
I'll hev full swing
For to try the thing,
An' practyse a leetle on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"
Says Brother Nate. "No; botheration!
I've got sich a cold—a toothache—I—
My gracious!—feel's though I should fly!"

11

Said Jotham, "Sho!
Guess ye better go."
But Darius said, "No!
Shouldn't wonder 'f yeou might see me, though,
'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red
O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my head."
For all the while to himself he said:—

12

"I'll tell ye what!
I'll fly a few times around the lot,
To see how 't seems, then soon's I've got
The hang o' the thing, ez likely's not,
I'll astonish the nation,
And all creation,
By flyin' over the celebration!
Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;
I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;
I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stan' on the steeple;
I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people!
I'll light on the libbe'ty-pole, an' crow;
An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,
'What world's this 'ere
That I've come near?'
Fer I'll make 'em believe I'm a chap f'm the moon!
An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' bulloon."
He crept from his bed;
And, seeing the others were gone, he said,
"I'm a gittin' over the cold 'n my head."
And away he sped,
To open the wonderful box in the shed.

13

His brothers had walked but a little way
When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,
"What on airth is he up to, hey?"
"Don'o',—the' 's suthin' er other to pay,
Er he wouldn't 'a' stayed to hum today."
Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his eye!
He never'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,
Ef he hedn't got some machine to try.
Le's hurry back an' hide in the barn,

An' pay him fer tellin' us that yarn!"
"Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep back,
Along by the fences, behind the stack,
And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
In under the dusty barn they crawl,
Dressed in their Sunday garments all;
And a very astonishing sight was that,
When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.
And there they hid;
And Reuben slid
The fastenings back, and the door undid.
"Keep dark!" said he,
"While I squint an' see what the' is to see."

14

As knights of old put on their mail,—
From head to foot
An iron suit,
Iron jacket and iron boot,
Iron breeches, and on the head
No hat, but an iron pot instead,
And under the chin the bail,—
I believe they called the thing a helm;
And the lid they carried they called a shield;
And, thus accoutred, they took the field,
Sallying forth to overwhelm
The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm:—
So this modern knight
Prepared for flight,
Put on his wings and strapped them tight;
Jointed and jaunty, strong and light;
Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip,—
Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!
And a helm had he, but that he wore,

Not on his head like those of yore,
But more like the helm of a ship.

15

"Hush!" Reuben said,
"He's up in the shed!
He's opened the winder,—I see his head!
He stretches it out,
An' pokes it about,
Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,
An' nobody near;—
Guess he don'o' who's hid in here!
He's riggin' a spring-board over the sill!
Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!
He's a climbin' out now—of all the things!
What's he got on? I van, it's wings!
An' that 'tother thing? I vum, it's a tail!
An' there he sets like a hawk on a rail!
Steppin' careful, he travels the length
Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength.
Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat;
Peeks over his shoulder, this way an' that,
Fer to see 'f the' 's any one passin' by;
But the' 's on'y a ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.
They turn up at him a wonderin' eye,
To see—The dragon! he's goin' to fly!
Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!
Flop—flop—an' plump
To the ground with a thump!
Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all in a lump!"

16

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
Heels over head, to his proper sphere,—
Heels over head, and head over heels,

Dizzily down the abyss he wheels,—
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
In the midst of the barnyard, he came down,
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
Broken braces and broken springs,
Broken tail and broken wings,
Shooting-stars, and various things!
Away with a bellow fled the calf,
And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?
'Tis a merry roar
From the old barn-door,
And he hears the voice of Jotham crying,
"Say, D'rius! how de yeou like flyin'?"
Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
Darius just turned and looked that way,
As he stanched his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
"Wall, I like flyin' well enough,"
He said; "but the' ain't sich a thunderin' sight
O' fun in 't when ye come to light."

Moral

I just have room for the moral here:
And this is the moral,—Stick to your sphere.
Or if you insist, as you have the right,
On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
The moral is,—Take care how you light.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

Who was Darius Green?
What gave his face a twisted expression?
What did Darius Green believe that men would soon be able to do?
How did he reason this out?
Where had he read the story of Dædalus and Icarus?
What did Darius determine to use as material for his machine?
How did he prepare to carry out his secret plans?

Why did he not tell his brothers what he was trying to do?
When did he plan to try his machine?
Read the lines which tell what he imagined himself doing.
Read the lines which tell what he really did.
What did he say was the unpleasant part of flying?
What do you think of his treatment of his brothers?
What do you think of the excuse he made for remaining at home?
What do you think of the way all of his brothers treated Darius?
Mention some inventions which people once thought were as impossible or as ridiculous as the boys thought this flying machine was.
Mention some inventors at whom people once laughed but who are now honored.
Do you think the poet really knew a boy like Darius? Give the reasons for your answer.
Was Darius a clever boy or were his brothers right in their opinion of him?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

ăs-pīr′-ing	crĕv′-ĭce	Dæd′-a-lŭs (dĕd′-ȧ-lŭs)
ȧ-wrȳ′ (ȧ-rī′)	Dȧ-rī′-ŭs	plāgued (plāgd)
phœ′-bē (fē′-bē)	ăz′-ūre	ac-cou′-tred (ă-kōō′-trĕd)
ȧ-bȳss′	pā′-găns	sphere (sfēr)
grī-māce′	Ic′-a-rŭs (ĭk′-ȧ-rŭs)	breech′-es (brĭch′-ĕz)
prīed	jaun′-ty (jän′-tĭ)	stanched

VOCABULARY:

hē′-rō—the principal person in a story, or a man who shows great courage.

gēn′-iŭs (yŭs)—one who shows remarkable talent.

cŏm′-ĭc-al—exciting mirth; funny.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"with paddle or fin or pinion"

"knights of old"

"Dædalus" and "Icarus"—characters in one of the old Grecian myths or stories. According to this myth, Dædalus, who was famous for his skill in the mechanical arts, was imprisoned by Minos, King of Crete. In order to escape from his prison, Dædalus made wings for his son Icarus and himself, which he fastened on with wax. Icarus was warned not to fly too near the sun, but in his pride and joy at being able to do what the birds do, he forgot what he had been told and flew up toward the sun. The wax melted, the wings fell off, and the boy dropped into the sea.

TRAVEL

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. A copy of the "Arabian Nights" that fell into his hands aroused his interest in adventure. He became a famous traveler and a writer of stories. His "Treasure Island" is read by young and old as the best of all pirate-stories, the greatest work of his story-telling art. His health was always delicate and he died in Samoa at the early age of forty-four.

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow;—
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats;—
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar;—
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum;—
Where are forests, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoa-nuts
And the negro hunters' huts;—
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies,
Hunting fish before his eyes;—
Where in jungles, near and far,

Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin;—
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I'll come, when I'm a man,
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining room;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

Name places where the poet says he would like to go.
Tell what you would find in each of these places.
Which of these places would you like to visit? Why?
Tell what you know of the author of this poem.
Find the following on your map: China, the Nile, Egypt.
Tell what you know about the Great Wall of China.

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

păr'-rot (rŭt)
mŏsque (mŏsk)
mĭn'-ă-ret
bă-zaar' (zär)
rĕs'-tĭ-vălş
croc'-ō-dīle (krŏk)
flă-mĭn'-gō
jŭn'-gles (g'ls)
păl-ăn-quin' (kēn)
chĭl'-drĕn
căm'-ĕl
căr'-ă-văn

VOCABULARY:
ăn'-chored (kērd)—firmly fixed; held by anchor.
dē-sērt'-ed—left without people; abandoned.
blĭnks—winks; opens and closes the eyes quickly.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"Lonely"	"lying close"	"palanquin"
"Crusoes"	"giving ear"	"sweep and prince"
"Eastern cities"	"drawing near"	"camel caravan"
"rich goods"	"bazaar"	"Egyptian boys"
"mosque and minaret"	"comer-by"	"knotty crocodile"

THE LITTLE LAND

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

When at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies—
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play;
To the fairy land afar
Where the Little People are;
Where the clover-tops are trees,
And the rain-pools are the seas,
And the leaves like little ships
Sail about on tiny trips;
And above the daisy tree
Through the grasses,
High o'erhead the Bumble Bee
Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go;
See the spider and the fly,
And the ants go marching by

Carrying parcels with their feet
Down the green and grassy street.
I can in the sorrel sit
Where the ladybird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass,
And on high
See the greater swallows pass
In the sky,
And the round sun rolling by,
Heeding no such things as I.

Through that forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking-glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see,
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain-pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land,
Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I'll board that tiny boat
Round the rain-pool sea to float.
Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it;
Little things with lovely eyes
See me sailing with surprise.
Some are clad in armor green—
(These have sure to battle been!)—
Some are pied with ev'ry hue,
Black and crimson, gold and blue;
Some have wings and swift are gone;—
But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again
Open, and see all things plain:
High bare walls, great bare floor;
Great big knobs on drawer and door;

Great big people perched on chairs,
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
Each a hill that I could climb,
And talking nonsense all the time—
O dear me,
That I could be
A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber in the clover tree,
And just come back, a sleepy-head
Late at night to go to bed.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

Who is it that is speaking in this poem?

How does he say he can go to fairy land?

What is seen where the Little People are?

What can he do in "that forest"?

What "thoughtful creatures sit on the grassy coasts"?

What does the poet wish that he could be?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

pâss'-es

wan'-der (wŏn'-dĕr)

ar'-mor (är'-mĕr)

sŏr'-rĕl

VOCABULARY:

tī'-ny—very small; little.

pâr'-cel—a number of things put together; a bundle.

fŏr'-est—a large piece of land covered with trees.

board—to go on board as a ship or railway car.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"Land of Play"

"fairy land"

"jointed grass"

"pied with ev'ry hue"

"clad in armor"

"leaflet"

"talking nonsense"

"Heeding"

"Stitching tucks"

"perched"

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE*

I

KING MIDAS AND HIS LOVE FOR GOLD

Once upon a time, there lived a very rich man, and a king besides, whose name was Midas; and he had a little daughter, whom nobody but myself ever heard of, and whose name I either never knew, or have entirely forgotten. So, because I love odd names for little girls, I choose to call her Marygold.

This King Midas was fonder of gold than of anything else in the world. He valued his royal crown chiefly because it was composed of that precious metal. If he loved anything better, or half so well, it was the one little maiden who played so merrily around her father's footstool. But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more did he desire and seek for wealth. He thought, foolish man! that the best thing he could possibly do for this dear child would be to give her the immensest pile of yellow, glistening coin, that had ever been heaped together since the world was made. Thus, he gave all his thoughts and all his time to this one purpose. If ever he happened to gaze for an instant at the gold-tinted clouds of sunset, he wished that they were real gold, and that they could be squeezed safely into his strong box. When little Marygold ran to meet him, with a bunch of buttercups and dandelions, he used to say, "Poh, poh, child! If these flowers were as golden as they look, they would be worth the plucking!"

And yet, in his earlier days, before he was so entirely possessed of this insane desire for riches, King Midas had shown a great taste for flowers. He had planted a garden, in which grew the biggest and beautifulest and sweetest roses that any mortal ever saw or smelt. These roses were still growing in the garden, as large, as lovely, and as fragrant, as when Midas

*For biography see page 327.

used to pass whole hours in gazing at them, and inhaling their perfume. But now, if he looked at them at all, it was only to calculate how much the garden would be worth, if each of the many rose-petals were a thin plate of gold.

At length (as people always grow more and more foolish, unless they take care to grow wiser and wiser), Midas had got to be so exceedingly unreasonable, that he could scarcely bear to see or touch any object that was not gold. He made it his custom, therefore, to pass a large portion of every day in a dark and dreary apartment, under ground, at the basement of his palace. It was here that he kept his wealth. To this dismal hole—for it was little better than a dungeon—Midas betook himself, whenever he wanted to be particularly happy. Here, after carefully locking the door, he would take a bag of gold coin, or a gold cup as big as a wash-bowl, or a heavy golden bar, or a peck-measure of gold-dust, and bring them from the obscure corners of the room into the one bright and narrow sunbeam that fell from the dungeon-like window. He valued the sunbeam for no other reason but that his treasure would not shine without its help. And then would he reckon over the coins in the bag; toss up the bar, and catch it as it came down; sift the gold-dust through his fingers; look at the funny image of his own face, as reflected in the polished surface of the cup; and whisper to himself, "O Midas, rich King Midas, what a happy man art thou!"

Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure-room one day, as usual, when he saw a shadow fall over the heaps of gold; and, looking suddenly up, what should he behold but the figure of a stranger, standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam! It was a young man, with a cheerful and ruddy face. Whether it was that the imagination of King Midas threw a yellow tinge over everything, or whatever the cause might be, he could not help fancying that the smile with which the stranger regarded him had a kind of golden radiance in it.

As Midas knew that he had carefully turned the key in the

lock, and that no mortal strength could possibly break into his treasure-room, he, of course, concluded that his visitor must be something more than mortal. It is no matter about telling you who he was. In those days, when the earth was comparatively a new affair, it was supposed to be often the resort of beings who had extraordinary powers, and who used to interest themselves in the joys and sorrows of men, women, and children, half playfully and half seriously. Midas had met such beings before now, and was not sorry to meet one of them again. The stranger's manner, indeed, was so good-humored and kindly that it would have been unreasonable to suspect him of intending any mischief. It was far more probable that he came to do Midas a favor. And what could that favor be, unless to multiply his heaps of treasure?

The stranger gazed about the room; and when his bright smile had glistened upon all the golden objects that were there, he turned again to Midas.

"You are a wealthy man, friend Midas!" he observed. "I doubt whether any other four walls on earth contain so much gold as you have piled up in this room."

"I have done pretty well—pretty well," answered Midas, in a discontented tone. "But, after all, it is but a trifle, when you consider that it has taken me my whole life to get it together. If one could live a thousand years, he might have time to grow rich!"

"What!" exclaimed the stranger. "Then you are not satisfied?" Midas shook his head.

"And pray what would satisfy you?" asked the stranger. "Merely for the curiosity of the thing, I should be glad to know."

Midas paused and meditated. He had a feeling that this stranger, with such a golden lustre in his good-humored smile, had come hither with both the power and the purpose of gratifying his utmost wishes. Now, therefore, was the fortunate

moment, when he had but to speak, and obtain whatever possible, or seemingly impossible thing, it might come into his head to ask. So he thought, and thought, and thought, and heaped up one golden mountain upon another, in his imagination, without being able to imagine them big enough. At last, a bright idea occurred to King Midas. It seemed really as bright as the glistening metal which he loved so much.

Raising his head, he looked the lustrous stranger in the face.

"Well, Midas," observed his visitor, "I see that you have at length hit upon something that will satisfy you. Tell me your wish."

"It is only this," replied Midas. "I am weary of collecting my treasures with so much trouble, and beholding the heap so small after I have done my best. I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold!"

The stranger's smile grew so very broad, that it seemed to fill the room like an outburst of the sun gleaming into a shadowy dell, where the yellow autumnal leaves—for so looked the lumps and particles of gold—lie strewn in the glow of light.

"The Golden Touch!" exclaimed he. "You certainly deserve credit, friend Midas, for striking out so brilliant an idea. But are you quite sure that this will satisfy you?"

"How could it fail?" said Midas.

"And will you never regret the possession of it?"

"What could induce me?" asked Midas. "I ask nothing else to render me perfectly happy."

"Be it as you wish, then," replied the stranger, waving his hand in token of farewell. "To-morrow, at sunrise, you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch."

The figure of the stranger then became exceedingly bright, and Midas was forced to close his eyes. On opening them again, he beheld only one yellow sunbeam in the room, and, all around him, the glistening of the precious metal which he had spent his life in hoarding up.

Whether Midas slept as usual that night, the story does not

say. Asleep or awake, however, his mind was probably in the state of a child's to whom a beautiful new plaything has been promised in the morning. At any rate, day had hardly peeped over the hills, when King Midas was broad awake, and, stretching his arms out of bed, began to touch the objects that were within reach. He was anxious to prove whether the Golden Touch had really come, according to the stranger's promise. So he laid his finger on a chair by the bedside, and on various other things, but was grievously disappointed to perceive that they remained of exactly the same substance as before.

All this while, it was only the gray of the morning, with but a streak of brightness along the edge of the sky, where Midas could not see it. He lay in a very unhappy mood, regretting the downfall of his hopes, and kept growing sadder and sadder, until the earliest sunbeam shone through the window, and gilded the ceiling over his head. It seemed to Midas that this bright yellow sunbeam was reflected in rather a singular way on the white covering of the bed. Looking more closely, what was his astonishment and delight, when he found that this linen fabric had been changed to what seemed a woven texture of the purest and brightest gold! The Golden Touch had come to him, with the first sunbeam!

II

THE GIFT OF THE GOLDEN TOUCH

Midas started up, in a kind of joyful frenzy, and ran about the room grasping at everything that happened to be in his way. He seized one of the bed-posts, and it became immediately a fluted golden pillar. He pulled aside a window-curtain, in order to admit a clear spectacle of the wonders which he was performing; and the tassel grew heavy in his hand—a mass of gold. He took up a book from the table. At his first touch, it assumed the appearance of such a splendidly-bound and gilt-edged volume as one often meets with now-a-days; but, on running his fingers through the leaves, behold! it was a bundle

of thin golden plates, in which all the wisdom of the book had grown indistinct. He hurriedly put on his clothes, and was delighted to see himself in a magnificent suit of gold cloth, which retained its flexibility and softness, although it burdened him a little with its weight.

Wise King Midas was so excited by his good fortune, that the palace seemed not sufficiently spacious to contain him. He therefore went down stairs, and smiled, on observing that the balustrade of the staircase became a bar of burnished gold, as his hand passed over it in his descent. He lifted the door latch (it was brass only a moment ago, but golden when his fingers quitted it), and went into the garden. Here, as it happened, he found a great number of beautiful roses in full bloom, and others in all the stages of lovely bud and blossom. Very delicious was their fragrance in the morning breeze. Their delicate blush was one of the fairest sights in the world: so gentle, so modest, and so full of sweet composure, did these roses seem to be.

But Midas knew a way to make them far more precious, according to his way of thinking, than roses had ever been before. So he took great pains in going from bush to bush, and exercised his magic touch most freely; until every individual flower and bud, and even the worms at the heart of some of them, were changed to gold. By the time this good work was completed, King Midas was called to breakfast; and, as the morning air had given him an excellent appetite, he made haste back to the palace.

What was usually a king's breakfast, in the days of Midas, I really do not know, and cannot stop now to find out. To the best of my belief, however, on this particular morning, the breakfast consisted of hot cakes, some nice little brook-trout, roasted potatoes, fresh boiled eggs, and coffee, for King Midas himself, and a bowl of bread and milk for his daughter Marygold. At all events, this is a breakfast fit to be set before a king;

and, whether he had it or not, King Midas could not have had a better.

Little Marygold had not yet made her appearance. Her father ordered her to be called, and, seating himself at table, awaited the child's coming, in order to begin his own breakfast. To do Midas justice, he really loved his daughter, and loved her so much the more this morning, on account of the good fortune which had befallen him. It was not a great while before he heard her coming along the passage crying bitterly. This circumstance surprised him, because Marygold was one of the cheerfulest little people whom you would see in a summer's day, and hardly shed a thimbleful of tears in a twelvemonth. When Midas heard her sobs, he determined to put little Marygold into better spirits, by an agreeable surprise; so, leaning across the table, he touched his daughter's bowl (which was a china one, with pretty figures all around it), and turned it to gleaming gold.

Meanwhile, Marygold slowly and sadly opened the door, and showed herself with her apron at her eyes, still sobbing as if her heart would break.

"How now, my little lady!" cried Midas. "Pray what is the matter with you, this bright morning?"

Marygold, without taking the apron from her eyes, held out her hand, in which was one of the roses which Midas had so recently changed.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed her father. "And what is there in this magnificent golden rose to make you cry?"

"Ah, dear father!" answered the child, as well as her sobs would let her; "it is not beautiful, but the ugliest flower that ever grew! As soon as I was dressed, I ran into the garden to gather some roses for you; because I know you like them, and like them the better when gathered by your little daughter. But, oh dear, dear me! What do you think has happened? Such a misfortune! All the beautiful roses, that smelled so sweetly and had so many lovely blushes, are blighted and spoilt!

They are grown quite yellow, as you see this one, and have no longer any fragrance! What can have been the matter?"

"Poh, my dear little girl,—pray don't cry about it!" said Midas, who was ashamed to confess that he himself had wrought the change which so greatly afflicted her. "Sit down and eat your bread and milk! You will find it easy enough to exchange a golden rose like that (which will last hundreds of years), for an ordinary one, which would wither in a day."

"I don't care for such roses as this!" cried Marygold. "It has no smell, and the hard petals prick my nose!"

III

THE KING'S BREAKFAST OF GOLD

The child now sat down to table, but was so occupied with her grief for the blighted roses that she did not even notice the wonderful change of her china bowl. Perhaps this was all the better; for Marygold was accustomed to take pleasure in looking at the queer figures and strange trees and houses, that were painted on the outside of the bowl; and those ornaments were now entirely lost in the yellow hue of the metal.

Midas, meanwhile, had poured out a cup of coffee; and, as a matter of course, the coffee-pot, whatever metal it may have been when he took it up, was gold when he set it down. He thought to himself, that it was rather an extravagant style of splendor, in a king of his simple habits, to breakfast off a service of gold, and began to be puzzled with the difficulty of keeping his treasures safe. The cupboard and the kitchen would no longer be a safe place of deposit for articles so valuable as golden bowls and coffee-pots.

Amid these thoughts, he lifted a spoonful of coffee to his lips, and, sipping it, was astonished to perceive that, the instant his lips touched the liquid, it became molten gold, and, the next moment, hardened into a lump!

"Ha!" exclaimed Midas, rather aghast.

"What is the matter, father?" asked little Marygold, gazing at him, with tears still standing in her eyes.

"Nothing, child, nothing!" said Midas. "Eat your bread and milk, before it gets quite cold."

He took one of the nice little trouts on his plate, and, by way of experiment, touched its tail with his finger. To his horror, it was immediately changed from an admirably-fried brook-trout into a gold fish, though not one of those gold-fishes which people often keep in glass globes, as ornaments for the parlor. No; but it was really a metallic fish, and looked as if it had been very cunningly made by the nicest goldsmith in the world. Its little bones were now golden wires; its fins and tail were thin plates of gold; and there were the marks of the fork in it, and all the delicate, frothy appearance of a nicely fried fish, exactly imitated in metal. A very pretty piece of work, as you may suppose; only King Midas, just at that moment, would much rather have had a real trout in his dish than this elaborate and valuable imitation of one.

"I don't quite see," thought he to himself, "how I am to get any breakfast!"

He took one of the smoking hot cakes, and had scarcely broken it, when, to his cruel mortification, though, a moment before, it had been of the whitest wheat, it assumed the yellow hue of Indian meal. To say the truth, if it had really been a hot Indian cake, Midas would have prized it a good deal more than he now did, when its solidity and increased weight made him know too well that it was gold. Almost in despair, he helped himself to a boiled egg, which immediately underwent a change similar to those of the trout and the cake. The egg, indeed, might have been mistaken for one of those which the famous goose, in the story-book, was in the habit of laying; but King Midas was the only goose that had had anything to do with the matter.

"Well, this is a puzzle!" thought he, leaning back in his chair, and looking quite enviously at little Marygold, who was

now eating her bread and milk with great satisfaction. "Such a costly breakfast before me, and nothing that can be eaten!"

Hoping that, by dint of great quickness, he might avoid what he now felt to be a considerable inconvenience, King Midas next snatched a hot potato, and attempted to cram it into his mouth, and swallow it in a hurry. But the Golden Touch was too nimble for him. He found his mouth full, not of mealy potato, but of solid metal, which so burnt his tongue that he roared aloud, and, jumping up from the table, began to dance and stamp about the room, both with pain and affright.

"Father, dear father!" cried little Marygold, who was a very affectionate child, "pray what is the matter? Have you burnt your mouth?"

"Ah, dear child," groaned Midas, dolefully, "I don't know what is to become of your poor father!"

And, truly, my dear little folks, did you ever hear of such a pitiable case in all your lives? Here was literally the richest breakfast that could be set before a king, and its very richness made it absolutely good for nothing. The poorest laborer, sitting down to his crust of bread and cup of water, was far better off than King Midas, whose delicate food was really worth its weight in gold. And what was to be done? Already, at breakfast, Midas was very hungry. Would he be less so by dinner-time? And how ravenous would be his appetite for supper, which must undoubtedly consist of the same sort of indigestible dishes as those now before him! How many days, think you, would he survive the use of this rich fare?

These thoughts so troubled wise King Midas, that he began to doubt whether, after all, riches are the one desirable thing in the world, or even the most desirable. But this was only a passing thought. So pleased was Midas with the glitter of the yellow metal, that he would still have refused to give up the Golden Touch for so small a consideration as a breakfast. Just imagine what a price for one meal's victuals! It would have been the same as paying millions and millions of money (and

as many millions more as would take forever to reckon up) for some fried trout, an egg, a potato, a hot cake, and a cup of coffee!

"It would be quite too dear," thought Midas.

Nevertheless, so great was his hunger, and the perplexity of his situation, that he again groaned aloud, and very grievously too. Our pretty Marygold could endure it no longer. She sat a moment gazing at her father, and trying, with all the might of her little wits, to find out what was the matter with him. Then, with a sweet and sorrowful impulse to comfort him, she started from the chair, and running to Midas, threw her arms affectionately about his knees. He bent down and kissed her. He felt that his little daughter's love was worth a thousand times more than he had gained by the Golden Touch.

"My precious, precious Marygold!" cried he.

But Marygold made no answer.

Alas, what had he done? How fatal was the gift which the stranger gave! The moment the lips of Midas touched Marygold's forehead, a change had taken place. Her sweet, rosy face, so full of affection as it had been, assumed a glittering yellow color, with yellow tear-drops hardening on her cheeks. Her beautiful brown ringlets took the same tint. Her soft and tender little form grew hard and stiff within her father's encircling arms. O, terrible misfortune! The victim of his great desire for wealth, little Marygold was a human child no longer, but a golden statue!

Yes, there she was, with the questioning look of love, grief, and pity, hardened into her face. It was the prettiest and most woeful sight that ever mortal saw. All the features and tokens of Marygold were there; even the beloved little dimple remained in her golden chin. But, the more perfect was the resemblance, the greater was the father's agony at beholding this golden image, which was all that was left him of a daughter. It had been a favorite phrase of Midas, whenever he felt particularly fond of the child, to say that she was worth her weight in gold.

And now the phrase had become literally true. And now, at last, when it was too late, he felt how infinitely a warm and tender heart, that loved him, exceeded in value all the wealth that could be piled up betwixt the earth and sky!

It would be too sad a story if I were to tell you how Midas, in the fullness of all his gratified desires, began to wring his hands and bemoan himself; and how he could neither bear to look at Marygold, nor yet to look away from her.

IV

WHAT KING MIDAS LEARNED

While he was in this despair, he suddenly beheld a stranger, standing near the door. Midas bent down his head, without speaking; for he recognized the same figure which had appeared to him the day before in the treasure-room, and had bestowed on him this unlucky power of the Golden Touch. The stranger's countenance still wore a smile, which seemed to shed a yellow lustre all about the room, and gleamed on little Marygold's image, and on the other objects that had been changed by the touch of Midas.

"Well, friend Midas," said the stranger, "pray how do you succeed with the Golden Touch?"

Midas shook his head.

"I am very miserable," said he.

"Very miserable, indeed!" exclaimed the stranger. "And how happens that? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you? Have you not everything that your heart desired?"

"Gold is not everything," answered Midas. "And I have lost all that my heart really cared for."

"Ah! So you have made a discovery since yesterday?" observed the stranger. "Let us see, then. Which of these two things do you think is really worth the most,—the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear cold water?"

"O, blessed water!" exclaimed Midas. "It will never moisten my parched throat again!"

"The Golden Touch," continued the stranger, "or a crust of bread?"

"A piece of bread," answered Midas, "is worth all the gold on earth!"

"The Golden Touch," asked the stranger, "or your own little Marygold, warm, soft, and loving, as she was an hour ago?"

"O, my child, my dear child!" cried poor Midas, wringing his hands. "I would not have given that one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold!"

"You are wiser than you were, King Midas!" said the stranger, looking seriously at him. "Your own heart, I perceive, has not been entirely changed from flesh to gold. Were it so, your case would indeed be desperate. But you appear to be still capable of understanding that the commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after. Tell me, now, do you sincerely desire to rid yourself of this Golden Touch?"

"It is hateful to me!" replied Midas.

A fly settled on his nose, but immediately fell to the floor; for it, too, had become gold. Midas shuddered.

"Go, then," said the stranger, "and plunge into the river that glides past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a vase of the same water, and sprinkle it over any object that you may desire to change back again from gold into its former substance. If you do this in earnestness and sincerity, it may possibly repair the mischief which your avarice has occasioned."

King Midas bowed low; and when he lifted his head, the lustrous stranger had vanished.

You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in snatching up a great earthen pitcher (but, alas! it was no longer earthen after he touched it), and hastening to the river-side. As he scampered along, and forced his way through the shrubbery, it was positively marvelous to see how the foliage turned yellow behind him, as if the autumn had been there, and nowhere else.

On reaching the river's brink, he plunged headlong in, without waiting so much as to pull off his shoes.

"Poof! poof! poof!" snorted King Midas, as his head emerged out of the water. "Well; this is really a refreshing bath, and I think it must have quite washed away the Golden Touch. And now for filling my pitcher!"

As he dipped the pitcher into the water, it gladdened his very heart to see it change from gold into the same good, honest earthen vessel which it had been before he touched it. He was conscious, also, of a change within himself. A cold, hard and heavy weight seemed to have gone out of his bosom. No doubt, his heart had been gradually losing its human substance, and changing itself into dull metal, but had now softened back again into flesh. Seeing a violet, that grew on the bank of the river, Midas touched it with his finger, and was overjoyed to find that the delicate flower retained its purple hue, instead of undergoing a yellow blight. The curse of the Golden Touch had, therefore, really been removed from him.

King Midas hastened back to the palace: and, I suppose, the servants knew not what to make of it when they saw their royal master so carefully bringing home an earthen pitcher of water. But that water, which was to undo all the mischief that his folly had wrought, was more precious to Midas than an ocean of molten gold could have been. The first thing he did, as you need hardly be told, was to sprinkle it by handfuls over the golden figure of little Marygold.

No sooner did it fall on her than you would have laughed to see how the rosy color came back to the dear child's cheek!—and how she began to sneeze and splutter!—and how astonished she was to find herself dripping wet, and her father still throwing more water over her!

"Pray do not, dear father!" cried she. "See how you have wet my nice frock, which I put on only this morning!"

For Marygold did not know that she had been a little golden statue; nor could she remember anything that had happened

since the moment when she ran, with outstretched arms, to comfort poor King Midas.

Her father did not think it necessary to tell his beloved child how very foolish he had been, but contented himself with showing how much wiser he had now grown. For this purpose, he led little Marygold into the garden, where he sprinkled all the remainder of the water over the rose-bushes, and with such good effect that above five thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom. There were two circumstances, however, which, as long as he lived, used to put King Midas in mind of the Golden Touch. One was that the sands of the river sparkled like gold; the other, that little Marygold's hair had now a golden tinge, which he had never observed in it before she had been changed by the effect of his kiss. This change of hue was really an improvement, and made Marygold's hair richer than in her babyhood.

When King Midas had grown quite an old man, and used to trot Marygold's children on his knee, he was fond of telling them this marvelous story, pretty much as I have now told it to you. And then would he stroke their glossy ringlets, and tell them that their hair, likewise, had a rich shade of gold, which they had inherited from their mother.

"And to tell you the truth, my precious little folks," quoth King Midas, diligently trotting the children all the while, "ever since that morning I have hated the very sight of all other gold, save this!"

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

How did Midas think he could best show his love for his daughter?

Why did he value his crown?

What thought came to him when he saw clouds or flowers?

What was his chief pleasure?

Describe the visitor who appeared to Midas in his treasure room.

Why was not Midas afraid?

What did the stranger ask him?

Why did Midas think so long before answering the second question?
Read the sentence which tells what Midas wished.
When did he receive his new power?
What use did he make of it?
What did Marygold think of the gold roses?
Why was not Midas's breakfast a success?
When did Midas first doubt whether riches are the most desirable thing in the world?
How did he drive this thought away?
What made him realize that his little daughter was dearer to him than gold?
Read lines which tell what he realized when it was too late.
What did the stranger ask when he came again?
What was the discovery which Midas had made since the stranger's first visit?
How was Midas cured of the Golden Touch?
What was he told to do in order to restore Marygold to life?
How were the roses restored?
Why did Midas want to restore everything he had touched?
How did this prove that he was truly repentant?
Find lines which tell us how Midas had become so unreasonable in his desire for gold.
What two things always reminded Midas of the Golden Touch?
What was the only gold he cared about after he was saved from the Golden Touch?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

Mī′-das	mĭs′-chĭef (chĭf)	tĭnge (tĭnj)
cŏm-păr′-à-tĭve-lў	păr′-tĭ-cles (k′ls)	vā′-rĭ-oŭs
qu-tŭm′-năl	măg-nĭf′-ĭ-cĕnt)	tĕxt′-ūre
făb′-rĭc	băl′-ŭs-trāde	spā′-cioŭs (spā′-shŭs)
flĕx′-ĭ-bĭl′-ĭ-tў	ĕx-trăv′-à-gant	ā′-pron (prŭn or pŭrn)
ē-mĕrged′	ăd′-mĭ-ra-bly	dē-pŏs′-ĭt
ĭn-dĭ-vĭd′-ū-al	ê-lăb′-ô-rāte	mê-tăl′-lĭc
ĕx-traor′-dĭ-na-rў (trôr′)	ĭn′-dĭ-gĕst′-i-ble	sô-lĭd′-i-tў
răv′-en-oŭs (răv′-′n-ŭs)	ĭn′-fĭ-nĭte-lў	frŏth′-ў
ăv′-a-rĭce (rĭs)	vĭct′-uals (vĭt′-′lz)	phrāse
be-cause (bē-kôz′)	ŏb-scūre′	a-ghäst′ (à-gâst′)
strewn (stroōn)	ăs-sūmed′	dun′-geon (dŭn′-jŭn)
cup′-board (kŭb′-ērd)	wrought (rôt)	hū′-mor (mĕr)
cŏm-pō′-sûre (zhûr)	môr-tĭ-fĭ-cā′-tion	lus′-tre (lŭs′-tĕr)

VOCABULARY:

căl′-cu-lāte—to reckon; to count.
cŭs′-tom—habit; practice.
grăt′-ĭ-fў—to please.
fôrt′-ū-nate—coming by good luck.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"golden radiance"
"mortal strength"
"fortunate moment"
"more than mortal"
"multiply his heaps"
"utmost wishes"
"meditated"
"seemingly impossible"
"joyful frenzy"
"insane desire"
"nicest goldsmith"
"bemoan himself"
"gray of the morning"
"extravagant style"
"lustrous stranger"
"substance"
"molten gold"
"cunningly made"
"avarice"
"service of gold"
"sweet composure"
"strong box"

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

CLEMENT C. MOORE

Clement C. Moore (1779-1863) was an American poet and author. He lived in New York City. For many years he was engaged in educational work.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced through their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprung from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash;
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound;
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot:
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings: then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere they drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

What picture do the first eight lines of this poem give you?

Does this picture seem real to you?

Of what were the children dreaming?

What word do you use instead of sugarplums?

What picture do lines 15 to 18 give you?

What is the next picture? Read the lines which make it.

To what is the swiftness of the reindeer compared?

Why did St. Nicholas give "A wink of his eye," before he filled the stockings?

What words show how lightly the reindeer flew through the air?

Why was the beard on the chin of St. Nicholas "white as the snow"?

Read the lines which picture St. Nicholas after he came down the chimney.

Why did the poet laugh at the sight of St. Nicholas, in spite of himself?

Which of all the pictures in the entire poem can you see most distinctly.

Which do you like best?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

mĭn'-ĭ-ā-tûre	drōll	sleigh (slā)
vĭ'-sions (vĭzh'-ŭns)	tī-'ny	soot (or sōōt)
ŏb'-stā-cle (k'l)	hŭr'-rĭ-cāne	chĭm'-ney (chĭm'-nĭ)

VOCABULARY:

chŭb'-by—short and stout.
ĕn-cir'-cle—to form a circle about.
răp'-id—swift; very quick.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"visions of sugarplums" "luster of midday"
"coursers" "tarnished"
"miniature" "jolly old elf"
"away they all flew like the down of a thistle"

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY*

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON

Margaret J. Preston (1825-) is one of the leading poets of the South. She has written many poems and sketches, of which "The First Thanksgiving Day" is especially pleasing.

1

"And now," said the Governor, gazing abroad on the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and covered the meadows o'er,
"'Tis meet that we render praises because of this yield of grain;
"'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked for His sun and rain.

2

"And, therefore, I, William Bradford (by the grace of God today,
And the franchise of this good people), Governor of Plymouth, say,
Through virtue of vested power—ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold, in the month of November, thanksgiving unto the Lord.

3

"He hath granted us peace and plenty, and the quiet we've sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept him from wrack and wrong;
And unto our feast the Sachem shall be bidden, that he may know
We worship his own Great Spirit who maketh the harvests grow.

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4

"So shoulder your matchlocks, masters: there is hunting of all degrees;
And, fishermen, take your tackle, and scour for spoils the seas;
And, maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts employ
To honor our First Thanksgiving, and make it a feast of joy!

5

"We fail of the fruits and dainties—we fail of the old home cheer;
Ah, these are the lightest losses, mayhap, that befall us here;
But see, in our open clearings, how golden the melons lie;
Enrich them with sweets and spices, and give us the pumpkin-pie!"

6

So, bravely the preparations went on for the autumn feast;
The deer and the bear were slaughtered; wild game from the greatest to least
Was heaped in the colony cabins; brown home-brew served for wine,
And the plum and the grape of the forest, for orange and peach and pine.

7

At length came the day appointed: the snow had begun to fall,
But the clang from the meeting-house belfry rang merrily over all,
And summoned the folk of Plymouth, who hastened with glad accord,
To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently thanked the Lord.

8

In his seat sate Governor Bradford; men, matrons, and maidens fair;
Miles Standish and all his soldiers, with corselet and sword, were there;

And sobbing and tears and gladness had each in its turn the sway,
For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish o'ershadowed Thanksgiving Day.

9

And when Massasoit, the Sachem, sate down with his hundred braves,
And ate of the varied riches of gardens and woods and waves,
And looked on the granaried harvest—with a blow on his brawny chest,
He muttered, "The good Great Spirit loves His white children best!"

HELPS TO STUDY

Historical: The Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, December 21, 1620. During the long, hard winter fifty-one of the one hundred Pilgrims died, among them being Rose Standish, wife of Captain Miles Standish. As soon as spring came the colonists planted their fields. By the end of summer twenty-six acres had been cleared and a plentiful harvest was gathered in. When provisions and fuel had been laid in for the winter, Governor Bradford appointed a day of thanksgiving. Venison, wild fowl, and fish were easy to obtain. We are told "there was great store of wild turkeys of which they took many." For three days a great feast was spread and Massasoit, the Indian Sachem, or chief, and many of his people enjoyed it with the colonists.

Notes and Questions

When did the events related in this story take place?
Who was the governor of Plymouth at this time?
How did he say he had become governor?
What proclamation did he make?
What did the governor say that God had done for the colony?
Who did he say should be invited to the feast?
What reason did he give for this invitation?
How did he expect the feast to be provided?
What meat did the Pilgrims have at their first Thanksgiving dinner?
What fruits did they have for the feast?
What did the colonists do "with glad accord" before they sat down to their feast?
Read the lines which tell what Massasoit said when he ate of the feast.

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

gov'-ẽr-nor	vir'-tūe (vûr)	pŭmp'-kĭn
frăn'-chīse (or ĭ)	wīl'-y	mā'-trons (trŭns)
Plўm'-outh (ŭth)	Măs'-sä-soit	grăn'-à-ried (rĭd)
thwart'-ed (thwôrt)	Sā'-chem	corse'let (kôrs'-let)

VOCABULARY:

dĕl'-ĭ-cate—Pleasing; fine; dainty.
mŭt'-ter—to speak indistinctly or with a low voice.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"delicate crafts"	"we fail of the old home cheer"
"franchise"	"granaried harvest"
"virtue of vested power"	"sway"
"o'ershadowed"	" 'Tis meet"
"wrack and wrong"	"thwarted"
"with glad accord"	"braves"
"corselet"	"matchlocks"

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

JOHN G. SAXE

John Godfrey Saxe (1816-1887), an American poet, was born in Vermont. He is best known by his humorous poems.

1

It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

2

The First approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall

Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

3

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 't is mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

4

The Third approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

5

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'T is clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

6

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

7

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

8

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

Read the line that tells you these men were of an inquiring disposition.
How could blind men "see" the elephant?
To what did each compare the elephant?
Account for the comparison each made.
Is comparison a common way of describing objects?
Point out instances of its use by other authors in this book.
Why were these blind men all "in the wrong"?
How far was each "in the right"?
What may we learn from this story?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

stûr'-dy	won'-der (wŭn)	mär'-vĕl
bawl (bôl)	chanced (chânst)	grōpe

VOCABULARY:

re-sĕm'-ble (re-zĕm'-b'l)—to be like or similar to.
o-pĭn'-ion (yun)—what one thinks or believes about something.
scōpe—range or extent of view or action.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"satisfy his mind" "fell within his scope"
"eager hand" "Exceeding stiff and strong"

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Robert Southey (1774-1843) was an English poet. For a time he was Poet Laureate of England.

1

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from Heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

2

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

3

The holy Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

4

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

5

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

6

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

7

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

8

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

9

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

10

Down sank the bell, with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok!"

11

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

12

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They can not see the sun on high:
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

13

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be brighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

14

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
Now where we are I can not tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

15

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:
"O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

. . . . .

HELPS TO STUDY

Historical: Bell Rock, or Inchcape, is a reef of red sandstone rocks near the Frith of Tay, on the coast of Scotland. At the time of the spring tides part of the reef is uncovered to the height of four feet. Because so many vessels were wrecked upon these rocks, the

Abbot of Aberbrothok is said to have placed a bell there, "fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea." A lighthouse, 115 feet high, one of the finest in Great Britain, is now built upon the reef.

Notes and Questions

What picture do you see when you read the first stanza? The second stanza?

What "warning" did the bell give to sailors?

Read the line which tells how sailors felt toward the Abbot.

Read lines which tell how happy all things were on the day on which the story begins.

What effect did the air of spring have upon Sir Ralph?

What was the only kind of mirth which he knew?

Read what James Russell Lowell thinks is the effect spring should have upon people:

"'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living."

What reason did Sir Ralph give to his sailors for wanting to cut the warning bell from the Inchcape Rock?

Where did he go after doing this?

What words tell you that he was away a long time?

What two words in the poem tell you that Sir Ralph was a robber?

What do we call men who do this?

Whom did he rob?

To what coast did Sir Ralph at last return?

Why could not the sailors see the land?

What did they long to hear?

Do you think the vessel would have been safe if Sir Ralph had not sunk the bell?

What do you think happened after the vessel struck the Inchcape Rock?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

măr'-ĭ-nērs quōth buoy (boi or bo͞o'-ĭ)

VOCABULARY:

wa̤rn'-ing—caution against danger or against faults.
mirth'-ful (mûrth)—full of merriment or gayety.
hāze—mist; fog.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"mirthful to excess" "surge's swell"
"scoured the seas" "plundered store"
"joyance" "shivering shock"

TUBAL CAIN

CHARLES MACKAY

Charles Mackay (1814-1889) was a Scotch poet. For some years he was editor of the "Glasgow Argus" and afterwards he became editor of the "Illustrated London News." During the Civil War he was the special correspondent of the "London Times" at New York. He wrote many poems of interest to young people.

1

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well!
For he shall be king and lord."

2

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons, sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud in glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of forest free.
And they sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith! hurrah for the fire!
And hurrah for the metal true!"

3

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage, blind.
And he said, "Alas, that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

4

And, for many a day, old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low;
But he rose, at last, with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air,—
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"—
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

5

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!

Our stanch good friend is he;
And, for the plowshare and the plow,
To him our praise shall be.
But, while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword."

HELPS TO STUDY

Historical: Tubal Cain was one of the sons of Lamech, a descendant of Cain. Tubal Cain and his two brothers, Jabal and Jubal, are remembered because of inventions believed to have been made by them. Jabal was the "father of such as dwell in tents and of such as have cattle," that is, he was the first wandering herdsman. Jubal was the "father of all such as handle the harp and organ." Tubal Cain was an "instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," that is, he was the first smith. These men lived in the days before the flood and all that we really know of their history is given in the fourth chapter of Genesis.

Notes and Questions

What time is meant by "the days when the earth was young"?
What did Tubal Cain "fashion" or make?
Read the lines which tell what he sang as he worked.
What did he say the man who could best use the spear and sword would become?
How could this be possible?
What did all the men who came to Tubal Cain want?
Read the lines which tell what they sang.
What did they do with the weapons which Tubal Cain made for them?
How did this make him feel?
Read the lines which tell this.
What did he then invent?
How did this invention help mankind?
What did men do with the swords and spears after Tubal Cain gave them his later invention?
What do you think was the "wisdom" which men learned from the time of strife and war?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

i-ron (ī′-ŭrn)	wĕap′-ons	hụr-räh′	ē′-vil (v′l)
sword (sōrd)	tȳ′-rănt	stănch	wield (wēld)

VOCABULARY:

skill—great ability; expertness.
coŭr-ā'-geoŭs—brave; bold; possessing courage.
mount—to rise; to leap up; to climb.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"spoils of forest"
"crown of his desire"
"given us strength anew"
"lust for carnage"
"smite the ore"
"willing lands"
"fashioned"
"oppression lifts its head"
"brooding o'er his woe"
"wisdom from the past"

THE BROWN THRUSH

LUCY LARCOM

Lucy Larcom (1826-1893) was born in Beverly, Massachusetts. Her father was a ship captain. She taught school for twenty years.

1

"THERE's a merry brown thrush sitting up in a tree—
He's singing to me! he's singing to me!"
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"'Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree,
I'm as happy as happy can be!'"

2

And the brown thrush keeps singing—"A nest do you see,
And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper-tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy.
Now I'm glad! Now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

3

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
Oh, the world's running over with joy;
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be?

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

Who is supposed to be speaking in the first two lines of this poem?
Who asks the question in the third line?
Who answers the question?
Read the answer to the question in the first stanza.
Why is the little bird so happy?
What will make him unhappy?
How can you help to make the world run over with joy?

Words and Phrases for Study

VOCABULARY:
mĕd'-dle—to disturb another's property without permission.
mĕr'-rў—cheerful; happy; laughingly gay.

WORDS AND PHRASES:
"juniper-tree" "the world's running over with joy"

BIRDS IN SUMMER

MARY HOWITT*

1

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees, so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,

For Biography, see p. 34.

With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon;
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by!

2

They have left their nests on the forest bough;
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about;
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other in love they call!
"Come up! come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway.

3

"Come up! come up! for the world is fair
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air,"
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come to the branches high."
How pleasant the lives of the birds must be,
Living in love in a leafy tree!
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

4

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn!

To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space;—

5

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud,
To sing in the thunder halls aloud;
To spread out the wings for a wild, free flight
With the upper-cloud winds—oh, what delight!
Oh, what would I give, like a bird, to go
Right on through the arch of the sun-lit bow,
And see how the water-drops are kissed
Into green, and yellow, and amethyst!

6

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth there to flee;
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls;
Then to wheel about with their mates at play,
Above, and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

7

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mid the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladdened some fairy region old!
On the mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

To what are the trees compared in the first stanza?
Where are the airy chambers of the trees?
To what are these rooms open?
Why are the nests not needed in summer?
Read lines in the third stanza which describe something that men are now able to do.
What kind of birds is described in the fourth stanza?
What picture of the bird does the word "Skimming" give you?
Have you ever seen birds "Cresting the billows"?
What are cliffs?
Where would you look for a "cliff-built" nest?
At what time of day may the sun be called the "young sun"?
What do we call the "sun-lit bow"?
Read the lines in the fifth stanza which tell how the colors in the "sun-lit bow" are made.
By what are the water drops "kissed"?
What color is amethyst?
What colors of the rainbow are not mentioned in this description?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

trăv'-ērse
piērce (pērs)
ăm'-ē-thŷst (thĭst)
furze (fûrz)
thĭth'-ēr
be-neath' (bē-nēth')

VOCABULARY:

air'-y—open to a free current of air.
frŏl'-ĭc-some—playful; sportive.
rē'-gion (jŭn)—country; district; a portion of space.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"heath"
"yellow furze"
"frolicsome winds"
"light and boon"
"through the rosy morn"
"upper-cloud wings"
"merry leaves dance"
"homes of delight"
"rosy child"
"wherever it listeth"
"pierce like a shaft"
"thunder halls"
"living breeze"
"wastes"
"boundless space"
"like silver foam"
"bower"
"billowy sea"

SING ON, BLITHE BIRD

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

William Motherwell (1797-1835), a Scotch poet, was born in Glasgow. He lived and died in that city.

1

I've plucked the berry from the bush, the brown nut from the tree,
But heart of happy little bird ne'er broken was by me.
I saw them in their curious nests, close couching, slyly peer
With their wild eyes, like glittering beads, to note if harm were near;
I passed them by, and blessed them all; I felt that it was good
To leave unmoved the creatures small whose home was in the wood.

2

And here, even now, above my head, a lusty rogue doth sing,
He pecks his swelling breast and neck, and trims his little wing.
He will not fly; he knows full well, while chirping on that spray,
I would not harm him for a world, or interrupt his lay.

. . . . . .

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

Where do you think this poet lived in his boyhood?
What tells you?
Where did he see the nests?
To what does he compare the eyes of the birds?
What do you think would break the heart of a little bird?
Read the lines which tell why the bird is not afraid of the poet.
How do you think the birds know their friends?
What happiness does the poet get because of his kindness to the birds?
Read the lines that another poet who loved birds has written about his love for them:

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

cū′-rĭ-ous blīthe rōgue slȳ′-lȳ

VOCABULARY:

glĭt′-ter-ing—shining; sparkling; gleaming.
sprāy—a small branch or twig.
ĭn-ter-rŭpt′—to stop or hinder; to break off.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"slyly peer" "blithe" "interrupt his lay"
"lusty rogue" "curious nests" "brown nut"
"close couching" "swelling breast" "knows full well"

SPRING

CELIA THAXTER

Celia Thaxter (1835-1894), an American poet, was a native of Portsmouth, N. H. Her father was a light-house keeper on one of the rocky isles known as the "Isles of Shoals," off the coast of New Hampshire. She wrote many beautiful poems about wild flowers and birds. She is called the "Poet of the Shoals."

1

The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver,
For little boys and girls.

2

The little birds fly over—
And O, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

3

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

4

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

5

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

6

Here blows the warm, red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
O, happy little children,
God made them all for you.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

What trees are mentioned in this poem?
What flowers are mentioned?
Where do these flowers grow?
What colors do you see when you read the fourth stanza?
What colors do you see when you read the fifth stanza?
Why is the violet described as peeping?
Name some spring flowers which are not mentioned anywhere in this poem.
Can you think of any reason the author may have had for choosing the flowers which she mentions?
For whom does the poem tell us these beautiful flowers were made?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

ąl'-der dăn'-dē-lī-on cŏl'-ŭm-bīne vī'-ō-lĕt

VOCABULARY:

pēēp—to look cautiously or shyly. gāy—merry; glad; joyful.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"powdery curls" "sunny meadows"

THE VOICE OF SPRING

FELICIA HEMANS*

1

I COME, I come! ye have called me long—
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

2

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;—
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

3

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,

For Biography, see p. 51.

And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

4

I have sent through the wood-paths a growing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky;
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

5

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

6

Come forth, O ye children of gladness! come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep to meet me fly!
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

How may the steps of spring be traced?

How does the wind tell that the violets are in bloom?

Read the lines from the second stanza which tell where spring has been and the result of her visit there.

Where does the third stanza tell us that spring has been?
What was the result of her visit there?
Why could not the fisher go out before spring came?
What places mentioned in the fourth stanza show how far spring has traveled?
What is the name of the "night-bird" which sings through the "starry time"?
What bird is mentioned in connection with the Iceland lakes?
Why is not a singing bird mentioned instead of this bird?
What was the chain which bound the streams before the coming of spring?
Select the words from the fifth stanza which tell of the movement of the waters.
Read the line which you like best in this stanza.

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

ān'-cient (shĕnt) lȳre I-tăl'-ian (ĭ-tăl'-yăn)
tăs'-sels vēr'-dûre Hĕs-pē'-rĭ-ăn

VOCABULARY:

trāce—to follow by some mark, foosteps, or tracks.
rē-sounds'—to throw back the sound; to echo.
spray—water or other liquid flying in small drops.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"wakening earth"
"primrose-stars"
"shadowy grass"
"breathed on the South"
"ancient graves"
"growing sigh"
"starry time"
"fallen fanes"—ruins of temples.
"sparry caves"
"Hesperian clime"—western lands.
"silvery main"

JACK IN THE PULPIT

CLARA SMITH

Clara Smith is not a well-known writer, but her poem "Jack in the Pulpit" is full of beauty.

1

Jack in the pulpit
Preaches today,
Under the green trees
Just over the way.

Squirrel and song-sparrow,
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells
Ringing to church.
Come hear what his reverence
Rises to say
In his low, painted pulpit
This calm Sabbath day.

2

Meek-faced anemones,
Drooping and sad;
Great yellow violets,
Smiling out glad;
Buttercups' faces,
Beaming and bright;
Clovers with bonnets,
Some red and some white;
Daisies, their white fingers
Half-clasped in prayer;
Dandelions, proud of
The gold of their hair;
Innocents, children
Guileless and frail,
Meek little faces
Upturned and pale;
Wildwood geraniums,
All in their best,
Languidly leaning,
In purple gauze dressed—
All are assembled
This sweet Sabbath day
To hear what the priest
In his pulpit will say.

3

So much for the preacher:
The sermon comes next,—
Shall we tell how he preached it
And where was his text?
Alas! like too many
Grown-up folks who play
At worship in churches
Man-builded today,—
We heard not the preacher
Expound or discuss;
But we looked at the people,
And they looked at us.
We saw all their dresses—
Their colors and shapes;
The trim of their bonnets,
The cut of their capes;
We heard the wind-organ,
The bee, and the bird,
But of Jack in the pulpit
We heard not a word!

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

What time of year is described in this poem?

Where is the perch of the squirrel and song-sparrow?

What flowers are in the congregation?

How many of the flowers described in this poem are familiar to you?

Which flower is most beautifully described? Read the lines which give the description.

Why are we not told about the sermon?

What was the congregation doing during the sermon?

What did they see? What did they hear?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

pụl'-pit (po͝ol)	squir'-rĕl	ă-nĕm'-ō-nēs	guīle'-less
gē-rā'-nĭ-ŭms	gauze (gôz)	lăn'-guĭd-lў	ă-lâs'

VOCABULARY:

frāil—easily broken; not firm; weak.
ăs-sĕm′-ble—to come together; to call together; to bring together.
cälm—quiet; still; peaceful.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"Meek-faced anemones"
"Languidly"
"his reverence"
"Guileless"
"wind-organ"
"Man-builded"

SEPTEMBER*

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

Helen Hunt Jackson (1831-1885) was an American poet. She was born in Massachusetts, but she spent much of her life in California. Her poems are very beautiful.

1

The golden-rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

2

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusky pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

3

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow-nook;
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

* Copyright, 1892, by Roberts Brothers.

4

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

5

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

Of what colors do you think when you read the first stanza?

What color are the pods of the milkweed?

What color is the silk of the milkweed?

In what is the silk hidden?

What is meant by the harvest of the sedges?

How are the "asters in the brook" made?

Of what colors do you think when you read the first two lines of the fourth stanza?

Read the lines from the last stanza which tell us what September brings.

What things mentioned in this poem have you seen?

Is this a description of September in the city or in the country?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

gĕn′-tian (shăn) dŭsk′-y̆

VOCABULARY:

ō′-dor—any smell, fragrant or unpleasant.

tō′-ken—a sign; something intended to represent another thing.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"gentian's bluest fringes"
"dusky pods"
"sedges"
"hidden silk"
"flaunt their harvest"
"dewy lanes"
"lovely tokens"
"best of cheer"

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER*

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

1

O, SUN and skies and clouds of June
And flowers of June together,
Ye can not rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

2

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And golden-rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

3

When gentians roll their fringes tight,
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burs
Without a sound of warning;

4

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

5

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

* Copyright, 1892, by Roberts Brothers.

6

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle, golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

7

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

8

O sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

What comparison is made in the first stanza between June and October?

What makes the weather in October seem "bright blue"?

Why is the bumblebee described as "loud"?

Why is he called "Belated, thriftless vagrant"?

Compare the description of the golden-rod in this poem with the description of the golden-rod in "September."

Compare the description of the apples in this poem with the description of the apples in "September."

Read the line which tells why the "gentians roll their fringes tight".

What is the color of the woodbine leaves?

What are the "lovely wayside things" usually called?

What do good comrades like to do in October?

How does a miser feel toward his gold?

Why are we sorry to have October go?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

frā'-grant	bē-lāt'-ed	vā'-grant
thrĭft'-less	freight'-ing (frāt)	winged (wĭngd)

VOCABULARY:

cŏm'-răde—companion; associate.

rī'-val—to try to reach something or obtain something which another has, or is trying to obtain.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"Belated, thriftless vagrant"	"satin burs"
"late aftermaths"	"Count all your boasts"
"white-winged seeds"	"the hush of woods"
"idle, golden freighting"	"rival for one hour"

NOVEMBER

ALICE CARY

Alice Cary (1820-1871), an American poet, was born in Cincinnati. She and her sister, Phœbe, wrote many well-known poems and sketches. They removed to New York City and lived together there.

1

THE leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

2

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

3

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

4

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

5

The leaves today are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb,
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

6

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

7

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses,
Are kept alive in the snow.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

What signs of autumn are mentioned in the first stanza?

What signs of the coming winter are mentioned in the second stanza?

Where have the birds gone?

What is meant by the word "here" in the sixth stanza?
Why are the brooks "dry and dumb" in November?
Is this true in all parts of the country?
What are we told about the springs in "October's Bright Blue Weather"?
What causes the whirling of the leaves in November?
What will happen when the winter is over?
Where does the swallow build his nest?
What does the second stanza tell us about the roots of the "bright red roses"?
How can the snow help keep the roots alive?
In what stanza is this thought repeated?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

quāil (kwāl)
bọs'-om (bo͝oz'-ŭm)
beaŭ'-tē-ous (bū'-tē-ŭs)
eaves (ēvz)
bough (bou)
rō͞ots

VOCABULARY:

cēase—to stop; to come to an end.
dŭmb—silent; mute; noiseless.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"loveliest wayside blossom"
"have ceased their calling"
"beauteous summer glow"
"A vest that is bright"

FOUR-LEAF CLOVERS*

ELLA HIGGINSON

Ella Higginson (1862-), an American writer, lives in Bellingham, on Puget Sound, Washington. She won a $500 prize offered by a magazine for the best short story.

1

I KNOW a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow;
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

* From "When the Birds Go North Again," by Ella Higginson. Copyright, 1898, by The Macmillian Company.

2

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
But God put another in for luck—
If you search, you will find where they grow.

3

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong, and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

To whom is the four-leaf clover supposed to bring good luck?

Why is it better to think how we may give happiness to others than to think very much about securing it for ourselves?

To whom would you like to give the four-leaf clover if you should find it?

How can we show that we have faith and hope?

If we have love in our hearts, how will it show in our lives?

If we are diligent and patient, what effect will this have upon our work?

Which do you think will give greater happiness, to earn something by hard work or to gain it by chance? Why do you think so?

What does the poem say we must have?

What does the poem say we must do?

If we have all these things and do all these things shall we need to hunt for the four-leaf clover to bring us good fortune? Why?

Commit to memory the last stanza.

Words and Phrases for Study

VOCABULARY:

fāith—firm belief.

nŏŏk—a quiet, sheltered spot; a corner.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"sun is like gold"

"burst with snow"

TIRED OF PLAY

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

Nathaniel Parker Willis (1806-1867) was an American poet. He was born in Maine. His father was the founder of the "Youth's Companion."

1

Tired of play! tired of play!
What hast thou done this livelong day?
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
The sun is creeping up temple and tree;

2

The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves,
Twilight gathers and day is done,
How hast thou spent it, restless one?

3

Playing? But what hast thou done beside,
To tell thy mother at even-tide?
What promise of morn is left unbroken?
What kind word to thy playmate spoken?

4

Whom hast thou pitied and whom forgiven?
How with thy faults has duty striven?
What hast thou learned by field and hill?
By greenwood path, and singing rill?

5

Well for thee if thou couldst tell
A tale like this of a day spent well,
If thy kind hand has aided distress,
And thou pity hast felt for wretchedness;

6

If thou hast forgiven a brother's offense,
And grieved for thine own with penitence;
If every creature has won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove,
Then with joy and peace on the bed of rest
Thou wilt sleep as on thy mother's breast.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

What tells you that this poem is addressed to a child?

How do you think the child had spent the day?

What things mentioned in the first and second stanzas show that night is coming?

Can you think of some promise which a child might make to his mother in the morning?

How would he feel if he kept this promise?

What is meant by "breaking" a promise?

Tell some things which a child may learn in the fields and woods.

How should we feel about our faults before we go to sleep?

How must we feel toward those who have offended or injured us?

Commit to memory the following line:

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Why should we feel a love for "every creature"?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

live'-long (lĭv-lŏng) wrĕtch'-ĕd-nĕss strĭv'-en

VOCABULARY:

ŏf-fĕnse'—sin; injury; wrong doing.
pēn'-i-tence—sorrow for sins or faults.
āid—to help; to assist.
strīve—to make effort; to labor hard.
dĭs-trĕss'—pain or suffering of mind or body.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"sheltering eaves"
"A tale like this"
"sun is creeping up"
"singing rill"
"a brother's offense"
"even-tide"

GIVE

ADELAIDE PROCTER

Adelaide Procter (1825-1864) was an English poet. She lived in London all her life. Her father, Bryan Waller Procter, wrote under the name of Barry Cornwall. Her poems are full of sweetness and beauty.

1

See the rivers flowing
Downwards to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free:
Yet to help their giving
Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies!

2

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfumes,
From their beauty shed:
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth!

3

Give thy heart's best treasures,—
From fair Nature learn;
Give thy love—and ask not,
Wait not a return!
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty
God will give thee more.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

Into what do the rivers pour their water?
Why do not the rivers run dry in doing this?
What do the flowers do with their perfume?
Why is their fragrance not exhausted because of this?
Read words from the third stanza which tell what the heart's best treasure is.
What lines tell us that we must not think about what we shall get back?
Why should we not be afraid to give freely?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

trĕas'-ures — prĭnce'-ly — pēr'-fūmes
lăv'-ish — dearth (dûrth) — rē-plĕn'-ished

VOCABULARY:

boun'-tĭ-ful—liberal in giving; plentiful.
trĕas'-ure—that which is very highly valued.
frā'-grance—perfume; sweet smell.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"Hidden springs" — "dearth"
"replenished" — "double bounty"
"lavish spending" — "thy little store"

THE BEST THAT I CAN

(AUTHOR UNKNOWN)

1

"I CAN not do much," said a little star,
"To make the dark world bright;
My silvery beams cannot struggle far
Through the folding gloom of night;
But I am a part of God's great plan,
And I'll cheerfully do the best I can."

2

"What is the use," said a fleecy cloud,
"Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
Though caught in her cup of gold;
Yet I am a part of God's great plan,
So my treasure I'll give as well as I can."

3

A child went merrily forth to play,
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day
Through the happy golden head;
And it seemed to say, "Do all you can,
For you are a part of God's great plan."

4

She knew no more than the glancing star,
Nor the cloud with its chalice full,
How, why, and for what all strange things are—
She was only a child at school;
But she thought, "It is a part of God's great plan
That even I should do all that I can."

5

So she helped a younger child along,
When the road was rough to the feet;
And she sang from her heart a little song
That we all thought was passing sweet;
And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
Said, "I, too, will do the best that I can."

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

What did the star determine to do?

What did the cloud say it would do?

Read the lines which tell the thought that was in the child's mind all day.

To what is this thought compared?

How did the child try to help others?

What influence did her little song have upon her "weary, toil-worn" father?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

flēē′-cy glăn′-cing chăl′-ice

VOCABULARY:

wēa′-ry—tired; exhausted by toil.
strŭg′-gle—to use great effort.
glōōm—partial or total darkness; dimness.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"silvery beams"
"glancing star"
"folding gloom"
"chalice"
"toil-worn"
"passing sweet"

MORNING

(*From Pippa Passes*)

ROBERT BROWNING

Robert Browning (1812-1889) was one of the great English poets. He was born in a suburb of London. He was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

THE year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;

The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

HELPS TO STUDY

Pippa, a poor girl who works in the silk mills, has only one holiday in all the year. On the morning of this holiday she tries to think who is the happiest person in the town, because she wants to imagine that she is that person for one day. But later she has a better thought than this and she says,

> **"I will pass each and see their happiness,**
> **And envy none—being just as great, no doubt,**
> **Useful to men, and dear to God, as they."**

So little Pippa goes down the street, singing this beautiful morning song and doing good to all who hear her.

Notes and Questions

What time of year is described in these lines?

To what is the dew on the hillside compared?

What is the lark doing as Pippa goes down the street?

What words tell us that Pippa is contented?

Read the words which explain why she is contented with her condition in life.

What influence upon those who heard her, would Pippa's song have?

What do you notice about the length of lines in this little song?

Can you think of any reason for the poet's choice of this kind of line for such a song?

Compare the lines in this poem with the lines Sir Walter Scott used in the "Lullaby of an Infant Chief."

Can you give any reason for Sir Walter Scott's choice of long lines in the "Lullaby of an Infant Chief"?

Words and Phrases for Study

"The year's at the spring"
"Morning's at seven"
"The snail's on the thorn"
"The hillside's dew-pearled"

TODAY

THOMAS CARLYLE

Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881) was a great Scotch writer of essays and history. He lived in Edinburgh and later in London.

1

Lo here hath been dawning
  Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

2

Out of Eternity
  This new day is born;
Into Eternity,
  At night, will return.

3

Behold it aforetime
  No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
  From all eyes is hid.

4

Here hath been dawning
  Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

Read the lines which explain why the day is called a "new day".

Read the lines which remind us that the day will pass quickly.

When will this day be hid "From all eyes"?

The poet tells us in the first stanza to "think". What does he want us to think about?

Find the same lines in another stanza.

Why did the poet repeat these words?

What do you think he meant by the words, "a useless day" referred to in the first and last stanzas of this poem?

What can we do to make a day useful?

To whom should our days be useful?

Read lines which you would like to commit to memory.

Read the short story which follows and try to tell it to someone. Did Titus and the poet have the same idea of a "useless" day?

The Roman Emperor, Titus, won the love of all his people by his kindness and generosity to those who were in trouble. One night at supper, remembering that he had not helped anyone that day, he exclaimed, "My friends, I have lost a day!"

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

ĕ-tĕr'-nĭ-ty a-fōre'-time'

VOCABULARY:

bĕ-hōld'—to look at; to see clearly.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"aforetime" "blue day"

NIGHT

WILLIAM BLAKE*

1

THE sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

* For Biography, see p. 44.

2

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,
  Where flocks have took delight:
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
  The feet of angels bright;
    Unseen they pour blessing
    And joy without ceasing
    On each bud and blossom,
    On each sleeping bosom.

3

They look in every thoughtless nest
  Where birds are covered warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
  To keep them all from harm:
    If they see any weeping
    That should have been sleeping,
    They pour sleep on their head,
    And sit down by their bed.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

What signs of evening are mentioned in the first stanza?

To what is the moon compared?

Read the line which tells what the poet thinks the moon is doing.

To what does the poet say good night?

Read the words which tell that angels come to the fields.

What do the angels do for the buds and blossoms?

What do the angels do for the birds and beasts?

What do they do for those who are sorrowful?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

dē-scĕnd'-ing bow'-er (bou' ẽr) nĭb'-bled (l'd)

VOCABULARY:

un-sēēn'—not seen. fâre-wĕll'—good-by

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"bower" "happy grove"

"thoughtless nest" "evening star"

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

FRANCIS BOURDILLON

Francis William Bourdillon (1852-), an English poet, lives at Buddington, England. He attended college at Oxford.

THE night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

What are the eyes of the night?
What is the eye of the day?
Read the lines which tell that the thousand eyes of the night cannot take the place of the one eye of the day.
How many eyes does the poet say the mind has?
How many eyes does he say the heart has?
In which line are we told what the eye of the heart is?

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) was born in Scotland. He was a famous novelist and poet. He learned the Scottish legends and ballads when a child. These he wove into his writings.

1

O, HUSH thee, my babie! thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They are all belonging, dear babie, to thee.

2

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

3

O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

Who do you think sang this lullaby to the baby?

What words in the first line tell you that the baby's father is dead?

What things mentioned in the first stanza show that the baby has great possessions?

Whom did the bugle call when it blew "loudly"?

Why was this necessary?

How would the warders protect the baby?

For what were the bows used?

What word could be used instead of "blades"?

What will this baby have to do when he becomes a man?

What will the trumpet and drum mean to him then?

How can you tell that this baby lived a long time ago?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

tow′-ers bū′-gle guärd fōe′-man

VOCABULARY:

rē-pōse′—sleep; rest; quiet.
strīfe—struggle; war; contention.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"sire" "knight" "guard thy repose"
"foeman" "strife" "warders"

SEAL LULLABY

RUDYARD KIPLING

Rudyard Kipling (1865-) is an English writer. He was born at Bombay, India. He received his education in England, returned to India as a newspaper editor, and later lived several years in the United States. He has written many stories and poems for children.

1

Oh! Hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us,
And black are the waters that sparkled so green.
The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward to find us
At rest in the hollows that rustle between.

2

Where billow meets billow, there soft be thy pillow;
Ah, weary, wee flipperling, curl at thy ease!
The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake thee,
Asleep in the arms of the slow-swinging seas.

HELPS TO STUDY

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

wa'-ters	hŏl'-lōws	flĭp'-per-ling
cōmb'-ers (kōm'ẽrs)	rŭs'-tle (rŭs'-'l)	wēa'-rў

VOCABULARY:

spär'-kled—glistened. bĭl'-low—a large wave.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"the hollows that rustle between" "combers"
"weary, wee flipperling" "slow-swinging seas"
"nor shark overtake thee" "curl at thy ease"

PART II

STORIES OF ADVENTURE

"There's the parrot! Green body and yellow tail; there he is! Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he came home again after sailing round the island. "Poor Robin Crusoe, where have you been, Robin Crusoe?" . . . There goes Friday, running for his life to the little creek!"

. . . .

"Hush! Again a forest and somebody up in a tree—not Robin Hood; . . . but an Eastern King with a glittering scimitar and turban. . . . It is the setting-in of the bright Arabian Nights.

"Oh, now all common things become uncommon and enchanted to me. All lamps are wonderful; all rings are talismans. . . . Trees are for Ali Baba to hide in; beefsteaks are to throw down into the Valley of Diamonds that the precious stones may stick to them and be carried by the eagles to their nests, whence the traders, with loud cries, will scare them."

CHARLES DICKENS.

"In sooth it was a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

PART II

STORIES OF ADVENTURE

The Arabian Nights, Robin Hood, Gulliver's Travels, and Robinson Crusoe

INTRODUCTION

In days of old, before there were books and newspapers, there were certain men who delighted in telling wonderful tales of heroes and their adventures. These heroes always outwitted all other men of their time by their cleverness, and excelled in deeds of courage and might. The story-teller told the tales that he himself had heard from the lips of older story-tellers. As he told these tales, the close attention of his hearers and his desire to give even greater pleasure, spurred him on and led him to add here and there a new adventure. In this way a story which may have had but a small beginning, grew in wonder with each generation. Later, perhaps, some one of greater ability wove the shorter legends that had floated down the ages into one long tale.

For hundreds of years the stories which we know as the "Arabian Nights" were told in the tents of the desert or among the dwellers along the Tigris and the Nile or in the gay bazaars of the cities of the East. They were first collected and written down about the time America was discovered. The one who did this—we do not know his name nor where he lived—tells us that there was once a cruel king of India, who determined to rid his land of all women. He had married his vizier's beautiful daughter, who determined with the help of her sister to tell the

king such wonderful stories that his interest in them would make him forget his cruel intention of putting her and all other women to death. She filled his mind so full of visions of enchanted gardens, of caves with countless riches, of gigantic birds, and of palaces that spring up over night, that before he realized it, almost three years, or a thousand and one nights, had passed, and he found himself in love with her. Thus by her courage and cleverness she saved her own life and the lives of thousands of other women.

The stories which she told on those thousand and one nights are called the tales of "The Arabian Nights." The scene of these adventures is laid in the far East, in Arabia, Persia, and Egypt. But poets and story-tellers live in the imagination, which is a much larger world than that found in the geography, and into this larger region our heroes often take us.

Of the many tales which the princess told, some short and some taking many nights to tell, only three are here given.

The legend of Robin Hood is not so old as the "Arabian Nights" stories. Mention is made of Robin Hood, for the first time, in an old book written about one hundred years before the discovery of America. He is the hero of many old ballads and tales. He is the prince of outlaws, courteous and generous, often taking from the rich to give to the poor. The tales of Robin Hood give a vivid picture of the jovial life of this outlaw and his merry men in the greenwood.

These legends have come down to us from times different from our own, with ideas of right and wrong different from those we hold. We read them today for the same reason for which they were told in the days of old, for amusement and entertainment.

Passing from legendary tales of adventure to those of more recent times, when the story-teller himself writes down his hero-tales and has them printed in a book so that people the world over may read them, we come to the wonderful adventures told in "Gulliver's Travels," the work of Jonathan Swift, a great

English writer. It was first published about fifty years before the Declaration of Independence. This book, considered Swift's greatest work, was written to ridicule some of the customs of the English people, most of which are not of interest to many people today. As a story, however, "Gulliver's Travels" will always charm. Of the four voyages made by Gulliver, one only is given here, the Voyage to Lilliput. His adventures among these wonderful little people are told with a delightful humor that is perhaps the most enjoyable feature of the tale.

Last we come to the wonderful adventures of Robinson Crusoe. The author, Daniel Defoe, was born in London in 1661. He wrote many books and pamphlets, but the story which has made his name known throughout the world, "Robinson Crusoe," was not written until he was nearly sixty years of age.

It is difficult to say what suggested this tale to Defoe. It has been thought by some, that Defoe pictured the life of Alexander Selkirk, a sailor who was abandoned by the captain of his ship on the island of Juan Fernandez, and after four years of loneliness was rescued by a passing vessel.

But, as we read "Robinson Crusoe," we do not think that the author is telling of another man's adventures, nor do we think that he imagined the island, the raft, the cave, and the footprint. It is all told in such a simple, straightforward way, that we think this is Defoe's own experience—he was the sailor cast upon the island, he built the hut, he sowed and reaped the grain, he made the pottery, rescued Friday, and at last returned to England.

Defoe did not intend to write a story for children, but the stirring adventures and deeds of Robinson Crusoe soon became known to boys and girls, and for nearly two centuries he has delighted their hearts, while his courage, his patience, and his perseverance have won the admiration of their elders.

The story, as written by Defoe, is of considerable length, and for the purpose of this Reader has been very much shortened. However, the main adventures of Crusoe's life have been retained.

BOOK ONE

STORIES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

I

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP

Aladdin was the son of Mustapha, a poor tailor in one of the rich provinces of China. When the boy was old enough to learn a trade his father took him into his own workshop. But Aladdin, being but an idle fellow, loved play more than work, and spent his days in playing in the public streets with other boys as idle as himself.

His father died while he was yet very young; but he still continued his foolish ways, and his mother was forced to spin cotton night and day in order to keep herself and him.

When he was about fifteen years old, he was one day playing in the streets with some of his companions. A stranger who was going by stopped and looked at him. This stranger was a famous African magician, who, having need of the help of some ignorant person, no sooner beheld Aladdin than he knew by his whole air, manner, and appearance that he was a person of small prudence, and very fit to be made a tool of. The magician then artfully inquired of some persons standing near, the name and character of Aladdin, and the answers proved to him that he had judged rightly of the boy.

The stranger, now pressing in among the crowd of lads, clapped his hand on Aladdin's shoulder, and said, "My good lad, art thou not the son of Mustapha, the tailor?"

"Yes, sir," said Aladdin; "but my father has been dead this long time."

"Alas!" cried he, "what unhappy news! I am thy father's brother, child. I have been many years abroad; and now that I have come home in the hope of seeing him, you tell me he is dead!" And all the while tears ran down the stranger's cheek and his bosom heaved with sighs. Then, pulling out a purse, he gave Aladdin two pieces of gold: "Take this, my boy," said he, "to your mother. Tell her that I will come and see her to-night, and sup with her."

Pleased with the money, Aladdin ran home to his mother. "Mother," said he, "have I an uncle?" His mother told him he had not, whereupon Aladdin pulled out his gold and told her that a man who said he was his father's brother was coming to sup with her that very evening. Full of bewilderment, the good woman set out for the market, where she bought provisions, and was busy preparing the supper when the magician knocked at the door. He entered, followed by a porter bringing all kinds of delicious fruits and sweetmeats for the dessert.

As soon as they sat down to supper he gave Aladdin's mother an account of his travels, saying that for forty years he had been from home, in order to see the wonders of distant countries. Then, turning toward Aladdin, he asked his name. "I am called Aladdin," said he. "Well, Aladdin," replied the magician, "what business do you follow?"

At this question Aladdin hung down his head, and was not a little abashed when his mother made answer, "Aladdin is an idle fellow; his father strove all he could to teach him his trade, but could not succeed; and since his death, in spite of all I can say to him, he does nothing but idle away his time in the streets, so that I despair of his ever coming to any good." With these words the poor woman burst into tears, and the magician, turning to Aladdin, said: "This is not well, nephew; you must think of helping yourself and getting your livelihood, and I will help you as far as I may; what think you, shall I take a shop and furnish

it for you?" Aladdin was overjoyed at the idea, for he thought there was very little labor in keeping a shop, and he told his uncle this would suit him better than anything else.

"I will take you with me to-morrow," said the magician, "clothe you as handsomely as the best merchants in the city, and then we will open a shop."

Aladdin's mother thanked him very heartily and begged Aladdin to behave so as to prove himself worthy of the good fortune promised by his kind uncle.

Next day the stranger called for Aladdin as he had promised, and led him to a merchant's, where ready-made clothes, suited for all sorts of people, were sold. Then he caused Aladdin to try on the handsomest suits, and choosing the one Aladdin preferred, he paid the merchant for it at once. The pretended uncle then took Aladdin to visit the bazaars and the khans where the foreign merchants were, and the most splendid mosques, and gave him a merry feast in the evening.

The next morning Aladdin got up and dressed himself very early, so impatient was he to see his uncle. Presently he saw him coming, and ran to meet him. The magician greeted him very kindly: "Come, my good boy," he said with a smile; "I will today show you some very fine things."

He then led him through some beautiful gardens with great houses standing in the midst of them. Aladdin did nothing but exclaim at their beauty, and so his uncle, by degrees, led him on farther and farther into the country.

"We shall now," said he to Aladdin, "go no farther, and I shall here show you some extraordinary wonders that no one besides yourself will ever have seen. I am now going to strike a light, and do you, in the meantime, collect all the dry sticks and leaves that you can find, in order to make a fire."

There were so many pieces of dry sticks scattered about this place that Aladdin collected more than enough, by the time the magician had lighted his match. He then set them on fire, and as soon as they were in a blaze he threw a certain

perfume, that he had ready in his hand, upon them. A dense smoke rose up, while the magician spoke some mysterious words. At the same instant the ground slightly shook, and, opening in the spot where they stood, showed a square stone about a foot and a half across, with a brass ring in the center.

Aladdin was frightened out of his wits, and was about to run away, when the African suddenly gave him a box on the ear so violent as to beat him down and very nearly to knock some of his teeth out. Poor Aladdin, with tears in his eyes and trembling in every limb, got up. "My dear uncle," he cried, "what have I done to deserve so severe a blow?" "I have good reasons for it," replied the magician. "Do you but obey me, and you will not repent of it. Underneath that stone is a great hidden treasure, which will make you richer than many kings if you will be attentive to what I shall say to you."

Aladdin had now got the better of his fright. "Well," said he, "what must I do? Tell me; I am ready to obey you in everything!" "Well said!" replied the magician; "come to me, then; take hold of this ring, and lift up the stone."

To Aladdin's surprise, the stone was raised without any trouble, and then he could see a small opening between three and four feet deep, at the bottom of which was a little door, with steps to go down still lower. "You must now," said the magician, "go down into this cavern, and when you have come to the bottom of the steps, you will see an open door which leads into three great halls. In each of these you will see, on both sides of you, four bronze vases as large as tubs, full of gold and silver, but you must not touch any of it.

When you get to the first hall bind your robe round you. Then go to the second without stopping, and from thence in the same manner to the third. Above all, be very particular not to go near the walls nor even to touch them with your robe; for if any part of your dress should chance to touch them, your instant death will be the consequence. At the far end of the third there is a door which leads to a garden planted with beauti-

ful trees, all of which are full of fruit. Go on straight forward, and follow a path which you will see, and which will bring you to the bottom of a flight of fifty steps, at the top of which there is a terrace.

There you will see a niche and in it a lighted lamp. Take the lamp and extinguish it. Then throw out the wick and the liquid that is within, and put it in your bosom. If you should wish very much to gather any of the fruit in the garden, you may do so; and there is nothing to prevent your taking as much as you please."

ALADDIN FINDS THE WONDERFUL LAMP

When the magician had given these directions to Aladdin, he took off a ring which he had on one of his fingers, and put it on his pretended nephew, telling him, at the same time, that it was to secure him against every evil that might otherwise happen to him. "Go, my child," added he; "descend boldly; we shall now both of us become immensely rich for the rest of our lives."

Aladdin gave a spring, jumped into the opening, with a willing mind, and went down to the bottom of the steps. He found the three halls exactly as the magician had said. He passed through them with the greatest care, as if he was fearful he might be killed if he were careless. He went on to the garden, and mounted to the terrace without stopping. He took the lamp, as it stood lighted in the niche, threw out its contents, and put it into his bosom.

He then returned to the garden to look at the fruit, which he had seen as he passed along. The trees of this garden were all full of the most extraordinary fruit. Each tree bore fruits of a different color. The white were pearls; the sparkling and transparent were diamonds; the deep red were rubies; the paler, a particular sort of ruby called balas; the green, emeralds; the blue, turquoises; the violet, amethysts; those tinged with yellow, sapphires. All were of the largest size, and more perfect

than were ever seen in the whole world. Aladdin was not yet of an age to know their value, and thought they were all only pieces of colored glass.

The variety, however, and brilliancy and extraordinary size of each sort, nevertheless tempted him to gather some of each; and he took so many of every color that he filled both his pockets, as well as his two new purses that the magician had bought for him at the time he made him a present of his new dress; and as his pockets, which were already full, could not hold his two purses, he fastened them on each side of his girdle, or sash, and also wrapped some in its folds, as it was of silk and made very full. In this manner he carried them so that they could not fall out. He did not forget to fill even his bosom quite full, between his robe and shirt.

Laden in this manner with the most immense treasure, though ignorant of its value, Aladdin made haste through the three halls, in order that he might not make the African magician wait too long. Having passed through them with the same caution as before, he began to ascend the steps he had come down, and reached the entrance of the cave, where the magician was impatiently waiting.

When Aladdin saw his uncle he called to him: "Help me up!" "You had better, my dear boy," replied the magician, "first give me the lamp, as that will only hinder you." "It is not at all in my way," said Aladdin, "and I will give it you when I am out." The magician still persevered in wishing to get the lamp before he helped Aladdin out of the cave; but the latter had in fact so covered it with the fruit of the trees that he absolutely refused to give it. The African magician was in the greatest despair at the obstinate resistance the boy made, and fell into the most violent rage.

He then threw some perfume on the fire, and had hardly spoken two magic words, before the stone, which served to shut up the entrance to the cavern, returned of its own accord to the

place, with all the earth over it, exactly in the same state as it was when the magician and Aladdin first arrived there.

When Aladdin found himself buried alive, he called aloud a thousand times to his uncle, telling him he was ready to give him the lamp. But all his cries were useless, and, having no other means of making himself heard, he remained in perfect darkness.

Finally he went down to the bottom of the stairs, intending to go toward the light in the garden, where he had before been. But the walls, which had been opened by enchantment, were now shut by the same means. He felt all around him several times, but could not discover the least opening. He then redoubled his cries and tears, and sat down upon the step of his dungeon, without the least hope ever again to see the light of day.

Aladdin remained two days in this state, without either eating or drinking. On the third day, feeling his death was near, he lifted up his hands, and joining them, as in the act of prayer, he said in a loud tone of voice, "There is no strength or power but in the great and high Heavens." In this act of joining his hands, he happened, without thinking of it, to rub the ring which the magician had put upon his finger, and of the power of which he knew nothing.

Upon its being thus rubbed, a Genius of enormous figure, and horrid countenance, instantly rose out of the earth before him. He was so extremely tall that his head touched the roof, and he addressed these words to Aladdin: "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you as your slave; as the slave of him who has the ring on his finger, both I and the other slaves of the ring." Weak and terrified, and scarcely daring to hope, Aladdin cried, "Whoever you are, take me, if you are able, out of this place!" Scarcely had he said it, when he found himself on the outside of the cave, at the very spot where the magician had left him. Scarcely daring to believe his good fortune, he rose up trembling, and seeing the city lying at some distance, made his way back by the same road over which he had come. A long

weary road he found it to his mother's door, and when he reached it he was fainting from hunger and fatigue.

His mother, however, whose heart had been almost broken by the loss of him, received him kindly and joyfully, and refreshed him with food. When he was better again he told his mother all, and showed her the lamp and the colored fruits and the wonderful ring on his finger. His mother, however, thought little of the jewels, as she was quite ignorant of their value, so Aladdin put them all behind one of the cushions of the sofa on which they were sitting.

Next morning, when Aladdin awoke, his first thought was that he was very hungry, and would like some breakfast. "Alas, my child," replied his mother, "I have not a morsel of bread to give you. You ate last night all the food in the house. However, I have a little cotton of my own spinning. I will go and sell it, and buy something for our dinner."

"Keep your cotton, mother," said Aladdin, "for another time, and give me the lamp which I brought with me yesterday. I will go and sell that, and the money will serve us for breakfast and dinner too, nay, perhaps also for supper."

Aladdin's mother took the lamp from the place she had put it. "Here it is," she said to her son; "but it is, I think, very dirty; if I were to clean it a little, perhaps it might sell for something more." She then took some water and a little fine sand to clean it with. But she had scarcely begun to rub this lamp, when instantly a hideous and gigantic Genius rose out of the ground before her, and cried with a voice as loud as thunder, "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you as your slave, and the slave of those who have the lamp in their hands, both I and the other slaves of the lamp."

Aladdin's mother was much terrified; but Aladdin, who had seen the Genius in the cavern, did not lose his presence of mind. Seizing the lamp, he answered in a firm tone of voice, "I am hungry; bring me something to eat." The Genius disappeared, and returned a moment after with a large silver basin, which

he carried on his head, and twelve covered dishes of the same material, filled with the nicest meats, properly arranged, and six loaves as white as snow upon as many plates, and two silver cups in his hand. He placed them all upon the table, and instantly vanished.

When Aladdin's mother had recovered from her fright, they both sat down to their meal, in the greatest delight imaginable, for never before had they eaten such delicate meats or seen such splendid dishes.

The remains of this feast provided them with food for some days, and when it was all gone Aladdin sold the silver dishes one by one for their support. In this way they lived happily for some years, for Aladdin had been sobered by his adventure, and now behaved with the greatest wisdom and prudence. He took care to visit the principal shops and public places, speaking only with wise and prudent persons; and in this way he gathered much wisdom, and grew to be a courteous and handsome youth, besides.

ALADDIN WEDS THE PRINCESS

One day Aladdin told his mother that he intended to ask the Sultan to give him his daughter in marriage.

"Truly, my son," said his mother, "you seem to have forgotten that your father was but a poor tailor; and indeed, I do not know who will dare to go and speak to the Sultan about it." "You yourself must," said he, decidedly. "I!" cried his mother, in the greatest surprise; "I go to the Sultan! Not I, indeed; I will take care how I am joined to such folly. You know very well that no one can make any demand of the Sultan without bringing a rich present, and where shall such poor folk as we find such a one?"

Thereupon Aladdin told his mother that while talking with the merchants in the bazaar he had learned to know the value of their gems, and for a long time he had known that nothing

which they had in their shops was half so fine as those jewels he had brought home from the enchanted cave. So his mother took them from the drawer where they had lain hid, and put them in a dish of fine porcelain.

Aladdin's mother, now sure that her son's gift was one that could not fail to please the Sultan, at last agreed to do everything as her son wished. She took the porcelain dish, in which the present of jewels was, and folded it up in a very fine linen cloth. She then took another less fine, and tied the four corners of it together, that she might carry it with less trouble. She afterwards set out, to the great joy of Aladdin, and took the road toward the palace of the Sultan.

Trembling, she told the Sultan of her son's boldness, and begged his mercy for Aladdin and for herself. The Sultan heard her kindly, then before giving any answer to her request, he asked her what she had with her so carefully tied up in a linen cloth. Aladdin's mother unfolded the cloths, and humbly laid the jewels before him.

It is impossible to express the surprise which this monarch felt when he saw before him such a quantity of the most precious, perfect, and brilliant jewels, the size of which was greater than any he had before seen. For some moments he gazed at them, speechless. When, however, he began to recollect himself, he took the present from the hand of Aladdin's mother, and exclaimed, in a transport of joy, "Ah! how very beautiful, how extremely rich!"

Then turning to his grand vizier, he showed him the gems and talked privately to him for some minutes. Then to Aladdin's mother he said: "My good woman, I will indeed make your son happy by marrying him to the Princess my daughter, as soon as he shall send me forty large basins of massive gold, quite full of the same sort of things which you have already presented me with from him, brought by an equal number of black slaves, each of whom shall be led by a white slave, young, well-made, handsome, and richly-dressed. These are the conditions upon

which I am ready to bestow upon him the Princess my daughter. Go, my good woman, and I will wait till you bring me his answer."

Full of disappointment, Aladdin's mother made her way home, and told her son the news of the Sultan's strange wish. But Aladdin only smiled, and when his mother had gone out, he took the lamp and rubbed it, when the Genius instantly appeared and Aladdin commanded him to lose no time in bringing the present which the Sultan had wished for. The Genius only said that his commands should be at once obeyed, and then disappeared.

In a very short time the Genius returned with forty black slaves, each carrying upon his head a large golden basin of great weight, full of pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, quite as fine as the others. Each basin was covered with a cloth of silver, embroidered with flowers of gold. All these slaves with their golden basins, together with the white ones, entirely filled the house, which was but small, as well as the court in front and a garden behind it.

Aladdin's mother now came back and almost fainted when she saw this great crowd and all its magnificence, but Aladdin desired her at once to follow the procession of slaves to the palace, and present to the Sultan the dowry of the Princess.

The astonishment of the Sultan at the sight of all these riches and splendor is hardly to be imagined. After gazing upon the slaves with their shining heaps of jewels, he said to Aladdin's mother, "Go, my good woman, and tell your son that I am waiting with open arms to embrace him!"

Aladdin was so delighted with this news that he could hardly answer his mother, and, hastening to his chamber, he shut the door, and, having summoned the Genius, he was dressed in garments that shone like the sun. The Genius brought him, moreover, a splendid charger and twenty slaves to march on either side of him on the way to the Sultan's palace, all holding purses of gold to scatter among the people.

If there had been a crowd before, there was ten times as great a one now to watch Aladdin as he rode to the Sultan's palace, and to pick up the gold pieces which were showered by his slaves as he went. The Sultan came down from his throne to greet him, and all was feasting and joy in the palace.

After the feast the judge drew up a contract of marriage between Aladdin and the Princess Badroulbadour. When this was done, the Sultan asked Aladdin if he wished to remain in the palace and complete all the ceremonies that day. "Sire," he replied, "however impatient I may be to have entire possession of all your majesty's bounties, I beg you to permit me to wait until I shall have built a palace to receive the Princess in, that shall be worthy of her; and for this purpose, I request that you will have the goodness to point out a suitable place for it near your own, that I may always be ready to pay my court to your majesty. I will then neglect nothing to get it finished with all possible diligence."

"My son," answered the Sultan, "take the open space before my palace; I have thought lately about filling it up; but remember that, to have my happiness complete, I cannot see you united too soon to my daughter." Having said this, he again embraced Aladdin, who now took leave of the Sultan in as polished a manner as if he had been brought up and spent all his life at court.

As soon as Aladdin reached home, he again summoned the Genius and commanded him to build instantly the most gorgeous palace ever seen, on the spot of ground given by the Sultan. Early the next morning the Genius appeared: "Sir," said he, "your palace is finished; see if it is as you wish."

Words cannot paint the astonishment of the Sultan and all his household at seeing this gorgeous palace shining in the place which they had been used to see empty and bare. The Princess was rejoiced at the sight, and her marriage with Aladdin was held the same day, and their happiness was the greatest possible.

ALADDIN LOSES AND REGAINS THE LAMP

For some months they lived thus, Aladdin showing great kindness to the poor of the city, and pleasing all by his generosity.

About this time his old enemy, the African magician, found out by some of his magic arts that Aladdin was enormously rich and much beloved and respected, instead of being, as he had supposed, dead in the enchanted cave. He was filled with rage, and, vowing to destroy Aladdin, he immediately set out for China. On arriving there he went to one of the principal khans and there began talking about Aladdin and the wonders of his palace. In this way he learned that Aladdin had gone hunting, and was not expected home for three or four days.

The magician bought a dozen of shining new lamps, put them in a basket, and then set out for Aladdin's palace. As he came near it he cried out, "Who will change old lamps for new ones?"

When he came under the Princess's windows, all the slaves attending on her ran laughing to look into the street. "Oh!" said one of the slaves, "come, let us try if the old fool means what he says; there is an ugly old lamp lying in the cornice of the hall with twenty-four windows; we will put a new one in its place, if the old fellow is really in earnest." The Princess having given leave, away ran one of the slaves with the lamp to the magician, who willingly gave her the best he had among his new ones.

As soon as night arrived he summoned the Genius of the lamp and commanded him to transport him, the palace, and the Princess to the remotest corner of Africa. The order was instantly obeyed.

The confusion and grief of the Sultan were terrible when he found the palace vanished and his daughter lost. The people ran in fear through the streets, and the soldiers were sent in search of Aladdin, who was not yet returned from hunting.

Aladdin was soon met with and dragged before the Sultan like a criminal. He would have been beheaded had not the Sultan been afraid to enrage the people, by whom he was much loved. "Go, wretch!" cried the Sultan; "I grant thee thy life; but if ever thou appearest before me again death shall overtake thee, unless in forty days thou bringest me tidings of my daughter."

Aladdin, wretched and downfallen, left the palace, not knowing whither to turn his steps. At length he stopped at a brook to bathe his eyes, that smarted with the tears he had shed. As he stooped, his foot slipped, and, catching hold of a piece of rock to save himself from falling, he pressed the magician's ring, which he still wore on his finger, and the Genius of the ring appeared before him, saying, "What would'st thou have?" "Oh, Genius," cried Aladdin, "bring my palace back to the place where yesterday it stood!"

"What you command," replied the Genius, "is not in my power; you must address yourself to the Genius of the lamp for that service."

"Then I command thee," said Aladdin, "to transport me to the place where now it stands." Instantly Aladdin found himself beside his own palace, which stood in a meadow not far from a strange city; and the Princess Badroulbadour was then walking in her own chamber, weeping for his loss. Happening to come near to the window, she saw Aladdin under it, and making a sign to him to keep silence, she sent a slave to bring him in by a private door. The Princess and her husband having kissed each other, and shed many tears, Aladdin said, "Tell me, my Princess, what has become of an old lamp which I left on the cornice of the hall of four-and-twenty windows?"

The Princess then told how her slave had exchanged it for a new one, and said that the tyrant in whose power she was, always carried that very lamp in his bosom. Aladdin was then sure that this person was no other than his old enemy, the African magician.

After talking a long while, they hit upon a plan for getting back the lamp. Aladdin went into the city in the disguise of a slave, where he bought a powder, and then the Princess invited the magician to sup with her. As she had never been so polite to him before, he was quite delighted with her kindness; and while they were at table, she ordered a slave to bring two cups of wine one of which she had prepared by mixing in the powder, and after pretending to taste the one she held in her hand, she asked the magician to change cups, as was the custom in China. He joyfully seized the goblet, and drinking it all at a draught, fell senseless on the floor.

Aladdin was at hand to snatch the lamp from his bosom and hastily rubbing it, he summoned the Genius, who instantly transported the palace and all it contained back to the place whence they had come.

Some hours after, the Sultan who had risen at break of day to give way to his grief, went to the window to look at the spot which he expected to see empty and vacant, and then to his unspeakable joy, he saw Aladdin's palace shining in its place. He summoned his guards and hastened to embrace his daughter; and during a whole week nothing was to be heard but the sound of drums, trumpets, cymbals, and all kinds of music and feasting, in honor of Aladdin's return with the Princess.

Some time after this, the Sultan died, and Aladdin and the Princess Badroulbadour ascended the throne. They reigned together many years and left many noble sons and daughters at their death.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

Why did not Aladdin work at his father's trade?

How did he spend his time?

What caused the magician to notice him?

What did the magician do to make Aladdin and his mother like him?

How did he force Aladdin to obey him?

What did Aladdin see when he raised the stone?
What directions did the magician give Aladdin before he descended the steps?
Why did he put the ring upon Aladdin's finger?
Read the lines which describe the trees which Aladdin saw in the underground garden.
What did Aladdin think the beautifully colored fruits that grew upon these trees were?
How can you explain the magician's anxiety to get the lamp before he helped Aladdin up from the cavern?
How was Aladdin rescued from the cavern?
What did his mother think of the fruit?
How did Aladdin discover the power of his lamp?
What effect did Aladdin's remarkable adventures have upon his character?
What use did Aladdin make of the fruit which he had gathered?
Why was Aladdin's mother at first afraid to ask the Sultan to marry his daughter to Aladdin?
How did Aladdin persuade his mother to see the Sultan?
Where had Aladdin left the lamp when he went away from home on his hunting trip?
How did the African magician gain possession of the lamp?
What part of this story do you like best?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

mâ-gĭ'-cian (jĭsh'ăn)
dĕs-sĕrt'
khăn (kăn)
mŷs-tē'-rĭ-oŭs
tŭr-quoise' (koiz')
pēr-sē-vēred'
rê-doŭb'-led
fâ-tigue' (tēg')
pôr'-çe-lain (lān)
dĭs-guīse'
līve-li-hōōd
băl'-ăs
tinged (tĭnjd)
ăb'-sō-lūte-ly
hĭd'-ê-oŭs
vi-zier' (vĭ-zēr')
dow'-ry (dou)
de-lĭ'-cioŭs (lĭsh'-ŭs)
bê-wĭl'-dĕr-mĕnt
nĭche
ĕm'-e-ralds
săp'-phīre (săf'-īr)
gī-găn'-tĭc
ĭm-ăg'-i-na-ble
i-de'-a (ī-dē-â)
ter'-race (tĕr'-âs)
cer'-ê-mô-nies
A-lăd'-dĭn
căv'-ērn
Sŭl'-tăn
dĭl'-ĭ-gence (j'ns)
neph'-ew (nĕf'-ū)
păr-tĭc'-ū-lar
gôr'-geous (jŭs)
côr'-nĭce
cŷm'-bals
cŏn'-sê-quĕnce
â-bashed' (băsht)
draught (drăft)

VOCABULARY:

coûrt'-e-oŭs—obliging; polite; well-bred.
ad-vĕnt'-ūre—risk; chance; venture.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"bazaar"
"khan"
"mosque"
"Genius"
"transport of joy"
"grand vizier"
"dowry of the Princess"
"obstinate resistance"
"mysterious words"
"presence of mind"
"to be made a tool of"
"charger"
"unspeakable joy"
"pay my court"

II

'ALI BABA AND THE OPEN SESAME

In an old town of Persia there lived two brothers, Cassim and Ali Baba.

Cassim married a wife who owned a fine shop, a warehouse, and some land; he thus found himself all at once quite at his ease, and became one of the richest men in the whole town.

Ali Baba, on the other hand, had a wife no better off than himself, and lived in a very poor house. He had no other means of livelihood and of supporting his wife and children than by going out to cut wood in the next forest, and carrying it about the town to sell on three asses.

Ali Baba went one day to the forest, and had very nearly finished cutting as much wood as his asses could carry, when he saw a thick cloud of dust rising very high in the air, which seemed to be coming toward him. He looked at it long, until he saw a great company of men on horseback, who came riding fast, raising the dust.

Although that part of the country was not often troubled by robbers, Ali Baba still thought that these horsemen looked like them. Without, therefore, at all thinking what might become of his asses, his first and only care was to save himself. So he climbed up quickly into a large tree, the branches of which

spread out so close and thick that from the midst of them he could see everything that passed, without being seen.

The robbers rode swiftly up to this very tree, and there alighted. Ali Baba counted forty of them, and saw that each horseman took the bridle off his horse, hung over its head a bag filled with barley, and fastened it up. Then they took their traveling bags, which were so heavy that Ali Baba thought they were filled with gold and silver.

The Captain of the thieves came, his bag on his shoulder, close to the rock, at the very spot where the tree grew in which Ali Baba had hidden himself. After the rascal had made his way through the shrubs that grew there, he cried out these words, "Open Sesame!" which Ali Baba distinctly heard. No sooner were they spoken than a door opened; the Captain and all his men passed quickly in, and the door closed again.

There they stayed for a long time. Ali Baba was compelled to wait in the tree with patience, as he was afraid some of them might come out if he left his hiding-place.

At length the door opened, and the forty thieves came out. After he had seen all the troop pass out before him, Ali Baba heard the Captain say the words, "Shut Sesame!" Each man then bridled his horse, and mounted. When the Captain saw that all were ready, he put himself at their head, and they rode off as they had come.

Ali Baba did not come down from the tree at once, because he thought they might have forgotten something, and be obliged to come back, and that he should thus be caught. He watched them as long as he could; nor did he leave the tree for a long time after he had lost sight of them. Then, recalling the words the Captain had used to open and shut the door, he made his way through the bushes to it, and called out "Open Sesame!" Instantly the door flew wide open!

Ali Baba expected to find only a dark cave, and was very much astonished at seeing a fine large chamber, dug out of the rock, and higher than a man could reach. It received its

light from a hole in the top of the rock. In it all sorts of rare fruits, bales of rich merchandise, silk stuffs and brocades, and great heaps of money, both silver and gold, some loose, some in large leather bags, were piled up. The sight of all these things almost took Ali Baba's breath away.

But he did not hestitate long as to what he should do. He went boldly into the cave, and as soon as he was there the door shut; but since he knew the secret by which to open it, this gave him no fear. Leaving the silver, he turned to the gold which was in the bags, and when he had gathered enough for loading his three asses, he brought them to the rock, loaded them, and so covered the sacks of gold over with wood that no one could suspect anything. This done, he went up to the door, and had no sooner said the words, "Shut Sesame," than it closed.

And now Ali Baba took the road to the town; and when he got home, drove his asses into the yard, and shut the gate with great care. He threw off the wood that hid the gold, and carried the bags into the house, where he laid them down in a row before his wife, who was sitting upon a couch.

When he had told the whole story of the cave and the forty thieves, he emptied out the sacks, making one great heap of gold that quite dazzled his wife's eyes.

His wife began to rejoice in this good fortune; and was going to count over the money that lay before her, piece by piece.

"What are you going to do?" said he; "why, you would never have done counting. I will dig a pit to bury it in; we have no time to lose."

"It is right, though," replied the wife, "that we should know about how much there may be. I will go and borrow a small corn-measure, and whilst you are digging the pit, I will find how much there is."

So the wife of Ali Baba set off and went to her brother-in-law, Cassim, who lived a short way from her house. Cassim was from home, so she begged his wife to lend her a measure for a few minutes. "That I will with pleasure," said Cassim's wife.

She went to seek a measure, but knowing how poor Ali Baba was, she was curious to know what sort of grain his wife wanted to measure; and she put some tallow under the measure, which she did without its being visible.

The wife of Ali Baba returned home, and placing the measure on the heap of gold, filled it over and over again, till she had measured the whole. Ali Baba by this time had dug the pit for it, and while he was burying the gold, his wife went back with the measure to her sister-in-law, but without observing that a piece of gold had stuck to the bottom of it.

The wife of Ali Baba had scarcely turned her back, when Cassim's wife looked at the bottom of the measure, and was astonished to see a piece of gold sticking to it. "What!" said she, "Ali Baba measures his gold! Where can the wretch have got it?" When her husband Cassim came home, she said to him, "Cassim, you think you are rich, but Ali Baba must have far more wealth than you; he does not count his gold as you do; he measures it." Then she showed him the piece of money she had found sticking to the bottom of the measure; a coin so ancient that the name of the prince, engraven on it, was unknown to her.

Far from feeling glad at the good fortune which his brother had met with, Cassim grew so jealous of Ali Baba that he passed almost the whole night without closing his eyes. The next morning before sunrise he went to him. "Ali Baba," said he, harshly, "you pretend to be poor and miserable, and a beggar, and yet you measure your money," and Cassim showed him the piece of gold his wife had given him. "How many pieces," added he, "have you like this, that my wife found sticking to the bottom of the measure yesterday?"

CASSIM VISITS THE CAVE

From this speech Ali Baba knew that Cassim, and his wife also, must suspect what had happened. So, without showing the least sign of surprise, he told Cassim by what chance he had

found the retreat of the thieves, and where it was; and offered, if he would keep it secret, to share the treasure with him.

"This I certainly expect," replied Cassim in a haughty tone; "otherwise I will inform the police of it."

Ali Baba, led rather by his good nature than by fear, told him all, even to the words he must pronounce, both on entering the cave and on quitting it. Cassim made no further inquiries of Ali Baba; he left him, determined to seize the whole treasure, and set off the next morning before break of day with ten mules charged with large hampers which he proposed to fill. He took the road which Ali Baba had pointed out, and arrived at the rock and the tree, when, on looking for the door, he soon discovered it. Having cried, "Open Sesame!" the door obeyed; he entered, and it closed again.

Greedy as Cassim was, he could have passed the whole day in feasting his eyes with the sight of so much gold; but he reflected that he had come to take away as much as he could; he therefore filled his sacks, and coming to the door, he found that he had forgotten the secret words, and instead of saying "Sesame," he said, "Open Barley." But the door, instead of flying open, remained closed. He named various other kinds of grain; all but the right one were called upon, and the door did not move.

The thieves returned to their cave toward noon; and when they were within a short distance of it, and saw the mules belonging to Cassim laden with hampers, standing about the rock, they were a good deal surprised. They drove away the ten mules, which took to flight in the forest. Then the Captain and his men with their sabres in their hands, went toward the door, said "Open Sesame!" and it opened.

Cassim, who from the inside of the cave heard the horses trampling on the ground, did not doubt that the thieves had come, and that his death was near. Resolved, however, on one effort to escape and reach some place of safety, he placed himself near the door ready to run out as soon as it should open.

The word "Sesame," was scarcely pronounced when it opened, and he rushed out with such violence that he threw the Captain to the ground. He could not, however, escape the other thieves, who slew him on the spot.

On entering the cave the thieves found the sacks which Cassim had filled near the door, but they could not imagine how he had been able to get in.

The wife of Cassim, in the meantime, was in the greatest uneasiness, when night came and her husband did not return. She went in the utmost alarm to Ali Baba, and said to him, "Brother, I believe you know that Cassim has gone to the forest; he is not yet come back, and as night is come, I fear some accident may have befallen him."

Ali Baba did not wait for entreaties to go and seek for Cassim. He immediately set off with his three asses, and went to the forest. As he drew near the rock he was astonished to see that blood had been shed near the cave. When he reached the door, he said, "Open Sesame!" and it opened.

He was shocked to see his brother's body in the cave. He decided to carry it home, and placed it on one of his asses, covering it with sticks, to conceal it. The other two asses he quickly loaded with sacks of gold, putting wood over them as before. Then, commanding the door to close, he took the road to the city, waiting in the forest till nightfall, that he might return without being observed. When he got home, he left the two asses that were laden with gold for his wife to unload; and having told her what had happened to Cassim, he led the other ass to his sister-in-law.

Ali Baba knocked at the door, which was opened to him by Morgiana, who was a female slave, clever, and full of invention. "Morgiana," said he, "the first thing I have to ask you is to keep a deep secret! This packet contains the body of your master, and we must bury him as if he had died a natural death. Let me speak to your mistress, and hearken what I say to her."

Morgiana went to call her mistress, and Ali Baba then told

her all that had happened until his arrival with the body of Cassim: "Sister," added he, "here is a sad affliction for you, but we must contrive to bury my brother as if he had died a natural death; and then we shall be glad to offer you a shelter under our own roof."

The widow of Cassim reflected that she could not do better than consent. She therefore wiped away her tears, and suppressed her mournful cries, and thereby showed Ali Baba that she accepted his offer.

Ali Baba left her in this frame of mind, and Morgiana went out with him to an apothecary's there; she knocked at the shop-door, and when it was opened, asked for a particular kind of lozenge of great effect in dangerous illness. The apothecary gave her the lozenge, asking who was ill in her master's family. "Ah!" exclaimed she with a deep sigh, "it is my worthy master, Cassim himself. He can neither speak nor eat!"

Meanwhile, as Ali Baba and his wife were seen going backwards and forwards to the house of Cassim, in the course of the day, no one was surprised on hearing in the evening the piercing cries of his widow and Morgiana, which announced his death.

And so the body of Cassim was prepared for its burial, which took place the next day, attended by Ali Baba and Morgiana.

As for his widow, she remained at home to lament and weep with her neighbors, who, according to the usual custom, repaired to her house during the ceremony of the burial, and joining their cries to hers, filled the air with sounds of woe. Thus the manner of Cassim's death was so well hidden that no one in the city had any thought of it.

THE ROBBERS SEEK REVENGE ON ALI BABA

But let us now leave Ali Baba and Morgiana, and return to the forty thieves. When they came back to their cave, they found the body of Cassim gone, and with it much of their

treasure. "We are discovered," said the Captain, "and lost if we are not very careful. All that we can at present tell is, that the man whom we killed in the cave knew the secret of opening the door. But he was not the only one; another must have found it out too. Having slain one, we must not let the other escape. Well, the first thing to be done is that one of you should go to the city in the dress of a traveler, and try to learn who the man we killed was."

The thief who agreed to carry out this plan, having disguised himself so that no one could have told who he was, set off at night, and entered the city just at dawn.

By asking questions in the town he discovered that a body had been prepared for burial at a certain house. Having found the house, the thief marked the door with chalk and returned to the forest.

Very soon after this Morgiana had occasion to go out, and saw the mark which the thief had made on the door of Ali Baba's house. "What can this mark mean?" thought she; "has any one a spite against my master, or has it been done only for fun? In any case, it will be well to guard against the worst that may happen." She therefore took some chalk, and as several of the doors, both above and below her master's were alike, she marked them in the same manner, and then went in without saying anything of what she had done either to her master or mistress.

The thief in the meantime arrived at the forest, and related the success of his journey. They all listened to him with great delight, and the Captain, after praising him, said, "Comrades, we have no time to lose; let us arm ourselves and depart, and when we have entered the city, which we had best do separately, let us all meet in the great square, and I will go and find out the house with the chalk mark."

Thus the thieves went in small parties of two or three to the city without causing any suspicion. The thief who had been there in the morning then led the Captain to the street in which

he had marked the house of Ali Baba. When they reached the first house that had been marked by Morgiana, he pointed it out, saying that was the one. But as they continued walking on, the Captain saw that the next door was marked in the same manner. At this the thief was quite confused, and knew not what to say; for they found four or five doors more with the same mark.

The Captain, who was in great anger, returned to the square, and told the first of his men whom he met to tell the rest that they had lost their labor, and that nothing remained but to return to the forest.

When they had reached the forest the Captain declared the mistaken thief deserving of death, and he was at once killed by his companions.

Next day another thief, in spite of this, determined to succeed where the other had failed. He went to the city and found the house, whose door he marked with red. But, a short time after, Morgiana went out and saw the red mark, and did not fail to make a similar red mark on the neighboring doors.

The thief, when he returned to the forest, boasted of his success, and the Captain and the rest repaired to the city with as much care as before, and the Captain and his guide went immediately to the street where Ali Baba resided; but the same thing occurred as before.

Thus they were obliged to return again to the forest disappointed, where the second thief was put to death.

Next time the Captain himself went to the city, and found the house of Ali Baba. But not choosing to amuse himself in making marks on it, he examined it so well, not only by looking at it, but by passing before it several times, that at last he was certain he could not mistake it.

Thereupon he returned to the forest, and told the thieves he had made sure of the house, and had made a plan that they must help him to carry out.

And first he charged them to divide into small parties, and go

into the neighboring towns and villages and to buy nineteen mules and thirty-eight large leather jars to carry oil, one of which must be full, and all the others empty.

In the course of two or three days the thieves returned, and the Captain made one of his men enter each jar, armed as he thought necessary, and closed them so as to appear full of oil, leaving, however, a small slit open to admit air.

Things being thus disposed, the mules were laden with the thirty-seven thieves each concealed in a jar, and the jar that was filled with oil; when the Captain took the road to the city at the hour that had been agreed, and arrived about an hour after sunset. He went straight to the house of Ali Baba, where he found Ali Baba at the door, enjoying the fresh air after supper. "Sir," said he, "I have brought the oil which you see from a great distance to sell it tomorrow at the market, and I do not know where to go to pass the night; if it would not occasion you much trouble, do me the favor to take me in."

Although Ali Baba had seen the man who now spoke to him, in the forest, and even heard his voice, yet he had no idea that this was the Captain of the forty robbers, disguised as an oil merchant. "You are welcome," said he, and made room for him and his mules to go in.

THE OIL MERCHANT IN THE HOME OF ALI BABA

Ali Baba having told Morgiana to see that his guest wanted nothing, added, "Tomorrow before daybreak I shall go to the bath. Make me some good broth to take when I return." After giving these orders he went to bed.

The Captain of the thieves, in the meantime, on leaving the stable, went to give his people orders what to do. Beginning with the first jar, and going through the whole number, he said to each, "When I shall throw some pebbles from my chamber, do not fail to rip open the jar from top to bottom with the knife

you have, and to come out; I shall be with you soon after." The knife he spoke of was sharpened for the purpose. This done, he returned, and Morgiana took a light, and led him to his chamber. Not to create any suspicion, he put out the light, and lay down in his clothes, to be ready to rise as soon as he had taken his first sleep.

Morgiana did not forget Ali Baba's orders; she prepared his linen for the bath and gave it to Abdalla, Ali Baba's slave, who was not yet gone to bed, put the pot on the fire to make the broth, but while she was skimming it the lamp went out. There was no more oil in the house, and she had not any candle. She knew not what to do. She wanted a light to see to skim the pot, and mentioned it to Abdalla. "Take some oil," said he, "out of one of the jars in the court."

Morgiana accordingly took the oil-can and went into the court. As she drew near the first jar, the thief who was concealed within, said in a low voice, "Is it time?"

Any other slave except Morgiana, in the first moment of surprise at finding a man in the jar instead of some oil, would have made a great uproar. But Morgiana collected her thoughts, and without showing any emotion assumed the voice of the Captain, and answered, "Not yet, but presently." She approached the next jar, and to them all in turn, making the same answer to the same question, till she came to the last, which was full of oil.

Morgiana, by this means, discovered that her master, who supposed he was giving a night's lodging to an oil-merchant only, had afforded shelter to thirty-eight robbers, including the pretended merchant, their Captain. She quickly filled her oil-can from the last jar, and returned into the kitchen; and after having put some oil in her lamp and lighted it, she took a large kettle, and went again into the court to fill it with oil from the jar. This done, she brought it back again, put it over the fire, and made a great blaze under it with a quantity of wood; for the sooner the oil boiled, the sooner her plan would be carried

out. At length the oil boiled. She then took the kettle and poured into each jar, from the first to the last, enough boiling oil to kill the robbers.

This being done without any noise, she returned to the kitchen with the empty kettle, and shut the door. She put out the large fire she had made up for this purpose, and only left enough to finish boiling the broth for Ali Baba. She then blew out the lamp and remained perfectly silent, determined not to go to bed until she had watched what would happen, from a window which overlooked the court.

Morgiana had scarcely waited a quarter of an hour, when the Captain of the robbers awoke. He got up, and opening the window, looked out. All was dark and silent; he gave the signal by throwing the pebbles, many of which fell on the jars, as the sound plainly proved. He listened, but heard nothing that could lead him to suppose his men obeyed the summons. He became uneasy at this delay, and threw some pebbles down a second, and even a third time. They all struck the jars, yet nothing moved, and he became frightened.

He went down into the court in the utmost alarm; and going up to the first jar, as he was going to ask if the robber contained in it, and whom he supposed still living, was asleep, he smelt a strong scent of hot and burning oil coming out of the jar, by which he feared his wicked plan had failed. He went to the next jar, and to all in turn, and discovered that all his men were dead. Terrified at this, he jumped over the garden-gate, and going from one garden to another by getting over the walls, made his escape.

Ali Baba went out before daybreak and repaired to the bath, followed by his slave, totally ignorant of the surprising event which had taken place in his house during his sleep, for Morgiana had not thought it necessary to wake him, particularly as she had no time to lose, while she was engaged in her perilous enterprise, and it was useless to disturb him after she had averted the danger.

When he returned from the bath, the sun being risen, Ali Baba was surprised to see the jars of oil still in their places; he inquired the reason of Morgiana, who let him in, and who had left everything as it was, in order to show it to him.

"My good master," said Morgiana to Ali Baba's question, "may God preserve you and all your family. You will soon know the reason, if you will take the trouble to come with me." Ali Baba followed Morgiana, and when she had shut the door, she took him to the first jar and bid him look in and see if it contained oil. He did as she desired: and seeing a man in the jar, he hastily drew back and uttered a cry of surprise. "Do not be afraid," said she, "the man you see there will not do you any harm; he will never hurt either you or any one else again, for he is now a lifeless corpse."

"Morgiana!" exclaimed Ali Baba, "what does all this mean? Do explain this mystery." "I will explain it," replied Morgiana, "but pray be cautious, and do not awaken the curiosity of your neighbors to learn what it is of the utmost importance that you should keep secret and concealed. Look first at all the other jars."

Ali Baba examined all the rest of the jars, one after the other, from the first till he came to the last, which contained the oil, and he remarked that its oil was nearly all gone. This done, he stood, sometimes casting his eyes on Morgiana, then looking at the jars, yet without speaking a word, so great was his surprise. At length, he said, "And what is become of the merchant?"

"The merchant," replied Morgiana, "is just as much a merchant as I am. I can tell you who he is."

She then described the marks made upon the door, and the way in which she had copied them, adding: "You see this is a plot contrived by the thieves of the forest, whose troop, I know not how, seems to be diminished by two. But be that as it may, it is now reduced to three at most. This proves that they are determined on your death, and you will do right to be on your

guard against them, so long as you are certain that even one remains."

Ali Baba, full of gratitude for all he owed her, replied, "I will reward you as you deserve before I die. I owe my life to you, and from this moment give you your liberty, and will soon do still more for you."

MORGIANA'S GREAT COURAGE AND REWARD

Meanwhile the Captain of the forty thieves had returned to the forest full of rage, and determined to revenge himself on Ali Baba.

Next morning he awoke at an early hour, put on a merchant's dress, and returned to the city, where he took a lodging in a khan. Then he bought a horse, which he made use of to convey to his lodging several kinds of rich stuffs and fine linens, bringing them from the forest at various times. In order to dispose of these wares, he took a shop, and established himself in it. This shop was exactly opposite to that which had been Cassim's, and was now occupied by the son of Ali Baba.

The Captain of the thieves, who had taken the name of Cogia Houssain, soon succeeded in making friends with the son of Ali Baba, who was young and good-natured. He often invited the youth to sup with him, and made him rich gifts.

When Ali Baba heard of it, he resolved to make a return for this kindness to Cogia Houssain; little thinking that the pretended merchant was really the Captain of the thieves. So one day he asked Cogia Houssain to do him the honor of supping, and spending the evening at his house. "Sir," replied Cogia, "I am grateful for your kindness, but I must beg you to excuse me, and for a reason which I am sure you will think sufficient. It is this: I never eat of any dish that has salt in it; judge, then, of the figure I should make at your table." "If this be your only reason," replied Ali Baba, "it need not prevent you coming to supper with me. The bread which is eaten in my house does

not contain any salt; and as for the meat and other dishes, I promise you there shall be none in those which are served before you."

So Ali Baba went into the kitchen, and desired Morgiana not to put any salt in the meat she was going to serve for supper, and also to prepare two or three dishes of those that he had ordered without any salt.

Morgiana obeyed, though much against her will; and she felt some curiosity to see this man who did not eat salt. When she had finished, and Abdalla had prepared the table, she helped him in carrying the dishes. On looking at Cogia Houssain, she instantly recollected him to be the Captain of the robbers, in spite of his disguise; and looking at him more closely, she saw that he had a dagger hidden under his dress. "I am no longer surprised," said she to herself, "that this villain will not eat salt with my master; he is his enemy, and means to murder him! but I will prevent the villain!"

When the supper was ended, the Captain of the forty thieves now thought that the time for revenging himself on Ali Baba, by taking his life, was come. "I will make them both drink much wine," thought he, "and then the son, against whom I bear no malice, will not prevent my plunging my dagger into the heart of his father, and I shall escape by way of the garden, as I did before, while the cook and the slave are at their supper in the kitchen."

Instead, however, of going to supper, Morgiana did not allow him time to carry out his wicked plans. She dressed herself like a dancer, put on a head-dress suitable to that character, and wore a girdle round her waist of silver gilt, to which she fastened a dagger, made of the same metal. Her face was hidden by a very handsome mask. When she had so disguised herself, she said to Abdalla, "Take your tabor, and let us go and entertain our master's guest, who is the friend of his son, as we do sometimes by our performances."

Abdalla took his tabor and began to play, as he walked before

Morgiana, and entered the room; Morgiana following him, made a low curtsy, and performed several dances, with equal grace and agility. At length she drew out the dagger, and dancing with it in her hand, she surpassed all she had yet done, by her light movements and high leaps; sometimes presenting the dagger as if to strike, and at others holding it to her own bosom, as if to stab herself.

At length, as if out of breath, she took the tabor from Abdalla with her left hand, and holding the dagger in her right, she held out the tabor to Ali Baba, who threw a piece of gold into the tabor. Morgiana then held it out to his son, who did the same. Cogia Houssain, who saw that she was coming to him next, had already taken his purse from his bosom, and was putting his hand in it, when Morgiana, with great courage, suddenly plunged the dagger into his heart.

Ali Baba and his son, terrified at this action, uttered a loud cry: "Wretch!" exclaimed Ali Baba, "what hast thou done? Thou hast ruined me and my family forever."

"What I have done," replied Morgiana, "is not for your ruin, but for your safety." Then opening Cogia Houssain's robe to show Ali Baba the poniard which was concealed under it, "see," continued she, "the cruel enemy you had to deal with; examine him, and you will recognize the pretended oil-merchant and the Captain of the forty thieves! Do you now see why he refused to eat salt with you? Can you require a stronger proof of his treachery?"

Ali Baba, who now saw all that he owed to Morgiana for having thus saved his life a second time, cried, "Morgiana, I gave you your liberty, and at the same time promised to do more for you at some future time. This period is now arrived, and I present you to my son as his wife."

A few days after, Ali Baba had the marriage of his son and Morgiana celebrated with great feasting.

After the marriage, Ali Baba decided to visit again the cave of the forty thieves, in the forest. On reaching it on horseback,

he dismounted, and went up to the door, and repeated the words, "Open Sesame." At once the door opened, and he entered the cave, and found that no one had been in it from the time that Cogia Houssain had opened his shop in the city. He therefore knew that the whole troop of thieves was killed, and that he was the only person in the whole world who knew the secret of the cave.

From that time Ali Baba and his son, whom he took to the cave and taught the secret to enter it, enjoyed its riches with moderation and lived in great happiness and comfort to the end of their long lives.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

How did Ali Baba make his living?

When did he first see the robber band?

What words did the Captain say to gain entrance to the cave?

Why did Ali Baba wish to see the cave?

How did he plan to hide his gold after he returned home?

What aroused the suspicions of his brother?

How did Cassim feel toward Ali Baba when he heard the story?

What did Cassim plan to do?

Why could not Cassim open the door after it closed upon him?

Why did Ali Baba wish to conceal the fact that Cassim was killed by the robbers?

Why could not the robbers find Ali Baba's house after it had been marked with chalk?

What plan did the Captain of the robbers determine upon in order to have revenge upon Ali Baba?

How did Morgiana discover the plot?

How did Ali Baba reward her?

Which of the robbers escaped from Ali Baba's house?

How did he manage to win the friendship of Ali Baba?

What was his object in doing this?

Why would not the robber eat salt in Ali Baba's house?

Who saved Ali Baba's life?

What do you think of Ali Baba?

Who is the cleverest person in the story?

Did Ali Baba have a right to take the treasure from the robbers and keep it? Why?

What do we think of those who receive stolen property?

What words in the last paragraph show that the author wishes us to think well of Ali Baba?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

A′-li Bä′-bă (Ä-lee)	brô-cādes′	lŏz′-enge (ĕnj)
sĕs′-a-mē	in-quīr′-ies	tā′-bor (bĕr)
heark′-ēn (här′-k'n)	pŏn′-iard (yârd)	ăf-flĭc′-tion
å-vert′-ed (vûrt)	sā′-bres	côrpse (kôrps)
vĭl′-lain (ĭn)	å-pŏth′-ê-ca-rў	cûrt′-sў

VOCABULARY:

a-gĭl′-i-ty—nimbleness; briskness; quickness of motion.
re-flĕct′—to consider; to think.
an-nounce′—to give public notice; to make known.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"contrive"	"rich merchandise"
"disguise"	"perilous enterprise"
"treachery"	"means of livelihood"
"silk stuffs"	"full of invention"
"brocades"	"packet"
"retreat of the thieves"	"hampers"

III

SINDBAD THE SAILOR

In the reign of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, there lived at Bagdad a poor porter called Hindbad. One day he was carrying a heavy burden from one end of the town to the other. Being weary, he took off his load, and sat upon it, near a large mansion.

He knew not who owned the mansion; but he went to the servants, and asked the name of the master. "How," replied one of them, "do you live in Bagdad, and know not that this is the house of Sindbad the sailor, that famous voyager, who has sailed round the world?"

The porter said, loud enough to be heard, "Almighty Creator of all things, consider the difference between Sindbad and me!

I work faithfully every day and suffer hardships, and can scarcely get barley bread for myself and family, while happy Sindbad spends riches and leads a life of continual pleasure. What has he done to obtain a lot so agreeable? And what have I done to deserve one so wretched?"

While the porter was thus complaining, a servant came out of the house and bade him follow him, for Sindbad, his master, wanted to speak to him.

The servants brought him into a great hall, where a number of people sat around a table covered with all sorts of savory dishes. At the upper end sat a tall, grave gentleman, with a long white beard, and behind him stood a number of officers and servants, all ready to attend his pleasure. This person was Sindbad. Hindbad, whose fear was increased at the sight of so many people, and of so great a feast, saluted the company trembling. Sindbad bade him draw near, and seating him at his right hand, served him himself.

Now, Sindbad had heard the porter complain, and this it was that led him to have him brought in. When the repast was over, Sindbad spoke to Hindbad, asked his name and business, and said: "I wish to hear from your own mouth what it was you said in the street."

Hindbad replied, "My lord, I confess that my weariness put me out of humor, and made me utter some foolish words, which I beg you to pardon." "Do not think I am so unjust," resumed Sindbad, "as to blame you. But you are mistaken about me and I wish to set you right. You think that I have gained without labor and trouble the ease and plenty which I now enjoy. But make no mistake; I did not reach this happy condition without suffering for several years more trouble of body and mind than can well be imagined. Yes, gentlemen," he added, speaking to the whole company, "I assure you that my sufferings have been so extraordinary that they would make the greatest miser lose his love of riches; and I will, with your leave, tell of the dangers I have overcome, which I think will not be uninteresting to you."

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

My father was a wealthy merchant, much respected by everyone. He left me a large fortune, which I wasted in wild living. I then remembered Solomon's saying, "A good name is better than precious ointment," and resolved to walk in my father's ways. I therefore made arrangements to go on a voyage with some merchants.

After touching at many places where we sold or exchanged goods, we were becalmed near a small island which looked like a green meadow. The captain permitted some of us to land, but while we were eating and drinking, the island began to shake and he called to us to return to the ship. What we thought was an island was really the back of a sea monster. I had just time to catch hold of a piece of wood when the island disappeared into the sea.

The captain, thinking I was drowned, resolved to make use of a favorable gale, which had just risen, to continue his voyage. I was tossed by the waves all that day and night, but the next day I was thrown upon an island. I was very feeble, but I crept along and found some herbs and a spring of water, which did much to restore my strength.

After this I went farther into the island and saw a man watching some horses which were feeding near by. He was much surprised to see me and led me to a cave where there were several other men. They told me they were grooms of the Maha-raja, ruler of the island, and that every year they brought his horses to this uninhabited place for pasturage.

Next morning they returned to the capital of the island, taking me with them. They presented me to the Maha-raja, who ordered his people to care for me. The capital has a fine harbor where ships arrive daily from all parts of the world and I hoped soon to have a chance to return to Bagdad.

One day the ship arrived in which I had sailed from home. I went to the captain and asked for my goods. "I am Sindbad," I said, "and those bales marked with his name are mine."

At first the captain did not know me, but after looking at me closely, he cried, "Heaven be praised for your happy escape. These are your goods; take them and do what you please with them."

I made a present of my choicest goods to the Maha-raja, who asked me how I came by such rarities. When I told him he was much pleased and gave me many valuable things in return. After exchanging my goods for wood of aloes, sandals, camphor, nutmegs, cloves, pepper, and ginger, I sailed for home and at last reached Bagdad with goods worth one hundred thousand sequins.

Sindbad stopped here and ordered the musicians to proceed with their concert. When it was evening, Sindbad gave the porter a purse of one hundred sequins and told him to come back the next day to hear more of his adventures.

Hindbad put on his best robe the next day and returned to the bountiful traveler, who welcomed him heartily. When all the guests had arrived, dinner was served and continued a long time. When it was ended, Sindbad said, "Gentlemen, hear now the adventures of my second voyage. They deserve your attention even more than those of the first."

THE SECOND VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

I planned, after my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days at Bagdad, but I grew weary of an idle life, and put to sea a second time, with merchants I knew to be honorable. We embarked on board a good ship and set sail. We traded from island to island, and exchanged goods with great profit.

One day we landed on an island covered with fruit-trees, but we could see neither man nor animal. We walked in the meadows, along the streams that watered them. While some gathered flowers and others fruits, I took my wine and provisions and sat down near a stream between two high trees, which formed a thick shade. I made a good meal and afterwards fell

asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I awoke the ship was gone.

In this sad condition, I was ready to die with grief. I was sorry that I had not been satisfied with the profits of my first voyage, that might have been enough for me all my life. But my repentance came too late. At last I took courage and, not knowing what to do, climbed to the top of a lofty tree and looked about on all sides to see if I could discover anything that could give me hope. Toward the sea I could see nothing but sky and water; but looking over the land I beheld something white, and, coming down, I took what provision I had left and went toward it, the distance being so great that I could not tell what it was.

As I came nearer I thought it was a white dome, of great height and size; and when I came up to it I touched it and found it to be very smooth. I went around to see if it was open on any side, but saw it was not, and that there was no climbing up to the top, as it was so smooth. It was at least fifty paces around.

By this time the sun was about to set, and all of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was much astonished at this sudden darkness, but much more when I found it was caused by a bird of monstrous size, that came flying toward me.

I remembered that I had often heard sailors speak of a wonderful bird called the roc, and saw that the great dome which I so much admired must be its egg. The bird alighted, and sat over the egg.

As I saw it coming, I crept close to the egg, so that I had before me one of the legs of the bird, which was as big as the trunk of a tree. I tied myself strongly to it with my turban, hoping that the roc next morning would carry me out of this desert island.

After passing the night in this condition, the bird flew away as soon as it was daylight, and carried me so high that I could not see the earth; it afterwards descended so swiftly that I lost

my senses. But when I found myself on the ground I speedily untied the knot, and had scarcely done so when the roc, having taken up a serpent in its bill, flew away.

The spot where it left me was surrounded by mountains, that seemed to reach above the clouds, and so steep that there was no chance of getting out of the valley. When I compared this place with the desert island from which the roc had brought me, I found that I had gained nothing by the change.

As I walked through this valley I saw it was strewn with diamonds, some of which were of a surprising size.

I had never believed what I had heard sailors tell of the valley of diamonds, and of the tricks used by merchants to obtain jewels from that place; but now I found that they had stated nothing but the truth. For the fact is that the merchants come to this valley, when the eagles have young ones, and, throwing great joints of meat into the valley, the diamonds, upon whose points they fall, stick to them; the eagles pounce upon those pieces of meat and carry them to their nests on the rocks to feed their young; the merchants at this time run to the nests, drive off the eagles, and take away the diamonds that stick to the meat.

I had thought the valley must surely be my grave, but now I took courage and began to plan a way to escape.

Collecting the largest diamonds and putting them into the leather bag in which I used to carry my provisions, I took the largest of the pieces of meat, tied it close around me, and then laid myself upon the ground, with my face downwards, the bag of diamonds being made fast to my girdle.

I had scarcely placed myself in this position when one of the eagles, having taken me up with the piece of meat to which I was fastened, carried me to his nest on the top of the mountain. The merchants frightened the eagles, and when they had forced them to quit their prey, one of them came to the nest where I was. He was much alarmed when he saw me; but recovering himself, instead of asking how I came thither, began to quarrel with me, and asked why I stole his goods.

"You will treat me," replied I, "with more politeness when you know me better. Do not be uneasy; I have diamonds enough for you and myself, more than all the other merchants together. Whatever they have they owe to chance, but I selected for myself in the bottom of the valley, those which you see in this bag."

I had scarcely done speaking when the other merchants came crowding about us, much astonished to see me, but more surprised when I told them my story.

They took me to their camp, and there, when I opened my bag, they were surprised at the beauty of my diamonds, and confessed that they had never seen any of such size and perfection.

I prayed the merchant who owned the nest to which I had been carried, for every merchant had his own nest, to take as many for his share as he pleased. He, however, took only one, and that, too, the least of them; and when I pressed him to take more, he said, "No, I am very well satisfied with this gem, which is valuable enough to save me the trouble of making any more voyages, and will bring as great a fortune as I desire."

The merchants had thrown their pieces of meat into the valley for several days; and each of them being satisfied with the diamonds that had fallen to his lot, we left the place and traveled near high mountains where there were serpents of great length, which we had the fortune to escape.

We took shipping at the first port we reached, and touched at the isle of Roha, where the trees grow that yield camphor.

I pass over many other things peculiar to this island, lest I should weary you. Here I exchanged some of my diamonds for merchandise. From here we went to other islands, and at last, having touched at several trading towns of the continent, we landed at Bussorah, and from there I proceeded to Bagdad. There I gave presents to the poor, and lived honorably upon the vast riches I had brought and gained with so many hardships.

Thus Sindbad ended the story of the second voyage, gave

Hindbad another hundred sequins, and invited him to come the next day to hear more of his adventures.

THE THIRD VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

I soon grew weary of a life of idleness and embarked with some merchants on another long voyage. One day we were overtaken by a storm, which drove us out of our course and we were obliged to cast anchor near an island. As soon as we landed, we were surrounded by savage dwarfs, who took possession of our ship and sailed away.

Left without means of escape from the island, we determined to explore it, in hope of finding food and shelter. We had not advanced far, however, when we discovered that this island was inhabited by giants, more savage than the dwarfs who first attacked us. We knew that we could not remain on the island and so we went back to the shore and planned how we might escape.

When night came we made rafts, each large enough to carry three men and, as soon as it was light, we put to sea with all the speed we could. The giants saw us as we pushed out and, rushing down to the water's edge, threw great stones which sunk all the rafts except the one upon which I was.

All that day and night we were tossed by the waves, but the next morning we were thrown upon an island, where we found delicious fruit which satisfied our hunger. Beautiful as this island was, we found ourselves in danger as great as any we had escaped. My two companions were killed by serpents and I was almost in despair when I saw a ship in the distance. By shouting and waving my turban, I attracted the attention of the crew and a boat was sent for me.

As soon as I saw the captain, I knew him to be the man, who, in my second voyage, had left me on the island. "Captain," said I, "I am Sindbad, whom you left on the island."

"Heaven be praised," said the captain, "I am glad that my

careless act did not cause your death. These are your goods, which I always took care to preserve."

We continued at sea for some time and touched at many islands, where I traded for cloves, cinnamon, and other spices. At last I returned to Bagdad with so much wealth that I knew not its value. I gave a great deal to the poor and bought another estate.

Thus Sindbad finished the story of his third voyage. He gave another hundred sequins to Hindbad and invited him to dinner the next day.

THE FOURTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

After I had rested from the dangers of my third voyage, my love for trade and adventure again took hold of me. I provided a stock of goods and started on another voyage.

On putting out to sea, we were overtaken by a storm and the ship was wrecked. I clung to a plank and was carried by the current to an island where I found fruit and spring water which saved my life. The next day I started to explore the island and seeing some huts, I went toward them. The people who lived in these huts were savages and they took me prisoner. I was in such fear of them that I could not eat and at last I became sick.

After that they did not watch me so closely and I found a chance to escape. I traveled seven days, living upon cocoanuts, which served me for food and drink. On the eighth day I met some people gathering pepper and I told them my story. They treated me with great kindness and took me with them when they sailed home.

On arriving in their own country they presented me to their King, who commanded his people to take care of me, and soon I was looked upon as a native rather than a stranger. I was not, however, satisfied to remain away from my own home and planned to escape and return to Bagdad.

One day I saw a ship approaching the place where I was.

I called to the crew and they quickly sent a boat and took me on board. We stopped at several islands and collected great stores of costly goods. After we had finished our traffic, we put to sea again and at last arrived at Bagdad. I gave large sums to the poor and enjoyed myself with my friends in feasts and amusements.

Here Sindbad made a present of one hundred sequins to Hindbad, whom he requested to return the next day to dine with him and hear the story of his fifth voyage.

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THE FIFTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

All the misfortunes I had undergone could not cure me of my desire to make new voyages. I therefore had a ship built and, taking with me several merchants, I started on my fifth voyage.

We touched at a desert island, where we found a roc's egg. We could see that the young bird had begun to break the shell with his beak. The merchants, who were with me, broke the shell with hatchets and killed the young roc. Scarcely had they done this when the parent birds flew down with a frightful noise. We hurried to the ship and set sail as speedily as possible. But the great birds followed us, each carrying a rock between its claws. When they came directly over our ship, they let the rocks fall and the ship was crushed and most of the passengers killed.

I caught hold of a piece of the wreck and swam to an island. Here I found fruit and streams of fresh, pure water. After resting and eating some of the fruit, I determined to find out who lived upon the island.

I had not walked far when I saw an old man sitting on the bank of a stream. He made signs to me to carry him over the brook, and as he seemed very weak, I took him upon my back and carried him across. When we reached the other side the old man threw his legs around my neck and squeezed my throat until I fainted. But he kept his seat and kicked me to make

me stand up. He made me carry him all that day and at night lay down with me, still holding fast to my neck.

This continued for some time and I grew weaker every day. One day, feeling sure that I could not escape, he began to laugh and sing and move around on my back. This was my opportunity, and, using all my strength, I threw him to the ground, where he lay motionless.

Feeling very thankful at my escape, I went down to the beach and saw a ship at anchor there. The crew were very much surprised when I told my adventure. "You are the first," they said, "who ever escaped from the old man of the sea after falling into his power."

We soon put out to sea and after a few days arrived at a great city. One of the merchants invited me to go with him and others to gather cocoanuts. The trunks of the cocoanut trees were lofty and very smooth and I saw many apes among the branches. It was not possible to climb the trees, but the merchants by throwing stones, provoked the apes to throw the cocoanuts at us and by this trick we collected enough cocoanuts to load our ship.

We then set sail and touched at other islands, where I exchanged my cocoanuts for pepper and wood of aloes. I also hired divers, who brought me up pearls that were very large and perfect. When I returned to Bagdad, I made vast sums from my pepper, wood of aloes, and pearls. I gave the tenth of my gains to charity, as I had done on my return from other voyages.

Sindbad here ordered one hundred sequins to be given to Hindbad and requested him to dine with him the next day to hear the account of his next voyage.

THE SIXTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

After a year's rest I prepared for a sixth voyage, notwithstanding the entreaties of my friends, who did all in their power to keep me at home. I traveled through several provinces of Persia and the Indies and then embarked on a long voyage, in

the course of which the ship was carried by a rapid current to the foot of a high mountain where she struck and went to pieces.

We managed to save most of our provisions and our goods, but it was impossible to climb the mountain or to escape by the sea. We were obliged to remain upon the strip of shore between the mountain and the sea. At last our provisions were exhausted and my companions died one after the other. Then I determined to try once more to find a way of escape.

A river of fresh water ran from the sea into a dark cavern under an archway of rock. I said to myself, "If I make a raft and float with the current it will doubtless carry me to some inhabited country." I made a very solid raft and loaded it with bales of rich goods from the wreck, and rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones which covered the mountain.

As soon as I entered the cavern I found myself in darkness and I floated on, I knew not where. I must have fallen asleep, for when I opened my eyes I was on the bank of a river and a great many people were around me. They spoke to me, but I did not understand their language. I was so full of joy at my escape from death that I said aloud in Arabic, "Close thine eyes and while thou art asleep Heaven will change thy evil fortune into good."

One of the men, who understood Arabic, said, "Brother, we are inhabitants of this country and water our fields from this river. We saw your raft and one of us swam out and brought it here. Pray, tell us your history."

After they had given me food, I told them my story and then they took me to their King. I told the King my adventures and when my raft was brought in I showed him my rich goods and precious stones. I saw that my jewels pleased him and I said, "Sire, I am at your majesty's service and all that I have is yours." He answered, with a smile, "Sindbad, I will take nothing from you; far from lessening your wealth, I mean to increase it."

I prayed the King to allow me to return to my own country,

and he granted me permission in the most honorable manner. He gave me a rich present and a letter for the Commander of the Faithful, our sovereign, saying to me, "I pray you give this present and this letter to the Caliph Haroun Alraschid."

The letter was written on the skin of a certain animal of great value, very scarce, and of a yellowish color. The characters of this letter were of azure, and the contents as follows,—

"The King of the Indies, before whom march one hundred elephants, who lives in a palace that shines with one hundred thousand rubies, and who has in his treasury twenty-thousand crowns enriched with diamonds, to Caliph Haroun Alraschid.

"Though the present we send you be small, receive it, however, as a brother and a friend, in consideration of the hearty friendship which we bear for you, and of which we are willing to give you proof. We send you this letter as from one brother to another. Farewell."

The present consisted of one single ruby made into a cup, about half a foot high, an inch thick, and filled with round pearls large and beautiful; the skin of a serpent, whose scales were as bright as an ordinary piece of gold, and had the power to preserve from sickness those who lay upon it; quantities of the best wood of aloes and camphor; and lastly, a wonderful robe covered with jewels of great beauty.

The ship set sail, and after a successful voyage we landed at Bussorah, and from thence I went to the city of Bagdad, where the first thing I did was to go to the palace of the Caliph.

I took the King's letter, and presented myself at the gate of the Commander of the Faithful, and was conducted to the throne of the Caliph. I presented the letter and gift. When he had finished reading, he asked me if that ruler were really as rich as he represented himself in his letter.

I said, "Commander of the Faithful, I can assure your majesty he doth not stretch the truth. I bear him witness. Nothing is more worthy of admiration than the splendor of his palace. When the King appears in public, he has a throne fixed

on the back of an elephant, and rides betwixt two ranks of his ministers, favorites, and other people of his court. Before him, upon the same elephant, an officer carries a golden lance in his hand, and behind him there is another, who stands with a rod of gold, on the top of which is an emerald, half a foot long and an inch thick.

"He is attended by one thousand men, clad in cloth of gold, and mounted on elephants richly decked. The officer who is before him cries from time to time, in a loud voice, 'Behold the great monarch, the powerful Sultan of the Indies, the monarch greater than Solomon and the powerful Maha-raja.' After he has pronounced those words, the officer behind the throne cries in his turn, 'This monarch, so great and so powerful, must die, must die, must die.' And the officer before replies, 'Praise alone be to Him who liveth forever and ever.' "

The Caliph was much pleased with my account, and sent me home with a rich present.

Here Sindbad commanded another hundred sequins to be paid to Hindbad, and begged his return on the morrow to hear of his last voyage.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

On my return home from my sixth voyage, I had entirely given up all thoughts of again going to sea; for, besides that my age now required rest, I was resolved no more to run such risks as I had encountered, so that I thought of nothing but to pass the rest of my days in peace.

One day, however, an officer of the Caliph's inquired for me. "The Caliph," said he, "has sent me to tell you that he must speak with you." I followed the officer to the palace, where, being presented to the Caliph, I saluted him, throwing myself at his feet.

"Sindbad," said he to me, "I stand in need of your service; you must carry my answer and present to the King of the Indies."

This command of the Caliph was to me like a clap of thunder. "Commander of the Faithful," I replied, "I am ready to do whatever your majesty shall think fit to command; but I beg you most humbly to consider what I have undergone. I have also made a vow never to leave Bagdad."

The Caliph insisted and I finally told him that I was willing to obey. He was pleased, and gave me one thousand sequins for the expenses of my journey.

I prepared for my departure in a few days. As soon as the Caliph's letter and present were delivered to me, I went to Bussorah, where I embarked, and had a safe voyage. Having arrived at the capital of the Indies, I was shown to the palace with much pomp, when I prostrated myself on the ground before the King.

"Sindbad," said the King, "you are welcome; I have many times thought of you; I bless the day on which I see you once more." I thanked him for his kindness, and delivered the gifts from my master.

The Caliph's present was a complete suit of cloth of gold, fifty robes of rich stuff, a hundred of white cloth, the finest of Cairo, Suez, and Alexandria; a vessel of agate, more broad than deep, an inch thick, and half a foot wide, the bottom of which was carved to represent a man with one knee on the ground, who held a bow and arrow, ready to discharge at a lion. He sent him also a rich tablet, which, according to tradition, had belonged to the great Solomon.

The King of the Indies was highly gratified at the Caliph's mark of friendship. A little time after this, I asked leave to depart, and with much difficulty obtained it. The King, when he dismissed me, made me a very splendid present. I embarked for Bagdad, but had not the good fortune to arrive there so speedily as I had hoped.

Three or four days after my departure, we were attacked by pirates, who seized upon our ship, because it was not a vessel of war. Some of the crew fought back, which cost them their

lives. But for myself and the rest, who were not so rash, the pirates saved us, and carried us into a distant island, where they sold us.

I fell into the hands of a rich merchant, who, as soon as he bought me, took me to his house, treated me well, and clad me handsomely as a slave. Some days after, he asked me if I understood any trade. I answered that I was no mechanic, but a merchant, and that the pirates who sold me had robbed me of all I had.

"Tell me," replied he, "can you shoot with a bow?" I answered that the bow was one of my exercises in my youth.

Then my master told me to climb into a tree and shoot at the elephants as they passed and let him know as soon as I killed one, in order that he might get the tusks. I did as he told me and as I was successful the first day, he sent me day after day, for two months.

One morning the elephants surrounded my tree and the largest pulled up the tree with his trunk and threw it on the ground. Then, picking me up, he laid me on his back and carried me to a hill almost covered with the bones and tusks of elephants. I knew this must be the burial place of the elephants and they had brought me here to show me that I could get vast quantities of ivory without killing any more elephants.

I went back to the city and told my master all that had happened. He was overjoyed at my escape from death and the riches which I had obtained for him. As a reward for my services, he set me free and promised to send me home as soon as the trade winds brought the ships for ivory.

A ship arrived at last and my master loaded one half of it with ivory for me. When we reached a port on the mainland, I landed my ivory and set out for home with a caravan of merchants. I was a long time on the journey but was happy in thinking that I had nothing to fear from the sea or from pirates. At last I arrived at Bagdad and the Caliph loaded me with honors and rich presents.

Sindbad here finished the story of his seventh and last voyage. Then addressing himself to Hindbad, he said, "Well, friend, did you ever hear of any person who suffered as much as I have done?"

Hindbad kissed his hand and said, "Sir, my afflictions are not to be compared with yours. You not only deserve a quiet life, but are worthy of all the riches you possess. May you live happily for a long time."

Sindbad ordered him to be paid another hundred sequins and told him to give up carrying burdens and to eat henceforth at his table, for he wished him to remember that he would always have a friend in Sindbad the Sailor.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

What attracted the porter's attention to Sindbad's home?

Why did Sindbad tell his guests the story of his life?

What was his reason for starting on his first voyage?

How did he obtain the wealth which he brought back from this voyage?

What made Sindbad start on his second voyage?

How did he gain riches on this voyage?

How many voyages did Sindbad make to satisfy his love of adventure?

Which voyage was undertaken to please someone else?

Mention some things which Sindbad sold at great profit?

Where are these articles most used or valued?

Why was it so difficult to travel by water at the time Sindbad lived?

What do we learn about Sindbad's character from the story of his voyages?

What do we learn about Sindbad's character from his treatment of Hindbad?

What parts of the story show that people in Sindbad's time knew very little about geography?

Which of Sindbad's seven voyages is the most interesting to you?

What have you learned of Eastern customs from this story?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

Hä-roun' Al-răsch'-id	mŏns'-troŭs	Cā'-lĭph
voy'-a-ger (jēr)	mê-chăn'-ĭc	răr'-ĭ-ties

rŏc	trā-dĭ′-tion	tûr′-ban (b′n)
ăg′-ate	sov′-er-eign (sŭv′-ĕr-ĭn)	sā′-vor-ў (vēr)
ăl′-ōes	des′-ert (dĕz′-ĕrt)	oint′-ment (m′nt)
aē′-quĭn	herb (ĕrb or hĕrb)	Ar′-ā-bĭc (bĭk)

VOCABULARY:

căv′-ern—a deep, hollow place in the earth; a cave.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"wood of aloes"	"bountiful traveler"
"favorable gale"	"richly decked"
"out of humor"	"like a clap of thunder"

BOOK TWO

THE STORY OF ROBIN HOOD

THE HOME OF ROBIN IN SHERWOOD FOREST

Many hundreds of years ago, when the Plantagenets were Kings, England was so covered with woods, that a squirrel was said to be able to hop from tree to tree from the Severn to the Humber.

It must have been very different to look at from the country we travel through now; but still there were roads that ran from north to south and from east to west, for the use of those who wished to leave their homes, and at certain times of the year these roads were thronged with people.

Pilgrims going to some holy shrine passed along, merchants taking their wares to Court, Abbots and Bishops ambling by on palfreys to bear their part in the King's Council, and, more frequently still, a solitary Knight, seeking adventures.

Besides the broad roads there were small tracks and little green paths, and these led to clumps of low huts, where dwelt the peasants, charcoal-burners, and ploughmen, and here and

there some larger clearing than usual told that the house of a yeoman was near.

Now and then as you passed through the forest you might ride by a splendid abbey, and catch a glimpse of monks in long black or white gowns, fishing in the streams and rivers that abound in this part of England, or casting nets in the fish ponds which were in the midst of the abbey gardens. Or you might chance to see a castle with round turrets and high battlements, circled by strong walls, and protected by a moat full of water.

This was the sort of England into which the famous Robin Hood was born. We do not know anything about him, who he was, or where he lived, or what evil deed he had done to put him beyond the King's grace. For he was an outlaw, and any man might kill him and never pay penalty for it.

But, outlaw or not, the poor people loved him and looked on him as their friend, and many a stout fellow came to join him, and led a merry life in the greenwood, with moss and fern for bed, and for meat the King's deer, which it was death to slay.

Peasants of all sorts, tillers of the land, yeomen and, as some say, Knights, went on their ways freely, for of them Robin took no toll; but rich men with moneybags well filled trembled as they drew near to Sherwood Forest—who was to know whether behind every tree there did not lurk Robin Hood or some of his men?

THE COMING OF LITTLE JOHN

One day Robin was walking alone in the wood, and reached a river which was spanned by a very narrow bridge, over which one man only could pass. In the midst stood a stranger, and Robin bade him go back and let him go over. "I am no man of yours," was all the answer Robin got, and in anger he drew his bow and fitted an arrow to it.

"Would you shoot a man who has no arms but a staff?" asked the stranger in scorn; and with shame Robin laid down

his bow, and unbuckled an oaken stick at his side. "We will fight till one of us falls into the water," he said; and fight they did, till the stranger planted a blow so well that Robin rolled over into the river.

"You are a brave soul," said he, when he had waded to land, and he blew a blast with his horn which brought fifty good fellows, clad in green, to the little bridge.

"Have you fallen into the river that your clothes are wet?" asked one; and Robin made answer, "No, but this stranger, fighting on the bridge, got the better of me, and tumbled me into the stream."

At this the foresters seized the stranger, and would have ducked him had not their leader bade them stop, and begged the stranger to stay with them and make one of themselves. "Here is my hand," replied the stranger, "and my heart with it. My name, if you would know it, is John Little."

"That must be altered," cried Will Scarlett; " we will call a feast, and henceforth, because he is full seven feet tall and round the waist at least an ell, he shall be called Little John."

And thus it was done; but at the feast Little John, who always liked to know exactly what work he had to do, put some questions to Robin Hood. "Before I join hands with you, tell me first what sort of life is this you lead? How am I to know whose goods I shall take, and whose I shall leave? Whom I shall beat, and whom I shall refrain from beating?"

And Robin answered: "Look that you harm not any tiller of the ground, nor any yeoman of the greenwood—no, nor no Knight nor squire, unless you have heard him ill spoken of. But if rich men with moneybags come your way, see that you spoil *them,* and mark that you always hold in your mind the High Sheriff of Nottingham."

This being settled, Robin Hood declared Little John to be second in command to himself among the brotherhood of the forest, and the new outlaw never forgot to "hold in his mind"

the High Sheriff of Nottingham, who was the bitterest enemy the foresters had.

Robin Hood, however, had no liking for a company of idle men about him, and he at once sent off Little John and Will Scarlett to the great road known as Watling Street, with orders to hide among the trees and wait till some adventure might come to them; and if they took captive Earl or Baron, Abbot or Knight, he was to be brought unharmed back to Robin Hood.

But all along Watling Street the road was bare; white and hard it lay in the sun, without the tiniest cloud of dust to show that a rich company might be coming; east and west the land lay still.

LITTLE JOHN'S FIRST ADVENTURE

At length, just where a side path turned into the broad highway, there rode a Knight, and a sorrier man than he never sat a horse on summer day. One foot only was in the stirrup, the other hung carelessly by his side; his head was bowed, the reins dropped loose, and his horse went on as he would. At so sad a sight the hearts of the outlaws were filled with pity, and Little John fell on his knees and bade the Knight welcome in the name of his master.

"Who is your master?" asked the Knight.

"Robin Hood," answered Little John.

"I have heard much good of him," replied the Knight, "and will go with you gladly."

Then they all set off together, tears running down the Knight's cheeks as he rode, but he said nothing, neither was anything said to him. And in this wise they came to Robin Hood.

"Welcome, Sir Knight," cried he, "and thrice welcome, for I waited to break my fast till you or some other had come to me."

"God save you, good Robin," answered the Knight, and after

they had washed themselves in the stream, they sat down to dine off bread and wine, with flesh of the King's deer, and swans and pheasants. "Such a dinner have I not had for three weeks and more," said the Knight. "And if I ever come again this way, good Robin, I will give you as fine a dinner as you have given me."

"I thank you," replied Robin, "my dinner is always welcome; still, I am none so greedy but I can wait for it. But before you go, pay me, I pray you, for the food which you have had. It was never the custom for a yeoman to pay for a Knight."

"My bag is empty," said the Knight, "save for ten shillings only."

"Go, Little John, and look in his wallet," said Robin, "and, Sir Knight, if in truth you have no more, not one penny will I take; nay, I will give you all that you shall need."

So Little John spread out the Knight's mantle, and opened the bag, and therein lay ten shillings and naught besides.

"What tidings, Little John?" cried his master.

"Sir, the Knight speaks truly," said Little John.

"Then fill a cup of the best wine and tell me, Sir Knight, whether it is your own ill doings which have brought you to this sorry pass."

"For an hundred years my fathers have dwelt in the forest," answered the Knight, "and four hundred pounds might they spend yearly. But within two years misfortune has befallen me, and my wife and children also."

"How did this evil come to pass?" asked Robin.

"Through my own folly," answered the Knight, " and because of the great love I bore my son, who would never be guided of my counsel, and slew, ere he was twenty years old, a Knight of Lancaster and his squire. For their deaths I had to pay a large sum, which I could not raise without giving my lands in pledge to a rich man at York. If I cannot bring him the money by a certain day they will be lost to me forever."

"What is the sum?" asked Robin. "Tell me truly."

"It is four hundred pounds," said the Knight.

"And what will you do if you lose your lands?" asked Robin again.

"Hie myself over the sea," said the Knight, "and bid farewell to my friends and country. There is no better way open to me."

At this, tears fell from his eyes, and he turned to him to depart. "Good day, my friend," he said to Robin, "I cannot pay you what I should——" But Robin held him fast. "Where are your friends?" asked he.

"Sir, they have all forsaken me since I became poor, and they turn away their heads if we meet upon the road, though when I was rich they were ever in my castle."

When Little John and Will Scarlett and the rest heard this, they wept for very shame and fury, and Robin bade them fill a cup of the best wine, and give it to the Knight.

"Have you no one who would stay surety for you?" said he.

"None," answered the Knight, "there is no one who will stay surety for me."

"You speak well," said Robin, "and you, Little John, go to my treasure chest, and bring me thence four hundred pounds. And be sure you count it truly."

So Little John went, and Will Scarlett, and they brought back the money.

"Sir," said Little John, when Robin had counted it and found it no more nor no less, "look at his clothes, how thin they are! You have stores of garments, green and scarlet, in your coffers—no merchant in England can boast the like. I will measure some out with my bow." And thus he did.

"Master," spoke Little John again, "there is still something else. You must give him a horse, that he may go as beseems his quality to York."

"Take the grey horse," said Robin, "and put a new saddle on it, and take likewise a good palfrey and a pair of boots, with gilt spurs on them. And as it would be a shame for a Knight to

ride by himself on this errand, I will lend you Little John as squire—perchance he may stand you in yeoman's stead."

"When shall we meet again?" asked the Knight.

"This day twelve months," said Robin, "under the greenwood tree."

THE KNIGHT WINS BACK HIS LANDS

Then the Knight rode on his way, with Little John behind him, and as he went he thought of Robin Hood and his men, and blessed them for the goodness they had shown toward him.

"Tomorrow," he said to Little John, "I must be in the city of York, for if I am so much as a day late, my lands are lost forever, and though I were to bring the money I should not be allowed to redeem them."

Now the man who lent the money, as well as the Knight, had been counting the days, and the next day he said to his friends, "This day year there came a Knight and borrowed of me four hundred pounds, giving his lands as surety. If he come not to pay his debt before midnight, they will be mine forever."

"It is full early yet," said one, "he may still be coming."

"He is far beyond the sea and suffers from hunger and cold. How is he to get here?"

"It were a shame," said another, "for you to take his lands. And you do him much wrong if you drive such a hard bargain."

"He is dead or hanged," said a third, "and you will have his lands."

So they went to the High Justiciar, whose duty it would be to declare the Knight's lands forfeited if he did not pay the money.

"If he come not this day," cried the rich man, rubbing his hands, "the lands will be mine."

"He will not come," said the Justiciar, but he knew not that the Knight was already at the outer gate and Little John with him.

"Welcome, Sir Knight," said the porter. "The horse that

you ride is the noblest that ever I saw. Let me lead them both to the stable, that they may have food and rest."

"They shall not pass these gates," answered the Knight, sternly, and he entered the hall alone.

"I have come back, my lord," he said, kneeling down before the rich man, who had just returned from court.

"Have you brought my money?"

"I have come to pray you to give me more time," said the Knight.

"The day was fixed and cannot be gainsaid," answered the Justiciar, who was sitting at meat with others in the hall.

The Knight begged the Justiciar to be his friend and help him, but he refused.

"Give me one more chance to get the money and free my lands," prayed the Knight. "I will serve you day and night till I have four hundred pounds to redeem them."

But the rich man only vowed that the money must be paid that day or the lands be forfeited.

Then the Knight stood up straight and tall.

"You are not courteous," he said, "to make a Knight kneel so long. But it is well to prove one's friends against the hour of need."

Then he looked the rich man full in the face and the man felt uneasy and hated the Knight more than ever.

"Out of my hall, false Knight," he cried, pretending to a courage he did not feel.

But the Knight answered him, "Never was I false, and that I have shown in jousts and in tourneys."

"Give him two hundred pounds more," said the Justiciar to the rich man, "and keep the lands yourself."

"No," cried the Knight, "not if you offered me a thousand pounds would I do it. No one here shall be heir of mine." Then he strode up to a table and emptied out four hundred pounds. "Take your gold which you lent to me a year agone," he said.

"Had you but received me civilly, I would have paid you something more.

So he passed out of the hall singing merrily and rode back to his house, where his wife met him at the gate.

He went forth full merrily singing,
As men have told in tale,
His lady met him at the gate,
At home in Wierysdale.

"Welcome, my lord," said his lady,
"Sir, lost is all your good."
"Be merry, dame," said the Knight,
"And pray for Robin Hood."

"But for his kindness, we had been beggars."

After this the Knight dwelt at home, looking after his lands and saving his money carefully, till the four hundred pounds lay ready for Robin Hood. Then he bought a hundred bows and a hundred arrows, and every arrow was an ell long, and had a head of silver and peacock's feathers. And clothing himself in white and red, and with a hundred men in his train, he set off to Sherwood Forest.

On the way he passed an open space near a bridge where there was a wrestling, and the Knight stopped and looked, for he himself had taken many a prize in that sport. Here the prizes were such as to fill any man with envy; a fine horse, saddled and bridled, a great white bull, a pair of gloves, and a ring of bright red gold.

There was not a yeoman present who did not hope to win one of them. But when the wrestling was over, the yeoman who had beaten them all was a man who kept apart from his fellows, and was said to think much of himself.

Therefore the men grudged him his skill, and set upon him with blows, and would have killed him had not the Knight, for love of Robin Hood, taken pity on him, while his followers

fought with the crowd, and would not suffer them to touch the prizes a better man had won.

When the wrestling was finished the Knight rode on, and there under the greenwood tree, in the place appointed, he found Robin Hood and his merry men waiting for him, according to the tryst that they had fixed last year:—

"God save thee, Robin Hood,
And all this company."
"Welcome be thou, gentle Knight,
And right welcome to me.

"Hast thou thy land again?" said Robin,
"Truth then tell thou me."
"Yea, 'fore God," said the Knight,
"And that thank I God and thee.

"Have here four hundred pounds," said the Knight,
"The which you lent to me;
And here are also twenty marks
For your courtesie."

But Robin would not take the money. A miracle had happened, he said, and it had been paid to him, and shame would it be for him to take it twice over.

Then he noticed for the first time the bows and arrows which the Knight had brought, and asked what they were. "A poor present to you," answered the Knight, and Robin, who would not be outdone, sent Little John once more to his treasury, and bade him bring forth four hundred pounds, which was given to the Knight.

After that they parted, in much love, and Robin prayed the Knight if he were in any strait "to let him know at the greenwood tree, and while there was any gold there he should have it."

HOW LITTLE JOHN BECAME THE SHERIFF'S SERVANT

Meanwhile the High Sheriff of Nottingham proclaimed a great shooting-match in a broad open space, and Little John was minded to try his skill with the rest. He rode through the forest, whistling gaily to himself, for well he knew that not one of Robin Hood's men could send an arrow as straight as he, and he felt little fear of anyone else.

When he reached the trysting place he found a large company assembled, the Sheriff with them, and the rules of the match were read out; where they were to stand, how far the mark was to be, and how that three tries should be given to every man.

Some of the shooters shot near the mark, some of them even touched it, but none but Little John split the slender wand of willow with every arrow that flew from his bow.

At this sight the Sheriff of Nottingham swore that Little John was the best archer that ever he had seen, and asked him who he was and where he was born, and vowed that if he would enter his service he would give twenty marks a year to so good a bowman.

Little John, who did not wish to confess that he was one of Robin Hood's men and an outlaw, said his name was Reynold Greenleaf, and that he was in the service of a Knight, whose leave he must get before he became the servant of any man.

This was given heartily by the Knight, and Little John bound himself to the Sheriff for the space of twelve months, and was given a good white horse to ride on whenever he went abroad. But for all that he did not like his bargain, and made up his mind to do the Sheriff, who was hated of the outlaws, all the mischief he could.

His chance came on a Wednesday when the Sheriff always went hunting, and Little John lay in bed till noon, when he grew hungry. Then he got up, and told the steward that he

wanted some dinner. The steward answered he should have nothing till the Sheriff came home, so Little John grumbled and left him, and sought out the butler.

Here he was no more successful than before; the butler just went to the buttery door and locked it, and told Little John that he would have to make himself happy till his lord returned.

Rude words mattered nothing to Little John, who was not accustomed to be balked by trifles, so he gave a mighty kick which burst open the door, and then ate and drank as much as he would, and when he had finished all there was in the buttery, he went down into the kitchen.

Now the Sheriff's cook was a strong man and a bold one, and had no mind to let another man play the king in his kitchen; so he gave Little John three smart blows, which were returned heartily. "Thou art a brave man and hardy," said little John, "and a good fighter withal. I have a sword, take you another and let us see which is the better man of us twain."

The cook did as he was bid, and for two hours they fought, neither of them harming the other. "Fellow," said Little John at last, "you are one of the best swordsmen that I ever saw—and if you could shoot as well with the bow, I would take you back to the merry greenwood, and Robin Hood would give you twenty marks a year and two changes of clothing."

"Put up your sword," said the cook, "and I will go with you. But first we will have some food in my kitchen, and carry off a little of the gold that is in the Sheriff's treasure house."

They ate and drank till they wanted no more, and they broke the locks of the treasure house, and took of the silver as much as they could carry, three hundred pounds and more, and departed unseen by anyone to Robin in the forest.

"Welcome! welcome!" cried Robin, when he saw them, "welcome, too, to the fair yeoman you bring with you. What tidings from Nottingham, Little John?"

"The proud Sheriff greets you, and sends you by my hand

his cook and his silver vessels, and three hundred pounds and three also."

Robin shook his head, for he knew better than to believe Little John's tale. "It was never by his good will that you brought such treasure to me," he answered, and Little John, fearing that he might be ordered to take it back again, slipped away into the forest to carry out a plan that had just come into his head.

He ran straight on for five miles, till he came up with the Sheriff, who was still hunting, and flung himself on his knees before him.

"Reynold Greenleaf," cried the Sheriff, "what are you doing here, and where have you been?"

"I have been in the forest, where I saw a fair hart of a green color, and sevenscore deer feeding hard by."

"That sight would I see too," said the Sheriff.

"Then follow me," answered Little John, and he ran back the way he came, the Sheriff following on horseback, till they turned a corner of the forest, and found themselves in Robin Hood's presence. "Sir, here is the master-hart," said Little John.

Still stood the proud Sheriff,
A sorry man was he,
"Woe be to you, Reynold Greenleaf,
Thou hast betrayed me!"

"It was not my fault," answered Little John, "but the fault of your servants, master. For they would not give me my dinner," and he went away to see to the supper.

It was spread under the greenwood tree, and they sat down to it, hungry men all. But when the Sheriff saw himself served from his own vessels, his appetite went from him.

"Take heart, man," said Robin Hood, "and think not we will poison you. For charity's sake, and for the love of Little John, your life shall be granted you. Only for twelve months you shall dwell with me, and learn what it is to be an outlaw."

To the Sheriff this punishment was worse to bear than the loss of gold or silver dishes, and earnestly he begged Robin Hood to set him free, vowing he would prove himself the best friend that ever the foresters had.

Neither Robin nor any of his men believed him, but he swore that he would never seek to do them harm, and that if he found any of them in evil plight he would deliver them out of it. With that Robin let him go.

HOW ROBIN MET FRIAR TUCK

In many ways life in the forest was dull in the winter, and often the days passed slowly; but in summer, when the leaves were green, and flowers and ferns covered all the woodland, Robin Hood and his men would come out of their warm resting places, like the rabbits and the squirrels, and would play, too. Races they ran to stretch their legs, or leaping matches were arranged, or they would shoot at a mark. Anything was pleasant when the grass was soft once more under their feet.

"Who of you can kill a hart five hundred paces off?" So said Robin to his men in the bright May time; and they went into the wood and tried their skill, and in the end it was Little John who brought down the hart to the great joy of Robin Hood.

"I would ride my horse a hundred miles to find one who could match with thee," he said to Little John, and Will Scarlett, who was perhaps rather jealous of this mighty deed, answered, with a laugh, "There lives a friar in Fountains Abbey who would beat both him and you."

Now Robin Hood did not like to be told that any man could shoot better than himself or his foresters, so he swore lustily that he would neither eat nor drink till he had seen that friar. Leaving his men where they were, he put on a coat of mail and a steel cap, took his shield and sword, slung his bow over

his shoulder, and filled his quiver with arrows. Thus armed, he set forth to Fountains Dale.

By the side of the river a friar was walking, armed like Robin, but without a bow. At this sight Robin jumped from his horse, which he tied to a thorn, and called to the friar to carry him over the water or it would cost him his life.

The friar said nothing, but hoisted Robin on his broad back and marched into the river. Not a word was spoken till they reached the other side, when Robin leaped lightly down, and was going on his way when the friar stopped him. "Not so fast, my fine fellow," said he. "It is my turn now, and you shall take me across the river, or woe will betide you."

So Robin carried him, and when they had reached the side from which they had started, he set down the friar and jumped for the second time on his back, and bade him take him whence he had come. The friar strode into the stream with his burden, but as soon as they got to the middle he bent his head and Robin fell into the water. "Now you can sink or swim as you like," said the friar, as he stood and laughed.

Robin Hood swam to a bush of golden broom, and pulled himself out of the water, and while the friar was scrambling out Robin fitted an arrow to his bow and let fly at him. But the friar quickly held up his shield, and the arrow fell harmless.

"Shoot on, my fine fellow, shoot on all day if you like," shouted the friar, and Robin shot till his arrows were gone, but always missed his mark. Then they took their swords, and at four of the afternoon they were still fighting.

By this time Robin's strength was wearing, and he felt he could not fight much more. "A boon, a boon!" cried he. "Let me but blow three blasts on my horn, and I will thank you on my bended knees for it."

The friar told him to blow as many blasts as he liked, and in an instant the forest echoed with his horn; it was but a few minutes before half a hundred yeomen were racing over the lea. The friar stared when he saw them; then, turning to

Robin, he begged of him a boon also, and leave being granted he gave three whistles, which were followed by the noise of a great crashing through the trees, as fifty great dogs bounded toward him.

"Here's a dog for each of your men," said the friar, "and I myself for you"; but the dogs did not listen to his words, for two of them rushed at Robin, and tore his mantle of Lincoln green from off his back. His men were kept busy defending themselves, for every arrow shot at a dog was caught and held in the creature's mouth.

Robin's men were not used to fight with dogs, and felt they were getting beaten. At last Little John bade the friar call off his dogs, and, as he did not do so he let fly some arrows, which this time left half a dozen dead on the ground.

"Hold, hold, my good fellow," said the friar, "till your master and I can come to a bargain," and when the bargain was made this was how it ran. That the friar was to forswear Fountains Abbey and join Robin Hood, and that he should be paid a golden noble every Sunday throughout the year, besides a change of clothes on each holy day.

This Friar had kept Fountains Dale
Seven long years or more,
There was neither Knight, nor Lord, nor Earl
Could make him yield before.

But now he became one of the most famous members of Robin Hood's men under the name of Friar Tuck.

HOW ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN FELL OUT

One Whitsunday morning, when the sun was shining and the birds singing, Robin Hood called to Little John to come with him into Nottingham to hear Mass. As was their custom, they took their bows, and on the way Little John proposed that they should shoot a match with a penny for a wager.

Robin, who held that he himself shot better than any man living, laughed in scorn, and told Little John that he should have three tries to his master's one, which John without more ado accepted.

But Robin soon repented both of his offer and his scorn, for Little John speedily won five shillings, whereat Robin became angry and smote Little John with his hand.

Little John was not the man to bear being treated so, and he told Robin roundly that he would never more own him for master, and straightway turned back into the wood.

At this Robin was ashamed of what he had done, but his pride would not suffer him to say so, and he continued his way to Nottingham, and entered the Church of St. Mary, not without secret fears, for the Sheriff of the town was ever his enemy. However, there he was and there he meant to stay.

He knelt down before the great cross in the sight of all the people, but none knew him save one man only, and he stole out of church and ran to the Sheriff, and bade him come quickly and take his foe.

The Sheriff was not slow to do what he was bidden, and, calling his men to follow him, he marched to the church. The noise they made in entering caused Robin to look round. "Alas, alas," he said to himself, "now miss I Little John."

But he drew his two-handed sword and laid about him in such wise that twelve of the Sheriff's men lay dead before him. Then Robin found himself face to face with the Sheriff, and gave him a fierce blow; but his sword broke on the Sheriff's head, and he had shot away all his arrows. So the men closed round him, and bound his arms.

Ill news travels fast, and not many hours had passed before the foresters heard that their master was in prison. They wept and moaned and wrung their hands, and seemed to have gone suddenly mad, till Little John bade them pluck up their hearts and help him deal with the Sheriff.

The next morning Little John hid himself, and waited with

a comrade, till he saw a messenger riding along the road, carrying letters from the Sheriff to the King telling him of the capture of Robin Hood.

"Whence come you?" asked Little John, going up to the messenger, "and can you give us tidings of an outlaw named Robin Hood, who was taken prisoner yesterday?"

"You may thank me that he is taken," said the rider, "for I laid hands on him."

"I thank you so much that I and my friend will bear you company," said Little John, "for in this forest are many wild men who own Robin Hood for leader and you ride along this road at the peril of your life."

They went on together, talking the while, when suddenly Little John seized the horse by the head and pulled down the rider.

"He was my master," said Little John,
"That you have brought to bale,
Never shall you come at the King
For to tell him that tale."

Then taking the letters, Little John carried them to the King.

When they arrived at the palace in the presence of the King, Little John and his companion fell on their knees and held out the letters. "God save you, my liege lord," they said, and the King unfolded the letters and read them.

Then he handed his own seal to Little John and ordered him to bear it to the Sheriff and bid him without delay bring Robin Hood unhurt into his presence. "There never was yeoman in Merry England that I longed so sore to see," he said.

The King also ordered his treasurer to give the messengers twenty pounds each and made them yeomen of the crown.

Little John took the King's seal to the Sheriff, who made him and his companion welcome because they came from the King. He set a feast for them and after he had eaten he fell asleep. Then the two outlaws stole softly to the prison. They overpowered the guard and taking the keys, hunted through the cells

until they found Robin Hood. Little John whispered to his master to follow him, and they crept along till they reached the lowest part of the city wall, from which they jumped and were safe and free.

"Now, farewell," said Little John, "I have done you a good turn for an ill." "Not so," answered Robin Hood, "I make you master of my men and me," but Little John would hear nothing of it. "I only wish to be your comrade, and thus it shall be," he replied.

"Little John has beguiled us both," said the King, when he heard of the adventure.

HOW THE KING VISITED ROBIN HOOD

Now the King had no mind that Robin Hood should do as he willed, and called his Knights to follow him to Nottingham, where they would lay plans how best to take captive the felon. Here they heard sad tales of Robin's misdoings, and how of the many herds of wild deer that had been wont to roam the forest in some places scarce one remained. This was the work of Robin Hood and his merry men, on whom the King swore vengeance with a great oath.

"I would I had this Robin Hood in my hands," cried he, "and an end should soon be put to his doings." So spake the King; but an old Knight, full of days and wisdom, answered him and warned him that the task of taking Robin Hood would be a sore one, and best let alone.

The King, who had seen the vanity of his hot words the moment that he had uttered them, listened to the old man, and resolved to bide his time, if perchance some day Robin should fall into his power.

All this time, and for six weeks later that he dwelt in Nottingham, the King could hear nothing of Robin, who seemed to have vanished into the earth with his merry men, though one by one the deer were vanishing, too!

At last one day a forester came to the King, and told him that if he would see Robin he must come with him and take five of his best Knights. The King eagerly sprang up to do his bidding, and the six men clad in monks' clothes mounted their palfreys and rode right merrily along, the King wearing an Abbot's broad hat over his crown, and singing as he passed through the green wood.

Suddenly at the turn of a path Robin and his archers appeared before them.

"By your leave, Sir Abbot," said Robin, seizing the King's bridle, "you will stay a while with us. Know that we are yeomen, who live upon the King's deer, and other food have we none. Now you have abbeys and churches, and gold in plenty; therefore give us some of it, in the name of holy charity."

"I have no more than forty pounds with me," answered the King, "but sorry I am it is not a hundred, for you should have had it all."

So Robin took the forty pounds, and gave half to his men, and then told the King he might go on his way. "I thank you," said the King, "but I would have you know that our liege lord has bid me bear you his seal, and pray you to come to Nottingham."

At this message Robin bent his knee.

"I love no man in all the world
So well as I do my King",

he cried, "and Sir Abbot, for thy tidings, which fill my heart with joy, today thou shalt dine with me, for love of my King." Then he led the King into an open place, and Robin took a horn and blew it loud, and at its blast seven score of young men came speedily to do his will.

"They are quicker to do his bidding than my men are to do mine," said the King to himself.

Speedily the foresters set out the dinner, roasts of venison,

and loaves of white bread, and Robin and Little John served the King. "Make good cheer," said Robin, "Abbot, for charity, and then you shall see what sort of life we lead, that so you may tell our King."

When he had finished eating, the archers took their bows, and hung rose-garlands up with a string, and every man was to shoot through the garland. If he failed, he should have a buffet on the head from Robin.

Good bowmen as they were, few managed to stand the test. Little John and Will Scarlett, and Much, all shot wide of the mark, and at length no one was left in but Robin himself and Gilbert of the Wide Hand. Then Robin fired his last bolt, and it fell three fingers from the garland. "Master," said Gilbert, "you have lost, stand forth and take your punishment, as was agreed."

"I will take it," answered Robin, "but, Sir Abbot, I pray you that I may suffer it at your hands."

The King hesitated. "It did not become him," he said, "to smite such a stout yeoman," but Robin bade him smite on and spare him not; so he turned up his sleeve, and gave Robin such a lusty buffet on the head that he lost his feet and rolled upon the ground.

"There is pith in your arm," said Robin. "Come, shoot a main with me." And the King took up a bow, and in so doing his hat fell back and Robin saw his face.

"My lord the King of England, now I know you well," cried he, and he fell on his knees and all the outlaws with him. "Mercy I ask, my lord the King, for all my brave foresters and me."

"Mercy I grant," then said the King, "and therefore I came hither, to bid you and your men leave the greenwood and dwell in my Court with me."

"So shall it be," answered Robin, "I and my men will come to your Court, and see how your service liketh us."

ROBIN AT COURT

"Have you any green cloth," asked the King, "that you could sell to me?" and Robin brought out thirty yards and more, and clad the King and his men in coats of Lincoln green. "Now we will all ride to Nottingham," said he, and they went merrily, shooting by the way.

The people of Nottingham saw them coming and trembled as they watched the dark mass of Lincoln green drawing near over the fields. "I fear lest our King be slain," whispered one to another, "and if Robin Hood gets into the town there is not one of us whose life is safe"; and every man, woman, and child made ready to fly.

The King laughed out when he saw their fright, and called them back. Right glad were they to hear his voice, and they feasted and made merry. A few days later the King returned to London, and Robin dwelt in his Court for twelve months. By that time he had spent a hundred pounds, for he gave largely to the Knights and squires he met, and great renown he had for his open-handedness.

But his men, who had been born under the shadow of the forest, could not live amid streets and houses. One by one they slipped away, till only Little John and Will Scarlett were left. Then Robin himself grew home-sick, and at the sight of some young men shooting he thought upon the time when he was accounted the best archer in all England, and went straightway to the King and begged for leave to go on a pilgrimage to Bernisdale.

"I may not say you nay," answered the King, "seven nights you may be gone and no more." And Robin thanked him, and that evening set out for the greenwood.

It was early morning when he reached it at last, and listened thirstily to the notes of singing birds, great and small.

"It seems long since I was here," he said to himself; "it would give me great joy if I could bring down a deer once

more;" and he shot a great hart, and blew his horn, and all the outlaws of the forest came flocking round him. "Welcome," they said, "our dear master, back to the greenwood tree," and they threw off their caps and fell on their knees before him in delight at his return.

Naught that the King could say would tempt Robin Hood back again and he dwelt in the greenwood for two and twenty years after he had run away from Court. And he was ever a faithful friend, kind to the poor and gentle to all women.

HELPS TO STUDY

Historical: When William the Conqueror became King of England he destroyed many villages and towns to make royal forests in which he might enjoy his favorite sport of hunting. The most famous of these hunting grounds was in Hampshire and was called the New Forest. Hundreds of poor people were driven from their homes and left shelterless that this hunting park might be made.

In order to keep up these hunting grounds, William and the Norman Kings who followed him made very severe laws for the protection of the deer.

The temptation to shoot these deer must have been very strong, especially to men living near the forest, as the English at that time excelled all other nations in the use of the long bow. In consequence of this, many fled to the woods to escape punishment for killing the King's deer. There they formed into bands or troops and, knowing the forests so well, were safe from the King's officers. Among these outlaws were many brave and skillful archers, but none was ever more famous than the hero of this story, Robin Hood.

Notes and Questions

Why was Robin Hood obliged to live in the forest?

How did he make the acquaintance of Little John and win his friendship?

What position was Little John given in the company?

What did Robin Hood tell him about the Sheriff of Nottingham?

Describe the appearance of the Knight whom Little John met in the forest.

What foods were prepared for the

dinner to which Robin Hood invited the Knight?

How had these provisions been obtained?

What story did the Knight tell to Robin Hood?

How did Robin Hood help him?

Where do you think the treasure chest was kept?

From whom had this treasure been taken?

How did the Knight show his gratitude after he regained his lands?

Why did the Sheriff of Nottingham want Little John in his service?

What thought was constantly in Little John's mind?

How did he accomplish his purpose?

What explanation did he give to Robin Hood for what he brought from the Sheriff's house?

How did he induce the Sheriff to follow him to the place where Robin Hood was?

What punishment did Robin Hood decide upon for the Sheriff?

Why did he not carry it out?

How was Robin Hood captured by the Sheriff?

What reason do you think the King had for wanting to see Robin Hood?

What did he determine to do after Robin Hood's escape?

Read words in which Robin Hood expressed his love for his King.

What offer did the King make to Robin Hood and his men?

Why did the King make them such an offer?

How did Robin and his men like Court life?

How long did Robin Hood live in the greenwood after he left the Court?

Under what conditions do you think life in the forest would be pleasant?

What were these men obliged to give up when they went into the forest to live?

What did they gain by living in the forest?

When did Robin Hood show himself generous?

When did Robin show himself merciful?

What do you think of Little John's treatment of the Sheriff of Nottingham after he had lived in his house?

When did Little John show himself a loyal friend?

When did he show himself hard and cruel?

What things mentioned in this story show that the manners and life of the people in England were rough?

What qualities were most admired in men at the time of Robin Hood?

What was the reason for this?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

pĕas'-ants (pĕz)
pĕn'-al-ty
sŏl'-ĭ-ta-ry
phĕas'-ants (fĕz)
Jŭs-tĭ'-cĭ-ar (tish)
twāin
fôr'feĭt-ed (fĭt)
hêir (âr)
vĕnge'-ance
balked (bôwkd)
naught (nôt)
bē-guiled' (gīld')
cŏf'-fĕr
hie (hī)
strait (strāt)
stew'-ard (stū'-ẽrd)
lea (lē)
wont (wŭnt)
vĕn'-ĭ-son (z'n)
gär'-länd
bŭf'-fĕt
prō-claimed' (klāmd)
monk (mŭnk)
plight (plīt)

VOCABULARY:

chăr'-i-ty—generosity to the poor.
glĭmpse—a short, hurried view.
pĕr'il—great danger; risk.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"abbey"—a group of persons secluded from the world, devoted to religion; a monastery. The men are called monks and are ruled by an abbot.
"ambling"—going at an easy gait; pacing.
"battlement" (băt'l-mĕnt)—a wall usually of earth for the protection of soldiers; a breastwork.
"beseems his quality"—as befits his station; as seems best for a man in his condition.
"beyond the King's grace"—having the ill-will of the King; not having the King's protection.
"boon"—a favor; a request.
"brought to bale"—misfortune; suffering.
"buttery"—a place where wines and provisions were kept.
"castle" (căs'l)—a fortified building or group of buildings having a tower; a fortress.
"ell"—an old-time English measure, 45 inches long.
"felon"—an outlaw; a criminal.
"forswear"—to abandon; to give up; to renounce.
"gainsaid"—contradicted.
"golden noble"—a gold coin, worth about $1.60.
"had been wont"—had been accustomed.
"hated of the outlaws"—hated by the outlaws.
"in this wise"—in this manner; after this fashion.
"in yeoman's stead"—great assistance.
"joŭsts" (jŭsts) and "toŭrneys" (tōōr'nĭs or tûr'nĭs)—combats

between two knights, single or in series.

"Justiciar"—The King's chief officer.

"King's Council"—a body of men who advised the King of England in the olden times.

"Knight" (nīt)—a man of high rank.

"liege lord" (lēj)—a superior to whom loyalty and service were to be given.

"lustily"—strongly; vigorously.

"mark"—a piece of money; a gold or silver coin.

"moat" (mōt)—a ditch or trench surrounding a castle or fortress, filled with water.

"palfreys" (pôl'frĭs)—saddle horses for road use.

"pith"—strength; vigor.

"Plantagenets" (plăn-tăj'-ê-nĕts)—the French family of Anjou which succeeded to the throne of England in 1154 and reigned until 1485.

"pound"—an English coin of the value of about $5.00.

"racing over the lea"—running over the meadow.

"shoot a main"—to shoot in contest.

"shrine"—an altar or tomb sacred to some saint.

"smart blows"—vigorous blows.

"sorry pass"—ill fortune; bad plight.

"squire"—an armor-bearer of a Knight; an officer next in rank below that of Knight.

"stay surety"—to stop proceedings to take the lands; to go one's security.

"stout fellow"—a strong, brave man.

"took no toll" (tōl)—permitted to pass without being robbed of anything.

"trўst"—agreement; arrangement.

"without more ado"—immediately.

"yeoman" (yō'măn)—a free man, in the service of some powerful baron or lord.

BOOK THREE

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

JONATHAN SWIFT

GULLIVER SAILS FOR THE SOUTH SEA AND IS SHIPWRECKED

My name is Lemuel Gulliver, and my home is in Nottinghamshire. I went to college at Cambridge, where I studied hard, for I knew my father was not rich enough to keep me when I should become a man, and that I must be able to earn my own living.

I decided to be a doctor, but as I had always longed to travel, I learned to be a good sailor as well. When I had succeeded in becoming both doctor and sailor, I married, and with my wife's consent I became surgeon upon a ship and made many voyages. One of these voyages was with Captain Prichard, master of a vessel called *The Antelope,* bound for the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, and started upon our journey very fairly, until there came a most violent storm that drove our ship near an island called Van Diemen's Land. *The Antelope* was driven by the wind against a rock, which wrecked and split the vessel in half.

Six of the sailors, and myself, let down one of the small boats, and, getting into it, rowed away from the ruined vessel and the dangerous rock. We rowed until we were so tired we could no longer hold the oars, then we were obliged to allow our boat to go as the waves carried it. Suddenly there came another violent gust of wind from the north, and our small boat was at once overturned. I do not know what became of my unfortunate companions, but I fear all must have been drowned. I was a good swimmer, and I swam for my life. I went the best way I could, pushed forward by wind and tide.

Sometimes I let my legs drop to see if my feet touched the bottom, and when I was almost overcome and fainting, I found to my great joy that I was out of the deep water and able to walk.

By this time the storm was over. I walked about a mile, until I reached the shore, and when I stood upon land I could not see a sign of any houses or people. I felt very weak and tired, so I lay down upon the grass, which was very short and soft, and soon fell into a sound sleep.

I must have slept all that night, for when I awoke it was bright daylight. I tried to rise, but found I was not able to even move. I had been lying upon my back, and I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and that my hair, which was long and thick, was also tied to the ground. I felt several slender threads over my body. Fastened in this way, I could only look upwards, and, as the sun came out and shone in my eyes, this was very uncomfortable. I heard a queer noise about me, but could see nothing except the sky.

In a little while I felt something alive moving on my left leg; this thing came gently forward over my breast and almost up to my chin. Bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I saw a tiny human creature, not more than six inches high, with a tiny bow and arrow in his hands. While I gazed in astonishment forty more of the same kind followed the first. I called out so loud in my amazement that they all ran back in a fright, and I felt them leaping from my sides to the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them came up so far as to get a full sight of my face. As he looked at me he held up his hands and cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, "Hekinah degul!" Of course I did not understand what this meant, but from the tone in which it was said I thought it must express admiration for me.

All this time I lay in great uneasiness. At length I strug-

gled to get loose, and managed to break the strings and pull up the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground. Then with a violent tug that caused me much pain, I broke the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, and was then able to turn my head a trifle.

The little people all ran off before I could seize them, and there was a great deal of shouting in very shrill voices. Then in about an instant I felt quite a hundred arrows shot on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles. Besides this, another hundred were shot into the air and fell all over my body, and some upon my face. When this shower of arrows was over I lay groaning with the pain and covering my face with my free hand. I had only just done so in time, for immediately another and larger shower fell upon me, and some of the little people tried to stick their spears into my sides; but luckily I had a leather waistcoat on, which the tiny spears could not pierce.

After this, I thought I had better lie still and remain quite quiet till night came. Then I hoped this odd army would leave me and I should be able to set myself free. I was not at all afraid of any number of such small people, once I had the use of my limbs.

GULLIVER IS VISITED BY THE EMPEROR

When they saw I was quiet they stopped shooting arrows, and, as I was almost starving, I tried to show them I wanted food by putting my finger to my mouth, and looking beseechingly at them, praying them to give me something to eat.

Soon several ladders were put against my sides. Upon these about a hundred of the people mounted, and walked toward my mouth, carrying baskets full of meat. This meat was in the same shape as shoulders, legs, and loins of mutton, but smaller than the wings of a lark. It was all well dressed

and cooked, and I ate two or three joints at a mouthful and took three loaves at a time, which were no bigger than bullets. The little people gave the food to me as fast as they could, and showed much wonder at the greatness of my appetite!

I must confess I was tempted to pick up those who were running over my body and throw them to the ground. But remembering the shower of arrows and the food they had given me, I felt I was bound in honor not to do them harm. I could not help thinking these tiny creatures very plucky and brave, that they should dare to walk over such a giant as I must seem to them, although one of my hands was free to seize upon them.

After a time there came before me no less a personage than his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of these odd little people. His Majesty mounted my right leg and advanced forwards to my face, followed by a dozen of his courtiers. As he stood looking at my face, he spoke for about ten minutes without any sign of anger, but very gravely and sternly, and often pointing in front of him, toward, as I afterwards found, the capital city.

To this city the people agreed I was to be carried, and it lay about half a mile off. I made signs to the Emperor that I wanted to be freed from the cords that bound me to the earth, and allowed to rise. But although he understood me well enough, his Majesty shook his head and showed me I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs that told me I should have meat and drink, and was not to be ill-treated. After this the Emperor and his train got off my body and went away.

Soon after I felt a great number of people at my left side, and they loosened the cords that held me and so let me turn a little upon my right, and get more ease in my uncomfortable position.

Then they put some sweet-smelling ointment upon my face and hands, which soon removed the smart of the arrows.

Being thus refreshed, I again fell into a deep sleep, which lasted some hours.

These little people were very clever at making all kinds of machines and engines for carrying heavy weights. They built their ships and men-of-war, which were about the length of a large dining-table, in the woods where the timber grew, and then carried them to the sea upon the machines they made.

They now set to work to prepare the greatest engine they had, which was a frame of wood, raised three inches from the ground and about as long as one of our bedsteads and nearly as wide across. Five hundred carpenters and engineers got this machine into readiness to carry me to the city. There was loud shouting, as it was brought up to my side; and then came the chief difficulty, which was how to lift me on to it.

Eighty poles were fixed into the ground, each pole about as tall as an ordinary ruler. Then the workmen bound my neck, hands, body, and legs in bandages, and to these bandages they fixed hooks with the strongest cords fastened to them. Nine hundred of the strongest men then drew up these cords by pulleys attached to the poles, and thus in about three hours I was raised and slung upon the machine, and there tied fast. Fifteen hundred of the Emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me on the machine, to the city.

When at last we arrived at the city gates, the Emperor and all his court came out to meet us. At the place where we stopped there stood a very old temple, which was the largest in the whole kingdom. The people no longer used it to worship in, and it had been emptied of all its furniture and ornaments. It was in this building the Emperor decided I should live. The great gate was about four feet high and two feet wide, and I could easily creep through it. Upon each side of the gate was a small window, just six inches from the ground. To one of these windows the Emperor's smith fixed ninety-one chains, like those we use as watch-

chains in England, and these chains were locked to my left leg by thirty-six padlocks. Just in front of the temple there was a turret five feet high, and the Emperor and his principal nobles got upon the top of this turret to be able to look at me as I lay.

So many people crowded from the city to see me, and all mounted upon my body, by the help of ladders, that at last the Emperor gave an order that no one else must do so, on penalty of death. For this I was very glad, as I was becoming quite worn out.

When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break my chains and get free, they cut all the strings that bound me, and I rose up feeling very strange and sad. The noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise was truly great. The chains that held my left leg were two yards long, and that allowed me to walk backwards and forwards, and also creep into the temple and lie down.

GULLIVER IS KEPT A PRISONER AT THE CAPITAL

When I found myself on my feet I looked about at the surrounding country. It seemed like one big garden, and the fields, which were about the size of an ordinary room, appeared as so many beds of flowers. Then there were the little patches of trees, which made the woods of this tiny country, and the tallest tree among them was not much higher than an Englishman. The little city itself looked like the painted scene in a theatre.

As I was extremely tired I did not stay to look long, but crept into my house and shut the door after me. When I had rested I came out again and stepped backwards and forwards as far as my chains allowed. Then the Emperor began to ride up to me; but upon seeing me the horse took fright and nearly threw its rider, which was no wonder, as the poor animal must have thought I was a moving mountain. The prince was an

excellent horseman and kept his seat well, while his attendants ran to assist him. Then his Majesty got off his horse and walked up to me and seemed to look at me with great admiration, but did not come near enough for me to have touched him. He ordered his cooks to bring me more food and drink, and they brought me the food put into carriages upon wheels, which they pushed forward until I could reach them. I very soon emptied the carriages.

The Empress and the young princes, with many other nobles and ladies, all came and gathered round the Emperor and watched me while I ate. His Majesty was taller than any of the others; that is to say, he stood about the breadth of my nail above the heads of his people. He was handsome and well made and had an air of great dignity. I heard that he had reigned seven years, and had been very victorious and much respected.

His dress was very plain, except that he had on his head a light helmet made of gold and adorned with jewels and with a plume upon it. He now held his drawn sword in his hand, to defend himself if I should happen to break loose. This sword was about three inches long, and the hilt and case of it were gold, enriched with diamonds.

After about two hours the court went away and I was left with a guard of soldiers to keep the people from crowding round me. This guard was necessary, for one of the men had the impudence to shoot an arrow at me as I sat upon the ground, and it nearly hit my eye. Then the soldiers ordered the man to be seized and bound and given into my hands to punish. I took him up and made a face as if I was going to eat him. The poor little fellow screamed terribly, and even the soldiers looked very much alarmed when I took out my penknife.

However, I soon put an end to their fears, for I cut the strings that bound my captive and set him gently upon the ground and let him run away. I saw that all the soldiers and

people were delighted at this mark of my mercy and gentleness, and I afterwards heard they told the Emperor about it and he was very pleased with me.

When night came I crept into my shelter again and lay upon the ground to sleep. The next day the Emperor gave orders for a bed to be made for me. The workmen brought six hundred beds to my house in carriages, and sewed them all together to make one large enough for me to lie upon. They did the same with sheets and blankets, and at the end of two weeks' labor my bed was ready for me.

As the news of my arrival spread over the kingdom, it brought numbers of people to see me. The villages were almost emptied, and those men and women who should have been at work came to the city to gaze at me. At last the Emperor gave orders that all who had seen me once were to go to their homes immediately, and not come near me again without his Majesty's permission.

The Emperor and his court met together to talk over what could be done with me, which seemed a very difficult question. They were afraid I might break my chains and do them harm; then they were afraid that I ate so much that it would cause a famine in the land and there would be no food left for them. Then, luckily for me, his Majesty remembered the kind way I had treated the man who shot the arrow at me, and because of my good behavior he allowed me to live. Orders were then given for all the villages round the city to send in every morning six cows and forty sheep, for my meals, and also bread and wine, for all of which the Emperor paid.

I was also given six hundred little men as my servants, and these built their tents upon each side of my door. Then three hundred tailors set to work to make me a suit of clothes, like those worn in that country, and six of the most learned men taught me to speak the language. Lastly, the Emperor's horses and those of the nobles and soldiers were ridden and

exercised before me, until they became quite used to seeing me and would trot quietly past.

GULLIVER IS GIVEN HIS LIBERTY

My quiet and good behavior so pleased the Emperor and his court, that I began to hope he would soon give me my liberty. I did all I could to make the people like me and lose their fear of me. I would lie down and let five or six of them dance upon my hand, and at last the boys and girls even dared to come and play at hide-and-seek in my hair.

There was one general, named Skyresh, who was my enemy. I had not given him any cause to dislike me, but he did, and it was he who tried to persuade the Emperor not to give me my liberty. However, I implored his Majesty so often to set me free that at last he promised to do so, but he first made me swear to certain conditions which were to be read to me. These conditions were as follows:

"His Majesty, the mighty Emperor of Lilliput, proposes to the Man-Mountain the following articles, which he must swear to perform:

"1st. The Man-Mountain shall not depart from our country without our permission.

"2nd. He shall not enter our chief city without our express consent.

"3rd. He shall only walk along the principal roads and not over our meadows and fields of corn.

"4th. As he walks he must take the greatest care not to trample upon any of our subjects, or their horses and carriages, and he must not take any into his hands without their consent.

"5th. If we desire to send a message anywhere very quickly, the Man-Mountain shall be obliged to carry the messenger and his horse in his pocket and return with them safe to our court.

"6th. He must promise not to join the army of our enemies in the island of Blefuscu, and he must do his utmost to

destroy their fleet of ships, which is now preparing to attack us.

"7th. The Man-Mountain shall always be ready to help our workmen, in lifting great stones and other heavy weights.

"8th. He must walk all round our island and then tell us how many steps round it measures.

"Lastly. The Man-Mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient to feed 1724 of our subjects, and he must take a solemn oath to keep all these conditions. Then he shall be allowed his liberty."

I swore to keep these promises, and my chains were at once unlocked and I was at full liberty. I expressed my gratitude by casting myself at the Emperor's feet, but he graciously commanded me to rise, telling me he hoped I would prove a useful servant and deserve all the favors he had conferred upon me.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, the principal noble who managed the Emperor's private affairs, and whose name was Reldresal, came to my house, attended by only one servant. He asked to speak to me privately, and I readily consented, as he had always shown me much kindness. I offered to lie down so that he could speak into my ear, but he chose to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation.

He told me that the island of Lilliput was threatened with invasion by an army from the island of Blefuscu, which was the next island, and one almost as large and powerful as Lilliput itself. These two islands and their Emperors had for some time been engaged in a most obstinate war.

Reldresal told me that his Majesty had just heard that the Blefuscudians had got together a large fleet of warships and were preparing to invade Lilliput. His Majesty said he placed great trust in my power to help them in this trouble, and had commanded his officer to lay the case before me.

I told Reldresal to present my humble duty to the Emperor and tell him I thought it would hardly be fair for me, as I

was a foreigner, to interfere between the two islands. But I said I was quite ready, even at the risk of my life, to defend his Majesty's state and person against all invaders.

The island of Blefuscu was separated from Lilliput by a channel eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, but after hearing that the Emperor of Blefuscu had a fleet of ships upon the water, I kept from going near the coast, as I did not want to be noticed by the enemy. The Blefuscudians had not been told of my presence in Lilliput. I told his Majesty, the Emperor of Lilliput, that I had a plan by which I could seize all the enemy's ships.

GULLIVER CAPTURES THE BLEFUSCAN FLEET

I had asked the most clever seamen upon the island how deep the channel was, and they told me that in the middle it was about six feet deep, and at the sides it was only four feet. I then walked toward the coast and lay down behind a hillock; here I took out my telescope and looked at the enemy's fleet. It consisted of fifty men-of-war and a great number of smaller vessels. I hurried back to my house and gave orders for a quantity of the strongest rope and bars of iron. The Emperor said all my orders were to be carried out. The rope that was brought me was only as thick as our packing thread, and the iron bars were the length and size of a knitting-needle. I twisted three lengths of the rope together to make it stronger, and three of the iron bars in the same way. I turned up the ends of the bars to form a hook. I fixed fifty hooks to as many pieces of rope, and then I took them all down to the coast.

Here I took off my shoes and stockings and coat, and walked into the sea. I waded until I came to the middle of the channel, and, the water being deep there, I was obliged to swim about thirty yards. After this I waded again, and in less than half an

hour I arrived at the fleet of the enemy. The Blefuscudians were so frightened when they saw me that they leaped out of their ships and swam to shore.

I then took my hooks and ropes and fastened a hook to the end of each vessel. Then I tied all the ropes together. While I was doing this, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows at me from the shore, and many of the arrows stuck in my face and hands. This hurt me very much, and prevented my working quickly. My worst fear was for my eyes, which would certainly have been put out by arrows had I not thought of my spectacles. These I fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and, thus protected, I went boldly on, while the arrows struck my glasses without even cracking them.

As I had fastened all my hooks, I now took the knot of ropes in my hand and began to pull. But I could not move a single ship, for they were all held fast by their anchors. Therefore I let go the cord, and, taking my knife from my pocket, I cut the cables that held the anchors, at the same time receiving about two hundred arrows from the enemy, in my face and hands. After this, I once more grasped the ropes, and, with the greatest ease, I pulled fifty of the largest men-of-war after me. The Blefuscudians were confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, but thought I only meant to let the ships run adrift; but when they saw me walking off with the whole fleet, they set up a tremendous scream of grief and despair.

When I had got out of danger, I stopped to pick out the arrows that were stuck in my hands and face, and I rubbed on some of the ointment the Lilliputians had given me. Then I took off my spectacles and waded on with my cargo. As the tide was then fallen I had not to swim through the middle, but was able to walk right into the royal port of Lilliput.

The Emperor and all his court stood upon the shore, watching for my return. They saw the ships coming over the water, in the form of a great half-moon, but they could not see me,

because I was up to my neck in the channel. This alarmed the Emperor exceedingly, for he thought I must be drowned, and that the enemy's ships were coming to attack them.

However, his mind was soon put at rest, for as the water grew less deep more of my body was seen, and I was able to make the Emperor hear my voice. Holding up my rope, I cried aloud, "Long live the most glorious Emperor of Lilliput!"

His Majesty received me with great joy and honor, and made me a lord of the island upon the spot.

The Emperor then wished me to try and bring all the rest of the enemy's ships to Lilliput. And he talked of taking the whole island of Blefuscu, and reigning over it himself. I did not think this at all fair, but very selfish and greedy of his Majesty. I tried to tell him so as politely as I could, and said I could not help to bring a free and brave people into slavery. My bold speech made the Emperor very angry indeed, and he never forgave me. But most of his best nobles thought the same as I did, although they dared not say so openly.

From this time his Majesty and some of his court began to bear me ill-will, which nearly ended in my death. I considered this very mean of the Emperor, after my helping him as I did; but like many other people, he became ungrateful when he found he could not get all he wanted. About three weeks after this the Emperor of Blefuscu sent messengers with humble offers to make peace, and to this the Lilliputians agreed, upon certain terms.

The messengers consisted of six nobles with a train of five hundred men. They were all very grandly and magnificently dressed. After they had spoken to our Emperor, they expressed a wish to come and visit me. It seems they were told I had been their friend when the Emperor asked me to help him take Blefuscu, and they came to thank me for my justice and generosity. They invited me to visit their island, where I should receive every kindness and hospitality. I thanked their lordships very much, and said I should be pleased to

come and pay my respects to the Emperor of Blefuscu before I returned to my own country again.

So the next time I saw our Emperor I begged his permission to go to Blefuscu, which he was gracious enough to grant me, although in a very cold manner. I afterwards heard that my request displeased him, and he did not like my making friends of the Blefuscudians.

THE INHABITANTS OF LILLIPUT—THEIR LAWS AND CUSTOMS

I am now going to say a few words about the Lilliputians and their laws and customs.

These little people are generally about six inches high, their horses and oxen between four and five inches, their sheep an inch and a half, and their geese about the size of a sparrow. One day I watched a cook pulling the feathers off a lark, which was no bigger than a fly.

Some of their laws were very unlike our English ones, but they were very just all the same. If a man accuses another of any crime, and it is proved that he has told a lie and the man is innocent, then the accuser is severely punished, and the innocent man is rewarded for all the injustice and pain he has suffered. This keeps people from being so ready to tell tales about others.

Then deceit and cunning are considered greater crimes than stealing in Lilliput, for the people say that a man can take means to protect his goods and money, but he can not prevent another man deceiving him. And so, if any man makes a promise of importance to another and then breaks it he is severely punished. Also, if he has any money belonging to another and has promised to take care of it, and then loses it through carelessness or spends any upon himself, he is guilty of a crime. Another law is that not only the guilty should be punished, but that the innocent shall be rewarded. So that whoever shall behave himself well and keep the laws of his

country for a whole year, shall receive a sum of money and a favor from the Emperor.

When the Emperor has some special favor to confer, or position to offer, he does not choose the most clever or learned man to give it to, but picks out the one who has been the best behaved and who is the bravest and truest among his subjects.

Ingratitude among the Lilliputians is considered a capital crime, and anyone who returns evil for good is judged not fit to live.

I am sorry to say that the Emperor and his people did not keep these good laws as they should have done, for if they had, his Majesty would never have treated me so badly after I had done my best to help him.

In Lilliput there are large public schools to which parents are bound to send their children. Here they are educated and fitted for some position in life, for no one is allowed to be idle.

All the children are brought up very well indeed, and taught to be honorable, courageous, and truthful men and women.

The nurses are forbidden to tell the children foolish or frightening stories, and if they are found to do so, they are soundly whipped and sent to a most lonely part of the country.

And now I am going to say some more about my own way of living among these strange little people.

I had made myself a table and chair, as large as I could get, out of the biggest tree in the royal park. Two hundred sewing women were employed to make my shirts and the linen for my bed and table. They got the strongest and coarsest linen the island could produce, and even then they were obliged to sew several folds together to make it strong enough for my use. The sewing women took my measure as I lay upon the ground, one standing at my neck and another at my leg, with a strong cord that each held, one at one end and one at the other.

One clever woman fitted me for a shirt by simply taking the width of my right thumb, for she said that twice round the

thumb is once round the wrist, and twice round the wrist is once round the neck, and twice round the neck is once round the waist! and by this means she fitted me exactly.

The three hundred tailors who were employed to make my clothes had another way of measuring me. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one man mounted, and let fall a cord from my collar to the floor, which was the length for my coat. My waist and arms I measured myself. As the largest piece of cloth made in the island was only about the size of a yard of wide ribbon, my clothes looked like a patchwork quilt; only, the cloth was all of the same color.

I had three hundred cooks to prepare my food, and each one cooked me two dishes. When I was ready for my meal, I took up twenty waiters in my hand and placed them upon the table; a hundred more attended on the ground, carrying the dishes. The waiters upon the table drew these things up by cords, as we might draw a bucket from a well.

One joint of meat generally made a mouthful for me, but once I actually had a sirloin of beef so large that I was forced to make three bites of it. I never had another as big. The geese and turkeys also only made a mouthful, and the small fowl I could take up twenty at a time on the end of my knife.

GULLIVER ESCAPES TO BLEFUSCU

I must now tell my reader of a great plot that had been formed against me in the island of Lilliput.

I was preparing to pay my promised visit to the Emperor of Blefuscu, when one day a Lilliputian noble called at my house privately, and at night; and without sending in his name, he asked me to allow him to come in and speak to me.

I went out and picked up his lordship and brought him on to my table. Then I fastened the door of my house and sat down in front of the noble. As I saw he looked very anxious

and troubled, I asked him if anything was the matter. At that he begged me to listen to him with patience, as he had much to tell me that concerned my life and honor. I replied that I was all eagerness to hear him, and this is what he told me:

"You must know," said he, "that his Majesty has lately had many private meetings with his nobles about yourself. And two days ago he formed a plan that will do you great injury. You know that Skyresh has always been your mortal enemy; and his hatred grew even more when you so successfully won the ships of the Blefuscudians. He was very jealous, and considered you had taken away some of the glory that ought to have been this, as an admiral of his Majesty. This lord, with some others who dislike you, has prepared a charge against you of treason and other crimes. Now, because I consider this to be unjust treatment, and because you have always shown me kindness and courtesy, I have risked my life to come here tonight to warn you.

"Skyresh and the other nobles insisted that you should be put to death, and that in the most cruel way: either by setting fire to your house while you slept, or to have you shot with poisoned arrows by twenty thousand men. But his Majesty could not be persuaded to do this cruelty, and decided to spare your life. Then Reldresal, who has always been your true friend, was asked by the Emperor to give his opinion, which he accordingly did.

"He allowed your crimes to be very great, but said that he considered mercy ought to be shown you in return for the services you had rendered the Empire. He advised his Majesty to spare your life, but have both your eyes put out. By this means justice would be satisfied, and the loss of your eyes would not take from your bodily strength, so that you could still be useful to us. This proposal of Reldresal was not at all approved by the other lords. Skyresh flew into a great passion, and said he wondered Reldresal could dare to wish to save the

life of a traitor. He again accused you of being a traitor, and insisted that you should be put to death.

"Still his Majesty refused to consent to your death, but said that, as the court did not consider putting out your eyes was sufficient punishment for your crimes, some other must be thought of.

"Then Reldresal again spoke, saying that as it cost so much to feed you, another way of punishing you would be to give you less and less to eat, until you were gradually starved to death.

"This proposal was agreed upon, but it was decided to keep the plan of starving you a great secret. In three days from now Reldresal will be sent here to read these accusations I have now read to you, and to tell you that his Majesty condemns you to the loss of your eyes. Twenty of his Majesty's surgeons will attend in order to perform the operation, which will be done by shooting very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes as you lie upon the ground.

"I have now told you all that will happen to you, and must leave you to act as you think best. As no one must know I have been here with you now, I must hasten back to the court as secretly as I can."

This his lordship immediately did, leaving me in much doubt and trouble. Knowing the good and just laws of the island of Lilliput, I was very shocked and astonished to find the Emperor could so far forget them as to condemn an innocent man to so brutal a punishment. I tried to think what I had better do to save myself. My first idea was to wait quietly and go through with my trial. Then I could plead my innocence and try and obtain mercy. But, upon second thoughts, I saw that this was a dangerous, almost a hopeless plan, as my enemies at court were so bitter against me.

Then I almost made up my mind to use my own strength, for while I had liberty I knew that I could easily overcome all the Lilliputians and knock the city to pieces with stones. But

I put that idea away as unfair and dishonorable, because I had given my oath not to harm the island and its inhabitants. And even though the Emperor was so unjust and cruel to me, I did not consider that freed me from the promise I had made.

At last I formed a plan by which I hoped to save my eyesight and my liberty, and, as things proved, it was a very fortunate plan for me. As I had obtained the Emperor's permission to visit the island of Blefuscu, I at once made preparations to go there. I sent a letter to Reldresal telling him I intended to visit Blefuscu, according to the permission I had obtained from his Majesty, and that I was starting that morning. By wading and swimming, I crossed the channel and reached the port of Blefuscu.

I found the people there had long expected me, and they appeared very pleased to see me. They lent me two guides to show me the way to the capital city. These men I held in my hands, while they directed me which way to take. Having arrived at the city gate, I put them down and desired them to tell his Majesty, the Emperor of Blefuscu, that I was awaiting his commands.

I had an answer in about an hour, which was that his Majesty and the royal family were coming out to receive me. The Emperor and his train then rode out of the palace, and the Empress and her ladies also drove up in coaches. They did not seem at all frightened at seeing me. I lay upon the ground to kiss his Majesty's and the Empress's hands. I told his Majesty I had come according to my promise and with the consent of the Emperor of Lilliput, and that I considered it a great honor to receive the welcome I did. I also begged to offer his Majesty any service I could render him.

I was treated with much kindness and generosity while at Blefuscu; but as there was no place large enough for me to get into, I had to be without house and bed. So I was forced to sleep upon the ground wrapped up in my cloak.

GULLIVER RETURNS TO ENGLAND

Three days after my arrival at Blefuscu I was walking along the coast, when I suddenly caught sight of some object in the sea that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and waded out into the water. As I drew near the object, I could plainly see that it was a big boat, which, I suppose, must have been driven there by some tempest. Having made this discovery, I hastened back to shore and went to the city to beg his Majesty to lend me twenty of his tallest ships, and three thousand sailors, under the command of an admiral.

The Emperor gave his consent, and the fleet of ships sailed to the place where I had discovered the boat. I again waded into the water, and found that the tide had driven the boat still nearer the shore. The sailors in the ships were all provided with cord, which I had twisted together and made strong. I walked as near the boat as I could, then swam up to it. The sailors threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to part of the boat and the other end to a man-of-war. Then, getting behind the boat, I swam and pushed it as best I could with one hand until I had got it out of the deep water. Being then able to walk, I rested a few minutes, and then, taking some other ropes, I fastened all of them to the boat and then to the vessels the Emperor had lent me. Then the sailors pulled and I shoved, and, the wind being favorable, we arrived at the shore of Blefuscu, dragging the boat with us. With the help of two thousand men, with ropes and engines, I was able to turn the boat upon the right side, and found it was in quite good condition.

After this I worked hard for many days making paddles for my boat, and getting it ready to go to sea in. The people of Blefuscu came and gazed in wonder and astonishment at so immense a vessel. I told the Emperor that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way to carry me to some place,

from which I might be able to return to my native land. And I begged his Majesty to allow me to have materials with which to fit it up, and also to give me his gracious permission to depart when it was ready. This his Majesty most kindly granted me.

Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails for my boat, under my directions. This had to be done by sewing together thirteen folds of their strongest linen. Then I made rope by twisting together twenty or thirty lengths of the stoutest cord upon the island. After a long search by the seashore, I discovered a large stone, which had to serve me for an anchor. I used the fat of three hundred cows for greasing my boat. Then I set to work and cut down some of the largest trees to make into oars and masts. His Majesty's carpenters helped me greatly in smoothing them after I had cut them into shape.

In about a month all was ready, and I sent to tell his Majesty I was going to take my leave.

The Emperor and royal family came out of the palace and allowed me to kiss their hands. His Majesty presented me with fifty purses containing two hundred pieces of gold in each, together with his picture at full length. This I immediately put into one of my gloves to keep from being hurt.

I stored my boat with the bodies of a hundred oxen and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink and as much cooked meat as four hundred cooks could provide for me. I also took six live cows and two live bulls, and as many lambs, intending to carry them to England and show them to my friends. To feed these animals I had a good bundle of hay and a bag of corn. I should like to have taken some of the little people with me, but this the Emperor would not allow.

Having thus prepared everything as well as I was able, I set sail on the 24th day of September, 1701, at six in the morning. When I had gone some distance, I saw a small island. I advanced toward it and cast anchor by the shore. I got out of

my boat, upon the island, which seemed to be uninhabited, as I could not see a sign of any one about. After I had eaten a little, I lay down and went to sleep. I slept well and awoke about daybreak.

I finished eating my breakfast before the sun was up; then pulling up my anchor, I once more started upon my journey. I sailed all that day without making any discoveries. But upon the next, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, I saw the white sails of a ship in the distance, before me. I hailed her, but could get no answer. I did my utmost to get up to her, and when I had drawn nearer I called again, and this time she heard me and answered.

I cannot express the joy it gave me to feel I had a real chance of getting back to England and the dear ones I had left there. And I was delighted to see that the ship had the English colors flying. When I got up to her, I picked up my cows and sheep and put them into my pocket, and got on board the ship. The vessel was an English merchantman returning from Japan, and the captain's name was William Biddle, a very kind and excellent man. There were about fifty men on board the ship, and one was an old comrade of mine, who gave me a good character to the captain. Every one treated me with great kindness and asked me where I had come from and whither I was going. When I told them about my adventures in Lilliput and Blefuscu they thought I was mad and raving; whereupon I took my cattle and sheep out of my pockets. Their astonishment was great at the sight of the tiny creatures. I then showed the purses of gold given me by the Emperor of Blefuscu, and his Majesty's full-length picture. I gave Captain Biddle two of the purses and also a cow and a sheep, with all of which he was much pleased.

We had a very fair voyage to England. I had one misfortune, which was that one of my little sheep died; however, the others lived and ate well. When we landed I took them safely ashore and put them on a little lawn, where they enjoyed the

grass very much. Upon the way over I had fed them with ship biscuits, rubbed into powder and mixed with water. For many years I made a good deal of money by showing my tiny animals to different people and I finally sold them for six hundred pounds.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

How did Gulliver arrive at the land of the Lilliputians?
How was he received by them?
How did Gulliver prove that he did not wish to hurt them?
What arrangements did they make for his comfort?
On what conditions was he given his liberty?
What great service did he render the people of Lilliput?
What did he refuse to do?
How did the Emperor feel toward him after his refusal?
How did Gulliver learn of the plot against him?
Why did he not use his strength against his enemies?
What did he decide to do?
What great discovery did Gulliver make at Blefuscu?
What provisions did he store in the boat?
What are we told about the education of children in Lilliput?
Why did the people consider deceit worse than stealing?
What did they think of a person who returned evil for good?
Why were not all the people of Lilliput good when they had such good laws?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

Lĭl'-lĭ-pŭt	ŭn-fôrt'-ū-nāte	fôrt-nīght
Lĭl-lĭ-pū'-tians (shănz)	cōurt'-iers (yerz)	prī'-vate-lў
sûr'-geon (jŭn)	waist'-coat (wāst'-cōt)	trāi'-tor
ru'-ined (rōō'-ĭnd)	ĭm-pē'-rĭ-ăl	ăd'-mĭ-rā'-tion
reign (rān)	bē-hāv'-ior (yĕr)	thē'-ā-tre (tĕr)
grā'-cioŭs-lў (shŭs)	learn'-ĕd	ĕn-gĭ-neer'

VOCABULARY:

rĕad'-i-ness — quickness; promptness.
hŏs'-pĭ-tăl'-i-ty—kind entertainment of guests or strangers.
ôr'-di-nā-rў — common; usual; customary.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"graciously"
"personage"
"Imperial Majesty"
"the Emperor and his train"
"confounded with astonishment"
"a capital crime"

BOOK FOUR

ROBINSON CRUSOE

DANIEL DEFOE

HOW I WENT TO SEA AND WAS SHIPWRECKED

I was born at York, in England, on the First of March, 1632. From the time when I was quite a young child I had felt a great wish to spend my life at sea, and as I grew, so did this taste grow more and more strong; till at last on September 1st, 1651, I ran away from my school and home, and found my way on foot to Hull, where I soon got a place on board a ship.

Never any young adventurer's misfortunes began sooner or continued longer than mine, for when we were far out at sea, some Turks in a small ship came on our track in full chase. After a long pursuit our vessel was captured and all on board were taken as slaves.

The chief of the Turks took me as his prize to a port which was held by the Moors. There I remained in slavery for several years, and bitterly did I repent my rash act in leaving my good parents in England.

At length I found an opportunity to escape to a vessel that was passing by and was kindly received by the captain, who proved to be an English sailor bound on a voyage of trade.

I had not been aboard more than twelve days, when a high wind took us off we knew not where. All at once there was a cry of "Land!" and the ship struck on a bank of sand, in which she sank so deep that we could not get her off. At last we found that we must make up our minds to leave her, and get to shore as well as we could. There had been a boat at her stern, but we found it had been torn off by the force of the waves. One small boat was still left on the ship's side, so we got in it.

There we were all of us on the wild sea. The heart of each now grew faint, our cheeks were pale, and our eyes were dim,

for there was but one hope, and that was to find some bay, and so get in the lee of the land.

The sea grew more and more rough, and its white foam would curl and boil till at last the waves, in their wild sport, burst on the boat's side, and we were all thrown out.

I could swim well, but the force of the waves made me lose my breath too much to do so. At length one large wave took me to the shore, and left me high and dry, though half dead with fear. I got on my feet and made the best of my way for the land; but just then the curve of a huge wave rose up as high as a hill, and this I had no strength to keep from, so it took me back to the sea. I did my best to float on the top, and held my breath to do so. The next wave was quite as high, and shut me up in its bulk. I held my hands down tight to my sides, and then my head shot out at the top of the waves. This gave me breath, and soon my feet felt the ground.

I stood quite still for a short time, to let the sea run back from me, and then I set off with all my might to the shore, but yet the waves caught me, and twice more did they take me back, and twice more land me on the shore. I thought the last wave would have been the death of me, for it drove me on a piece of rock, and with such force as to leave me in a kind of swoon. I soon regained my senses and got up to the cliffs close to the shore, where I found some grass, out of the reach of the sea. There I sat down, safe on land at last.

I felt so wrapt in joy, that all I could do was to walk up and down the coast, now lift up my hands, now fold them on my breast and thank God for all that He had done for me, when the rest of the men were lost. All lost but I, and I was safe! I now cast my eyes round me, to find out what kind of place it was that I had been thus thrown in, like a bird in a storm. Then all the glee I felt at first left me; for I was wet and cold, and had no dry clothes to put on, no food to eat, and not a friend to help me.

I feared that there might be wild beasts here, and I had no

gun to shoot them with, or to keep me from their jaws. I had but a knife and a pipe.

It now grew dark; and where was I to go for the night? I thought the top of some high tree would be a good place to keep me out of harm's way; and that there I might sit and think of death, for, as yet, I had no hopes of life. Well, I went to my tree, and made a kind of nest to sleep in. Then I cut a stick to keep off beasts of prey, in case any should come, and fell to sleep just as if the branch I lay on had been a bed of down.

When I woke up it was broad day; the sky too was clear and the sea calm. But I saw from the top of the tree that in the night the ship had left the bank of sand, and lay but a mile from me. I soon threw off my clothes, took to the sea, and swam up to the wreck. But how was I to get on deck? I had gone twice around the ship, when a piece of rope caught my eye, which hung down from her side so low that at first the waves hid it. By the help of this rope I got on board.

HOW I MADE AND USED A RAFT

I found that there was a bulge in the ship, and that she had sprung a leak. You may be sure that my first thought was to look around for some food, and I soon made my way to the bin where the bread was kept, and ate some of it as I went to and fro, for there was no time to lose. What I stood most in need of was a boat to take the goods to shore. But it was vain to wish for that which could not be had; and as there were some spare yards in the ship, two or three large planks, and a mast or two, I fell to work with these to make a raft.

I put four spars side by side, and laid short bits of plank on them, cross-ways, to make my raft strong. Though these planks would bear my own weight, they were too slight to bear much of my freight. So I took a saw which was on board, and cut a mast in three lengths, and these gave great strength to the raft. I found some bread and rice, a Dutch cheese, and some dry goat's flesh.

My next task was to screen my goods from the spray of the sea; and this did not take long, for there were three large chests on board which held all, and these I put on the raft.

"See, here is a prize!" said I, out loud (though there was none to hear me); "now I shall not starve." For I found four large guns. But how was my raft to be got to land? I had no sail, no oars; and a gust of wind would make all my store slide off. Yet there were three things which I was glad of—a calm sea, a tide which set in to the shore, and a slight breeze to blow me there.

I had the good luck to find some oars in a part of the ship in which I had made no search till now. With these I put to sea, and for half a mile my raft went well; but soon I found it driven to one side. At length I saw a creek, up which, with some toil, I took my raft.

I saw that there were birds on the isle, and I shot one of them. Mine must have been the first gun that had been heard there since the world was made; for, at the sound of it, whole flocks of birds flew up, with loud cries, from all parts of the wood. The shape of the beak of the one I shot was like that of a hawk, but the claws were not so large.

I now went back to my raft to land my stores, and this took up the rest of the day. What to do at night I knew not, nor where to find a safe place to land my stores on. I did not like to lie down on the ground, for fear of beasts of prey, as well as snakes, but there was no cause for these fears, as I have since found. I put the chests and boards round me as well as I could, and made a kind of hut for the night.

As there was still a great store of things left in the ship which would be of use to me, I thought that I ought to bring them to land at once; for I knew that the first storm would break up the ship. So I went on board, and took good care this time not to load my raft too much.

The first thing I sought for was the tool chest; and in it were some bags of nails, spikes, saws, knives, and such things; but

best of all, I found a stone to grind my tools on. There were two or three flasks, some large bags of shot, and a roll of lead; but this last I had not the strength to hoist up to the ship's side, so as to get it on my raft. There were some spare sails too, which I brought to shore.

Now that I had two freights of goods on hand, I made a tent with the ship's sails, to stow them in, and cut the poles for it from the wood. I now took all the things out of the casks and chests, and put the casks in piles round the tent, to give it strength; and when this was done, I shut up the door with the boards, spread one of the beds, which I had brought from the ship, on the ground, laid two guns close to my head, and went to bed for the first time. I slept all night, for I was much in need of rest.

The next day I was sad and sick at heart, for I felt how dull it was to be thus cut off from all the rest of the world! I had no great wish for work: but there was too much to be done for me to dwell long on my sad lot. Each day, as it came, I went off to the wreck to fetch more things; and I brought back as much as the raft would hold.

The last time I went to the wreck, the wind blew so hard that I made up my mind to go on board next time at low tide. I found some tea and some gold coin; but as to the gold, it made me laugh to look at it. "O drug!" said I, "thou art of no use to me! I care not to save thee. Stay where thou art till the ship goes down; then go thou with it!"

Still, I thought I might just as well take it; so I put it in a piece of the sail, and threw it on deck that I might place it on the raft. By-and-by the wind blew from the shore, so I had to hurry back with all speed; for I knew that at the turn of the tide I should find it hard work to get to land at all. But in spite of the high wind, I came to my home all safe. At dawn I put my head out, and cast my eyes on the sea, when lo! no ship was there!

This great change in the face of things, and the loss of such a friend, quite struck me down. Yet I was glad to think that I

had brought to shore all that could be of use to me. I had now to look out for some spot where I could make my home. Halfway up the hill there was a small plain, four or five score feet long, and twice as broad; and as it had a full view of the sea, I thought that it would be a good place for my house.

HOW I MADE MYSELF A HOME ON THE ISLAND

I first dug a trench round a space which took in twelve yards; and in this I drove two rows of stakes, till they stood firm like piles, five and a half feet from the ground. I made the stakes close and tight with bits of rope, and put small sticks on the top of them in the shape of spikes. This made so strong a fence that no man or beast could get in.

The door of my house was on top, and I had to climb up to it by steps, which I took in with me, so that no one else might come up by the same way. Close to the back of the house stood a sand rock, in which I made a cave, and laid all the earth that I had dug out of it round my house, to the height of a foot and a half. I had to go out once a day in search of food. The first time, I saw some goats, but they were too shy to let me get near them.

At first I thought that, for the lack of pen and ink, I should lose all note of time; so I made a large post, in the shape of a cross, on which I cut these words: "I came on shore here on the 30th of September, 1659." On the side of this post I made a notch each day, and this I kept up till the last.

I have not yet said a word of my four pets, which were two cats, a dog, and a parrot. You may guess how fond I was of them, for they were all the friends left to me. I brought the dog and two cats from the ship. The dog would fetch things for me at all times, and by his bark, his whine, his growl, and his tricks, he would all but talk to me; yet he could not give me thought for thought.

If I could but have had some one near me to find fault with, or to find fault with me, what a treat it would have been!

I was a long way out of the course of ships; and oh! how dull it was to be cast on this lone spot with no one to love, no one to make me laugh, no one to make me weep, no one to make me think. It was dull to roam, day by day, from the wood to the shore, and from the shore back to the wood, and feed on my own thoughts all the while.

So much for the sad view of my case; but like most things, it had a bright side as well as a dark one. For here was I safe on land, while all the rest of the ship's crew were lost. True, I am cast on a rough and rude part of the globe, but there are no beasts of prey on it to kill or hurt me. God has sent the ship so near to me that I have got from it all things to meet my wants for the rest of my days. Let life be what it may, there is sure to be much to thank God for. And I soon gave up all dull thoughts, and did not so much as look out for a sail.

My goods from the wreck had been in the cave for more than ten months; and it was time now to put them right, as they took up all the space, and left me no room to turn in: so I made my small cave a large one, and dug it out a long way back in the sand rock.

Then I brought the mouth of the cave up to my fence, and so made a back way to my house. This done I put shelves on each side, to hold my goods, which made the cave look like a shop full of stores. To make these shelves was a very difficult task and took a long time; for to make a board, I was forced to cut down a whole tree, and chop away with my ax till one side was flat, and then cut at the other side till the board was thin enough, when I smoothed it with my adze. But in this way, out of each tree I would only get one plank. I made for myself also a table and a chair, and finally got my castle, as I called it, in very good order.

I usually rose early and set to work till noon, then I ate my meal, then I went out with my gun, and to work once more till the sun had set; and then to bed. It took me more than a week to change the shape and size of my cave. Unfortunately I made

it far too large, for later on the earth fell in from the roof; and had I been in it when this took place, I should have lost my life. I had now to set up posts in my cave, with planks on the top of them, so as to make a roof of wood.

HOW I SUPPLIED MY NEEDS

I had to go to bed at dusk, till I made a lamp of goat's fat, which I put in a clay dish; and this, with a piece of hemp for a wick, made a good light. As I had found a use for the bag which had held the fowl's food on board ship, I shook out from it the husks of corn. This was just at the time when the great rains fell, and in the course of a month, blades of rice, corn, and rye sprang up. As time went by, and the grain was ripe, I kept it, and took care to sow it each year; but I could not boast of a crop of wheat for three years.

I knew that tools would be my first want, and that I should have to grind mine on the stone, as they were blunt and worn with use. But as it took both hands to hold the tool, I could not turn the stone; so I made a wheel by which I could move it with my foot. This was no small task, but I took great pains with it, and at length it was done.

I had now been in the isle twelve months, and I thought it was time to go all round it in search of its woods, springs, and creeks. So I set off, and brought back with me limes and grapes in their prime, large and ripe. I had hung the grapes in the sun to dry, and in a few days' time went to fetch them, that I might lay up a store. The vale, on the banks of which they grew, was fresh and green, and a clear bright stream ran through it, which gave so great a charm to the spot as to make me wish to live there.

But there was no view of the sea from this vale, while from my house no ships could come on my side of the isle and not be seen by me; yet the cool, soft banks were so sweet and new to me that much of my time was spent there.

In the first of the three years in which I had grown corn, I

had sown it too late; in the next it was spoilt by the drought; but the third year's crop had sprung up well.

Few of us think of the cost at which a loaf of bread is made. Of course, there was no plow here to turn up the earth, and no spade to dig it with, so I made one with wood; but this was soon worn out, and for want of a rake I made use of the bough of a tree. When I had got the corn home, I had to thresh it, part the grain from the chaff, and store it up. Then came the want of sieves to clean it, of a mill to grind it, and of yeast to make bread of it.

If I could have found a large stone, slightly hollow on top, I might, by pounding the grain on it with another round stone, have made very good meal. But all the stones I could find were too soft, and in the end I had to make a sort of mill of hard wood, in which I burned a hollow place, and on that pounded the grain into meal with a heavy stick.

Baking I did by building a big fire, then raking away the ashes, and putting the dough on the hot place, covered with a kind of basin made of clay, over which I had heaped the red ashes.

Thus my bread was made, though I had no tools; and no one could say that I did not earn it by the sweat of my brow. When the rain kept me in doors, it was good fun to teach my pet bird Poll to talk; but so mute were all things round me that the sound of my own voice made me start.

My chief wants now were jars, pots, cups, and plates, but I knew not how I could make them. At last I went in search of clay, and found a bank of it a mile from my house; but it was quite a joke to see the queer shapes and forms that I made out of it. For some of my pots and jars were too weak to bear their own weight; and they would fall out here, and in there, in all sorts of ways; while some, when they were put in the sun to bake, would crack with the heat of its rays. You may guess what my joy was when at last a pot was made which would stand the fire, so that I could boil the meat for broth.

The next thing to turn my thoughts to was the ship's boat, which lay on the high ridge of sand, where it had been thrust by the storm which had cast me on these shores. But it lay with the keel to the sky, so I had to dig the sand from it, and turn it up with the help of a pole. When I had done this, I found it was all in vain, for I had not the strength to launch it. So all I could do now was to make a boat of less size out of a tree; and I found one that was just fit for it, which grew not far from the shore, but I could no more stir this than I could the ship's boat.

"Well," thought I, "I must give up the boat, and with it all my hopes to leave the isle. But I have this to think of: I am lord of the whole isle; in fact, a king. I have wood with which I might build a fleet, and grapes, if not corn, to freight it with, though all my wealth is but a few gold coins." For these I had no sort of use, and could have found it in my heart to give them all for a peck of peas and some ink, which last I stood much in need of. But it was best to dwell more on what I had than on what I had not.

I now must needs try once more to build a boat, but this time it was to have a mast, for which the ship's sails would be of great use. I made a deck at each end to keep out the spray of the sea, a bin for my food, and a rest for my gun, with a flap to screen it from the wet. More than all, the boat was one of such a size that I could launch it.

My first cruise was up and down the creek, but soon I got bold, and made the whole round of my isle. I took with me bread, cakes, a pot full of rice, half a goat, and two great coats, one of which was to lie on, and one to put on at night. I set sail in the sixth year of my reign. On the east side of the isle there was a large ridge of rocks which lay two miles from the shore, and a shoal of sand lay for half a mile from the rocks to the beach. To get round to this point I had to sail a great way out to sea; and here I all but lost my life.

But I got back to my home at last. On my way there, quite

worn out with the toils of the boat, I lay down in the shade to rest my limbs, and slept. But judge, if you can, what a start I gave when a voice woke me out of my sleep, and spoke my name three times! A voice in this wild place! To call me by name, too! Then the voice said "Robin! Robin Crusoe! Where are you? Where have you been? How came you here?" But now I saw it all; for at the top of the hedge sat Poll, who did but say the words she had been taught by me.

I now went in search of some goats, and laid snares for them, with rice for a bait. I had set the traps in the night, and found they had all stood, though the bait was all gone. So I thought of a new way to take them, which was to make a pit and lay sticks and grass on it, so as to hide it; and in this way I caught an old goat and some kids. But the old goat was much too fierce for me, so I let him go.

I brought all the young ones home, and let them fast a long time, till at last they fed from my hand and were quite tame. I kept them in a kind of park, in which there were trees to screen them from the sun. At first my park was half a mile round; but it struck me that, in so great a space, the kids would soon get as wild as if they had the range of the whole vale, and that it would be as well to give them less room; so I had to make a hedge, which took me three months to plant. My park held a flock of twelve goats, and in two years more there were more than two score.

My dog sat at meals with me, and one cat on each side of me, on stools, and we had Poll to talk to us. Now for a word or two as to the dress in which I made a tour round the isle. I could but think how droll it would look in the streets of the town in which I was born.

I usually wore a high cap of goat's skin, with a long flap that hung down, to keep the sun and rain from my neck, a coat made from the skin of a goat too, the skirts of which came down to my hips, and the same on my legs, with no shoes, but flaps of the fur round my shins. I had a broad belt of the same round

my waist, which drew on with two thongs; and from it, on my right side, hung a saw and an ax; and on my left side a pouch for the shot. My beard had not been cut since I came here. But no more need be said of my looks, for there were few to see me.

HOW I DISCOVERED A FOOTPRINT AND SAVED FRIDAY

A strange sight was now in store for me, which was to change the whole course of my life in the isle.

One day at noon, while on a stroll down to a part of the shore that was new to me, what should I see on the sand but the print of a man's foot! I felt as if I was bound by a spell, and could not stir from the spot.

By-and-by, I stole a look round me, but no one was in sight. What could this mean? I went three or four times to look at it. There it was—the print of a man's foot; toes, heel, and all the parts of a foot. How could it have come there?

My head swam with fear; and as I left the spot, I made two or three steps, and then took a look around me; then two steps more, and did the same thing. I took fright at the stump of an old tree, and ran to my house, as if for my life. How could aught in the shape of a man come to that shore, and I not know it? Where was the ship that brought him? Then a vague dread took hold of my mind, that some man, or set of men, had found me out; and it might be that they meant to kill me, or rob me of all I had.

Fear kept me indoors for three days, till the want of food drove me out. At last I was so bold as to go down to the coast to look once more at the print of the foot, to see if it was the same shape as my own. I found it was not so large by a great deal; so it was clear that it was not one of my own footprints and that there were men in the isle.

One day as I went from the hill to the coast, a scene lay in front of me which made me sick at heart. The spot was spread with the bones of men. There was a round place dug in the

earth, where a fire had been made, and here some men had come to feast. Now that I had seen this sight, I knew not how to act; I kept close to my home, and would scarce stir from it save to milk my flock of goats.

A few days later I was struck by the sight of some smoke, which came from a fire no more than two miles off. From this time I lost all my peace of mind. Day and night a dread would haunt me that the men who had made this fire would find me out. I went home and drew up my steps, but first I made all things round me look wild and rude. To load my gun was the next thing to do, and I thought it would be best to stay at home and hide.

But this was not to be borne long. I had no spy to send out, and all I could do was to get to the top of the hill and keep a good look-out. At last, through my glass, I could see a group of wild men join in a dance round their fire. As soon as they had left I took two guns, and slung a sword on my side; then with all speed I set off to the top of the hill, once more to have a good view.

This time I made up my mind to go up to the men, but not with a view to kill them, for I felt that it would be wrong to do so. With a heavy load of arms it took me two hours to reach the spot where the fire was; and by the time I got there the men had all gone; but I saw them in four boats out at sea.

Down on the shore, there was a proof of what the work of these men had been. The signs of their feast made me sick at heart, and I shut my eyes. I durst not fire my gun when I went out for food on that side the isle, lest there should be some of the men left, who might hear it, and so find me out.

From this time all went well with me for two years; but it was not to last. One day, as I stood on the hill, I saw six boats on the shore. What could this mean? Where were the men who had brought them? And what had they come for? I saw through my glass that there were a score and a half at least on the east side of the isle. They had meat on the fire,

round which I could see them dance. They then took a man from one of the boats, who was bound hand and foot; but when they loosed his bonds, he set off as fast as his feet would take him, and in a straight line to my house.

To tell the truth, when I saw all the rest of the men run to catch him my hair stood on end with fright. In the creek he swam like a fish, and the plunge which he took brought him through it in a few strokes. All the men now gave up the chase but two, and they swam through the creek, but by no means so fast as the slave had done.

Now, I thought, was the time for me to help the poor man, and my heart told me it would be right to do so. I ran down my steps with my two guns, and went with all speed up the hill, and then down by a short cut to meet them.

I gave a sign to the poor slave to come to me, and at the same time went up to meet the two men who were in chase of him. I made a rush at the first of these, to knock him down with the stock of my gun, and he fell. I saw the one who was left aim at me with his bow, so, to save my life, I aimed carefully and shot him dead.

The smoke and noise from my gun gave the poor slave who had been bound such a shock that he stood still on the spot, as if he had been in a trance. I gave a loud shout for him to come to me, and I took care to show him that I was a friend, and made all the signs I could think of to coax him up to me. At length he came, knelt down to kiss the ground, and then took hold of my foot and set it on his head. All this meant that he was my slave; and I bade him rise and made much of him.

I did not like to take my slave to my house, nor to my cave; so I threw down some straw from the rice plant for him to sleep on, and gave him some bread and a bunch of dry grapes to eat. He was a fine man, with straight, strong limbs, tall and young. His hair was thick, like wool, and black. His head was large and high, and he had bright black eyes. He was of a dark brown hue; his face was round and his nose small, but not flat; he had

a good mouth with thin lips, with which he could give a soft smile; and his teeth were as white as snow.

Toward evening I had been out to milk my goats, and when he saw me he ran to me and lay down on the ground to show me his thanks. He then put his head on the ground and set my foot on his head, as he had done at first. He took all the means he could think of to let me know that he would serve me all his life; and I gave a sign to make him understand that I thought well of him.

The next thing was to think of some name to call him by. I chose that of the sixth day of the week, Friday, as he came to me on that day. I took care not to lose sight of him all that night. When the sun rose we went up to the top of the hill to look out for the men, but as we could not see them or their boats, it was clear that they had left the isle.

I now set to work to make my man a cap of hare's skin, and gave him a goat's skin to wear round his waist. It was a great source of pride to him to find that his clothes were as good as my own.

At night, I kept my guns, swords, and bow close to my side; but there was no need for this, as my slave was, in sooth, most true to me. He did all that he was set to do, with all his whole heart in the work; and I knew that he would lay down his life to save mine. What could a man do more than that? And oh, the joy to have him here to cheer me in this lone isle!

HOW FRIDAY LEARNED MY WAYS

I did my best to teach him, so like a child as he was, to do and feel all that was right. I found him apt, and full of fun; and he took great pains to understand and learn all that I could tell him.

One day I sent him to beat out and sift some corn. I let him see me make the bread, and he soon did all the work. I felt quite a love for his true, warm heart, and he soon learned to talk to me. One day I said, "Do the men of your tribe win

in fight?" He told me, with a smile, that they did. "Well, then," said I, "how came they to let their foes take you?"

"They run one, two, three, and make go in the boat that time."

"Well, and what do the men do with those they take?"

"Eat them all up."

This was not good news for me, but I went on, and said, "Where do they take them?"

"Go to next place where they think."

"Do they come here?"

"Yes, yes, they come here, come else place too."

"Have you been here with them twice?"

"Yes, come there."

He meant the northwest side of the isle, so to this spot I took him the next day. He knew the place, and told me he was there once, and with him twelve men. To let me know this, he placed twelve stones all in a row, and made me count them.

"Are not the boats lost on your shore now and then?" He said that there was no fear, and that no boats were lost. He told me that up a great way by the moon—that is, where the moon then came up—there dwelt a tribe of white men like me, with beards. I felt sure that they must have come from Spain, to work the gold mines. I put this to him: "Could I go from this isle and join those men?"

"Yes, yes, you may go in two boats."

It was hard to see how one man could go in two boats, but what he meant was, a boat twice as large as my own.

To please my poor slave, I gave him a sketch of my whole life; I told him where I was born, and where I spent my days when a child. He was glad to hear tales of the land of my birth, and of the trade which we kept up, in ships, with all parts of the known world. I gave him a knife and a belt, which made him dance with joy.

One day as we stood on the top of the hill at the east side of the isle, I saw him fix his eyes on the main land, and stand for

a long time to gaze at it; then jump and sing, and call out to me.

"What do you see?" said I.

"O joy!" said he, with a fierce glee in his eyes, "O glad! There see my land!"

Why did he strain his eyes to stare at this land as if he had a wish to be there? It put fears in my mind which made me feel far less at my ease with him. Thought I, if he should go back to his home, he will think no more of what I have taught him and done for him. He will be sure to tell the rest of his tribe all my ways, and come back with, it may be scores of them, and kill me, and then dance round me, as they did round the men, the last time they came on my isle.

But these were all false fears, though they found a place in my mind a long while; and I was not so kind to him now as I had been. From this time I made it a rule, day by day, to find out if there were grounds for my fears or not. I said, "Do you wish to be once more in your own land?"

"Yes! I be much O glad to be at my own land."

"What would you do there? Would you turn wild, and be as you were?"

"No, no, I would tell them to be good, tell them eat bread, corn, milk, no eat man more!"

"Why, they would kill you!"

"No, no, they no kill; they love learn."

He then told me that some white men who had come on their shores in a boat had taught them a great deal.

"Then will you go back to your land with me?"

He said he could not swim so far, so I told him he should help me to build a boat to go in. Then he said, "If you go, I go."

"I go? why, they would eat me!"

"No, me make them much love you."

Then he told me as well as he could, how kind they had been to some white men. I brought out the large boat to hear what he thought of it, but he said it was too small. We then

went to look at the old ship's boat, which, as it had been in the sun for years, was not at all in a sound state. The poor man made sure that it would do. But how were we to know this? I told him we should build a boat as large as that, and that he should go home in it. He spoke not a word, but was grave and sad.

"What ails you?" said I

"Why you grieve mad with your man?"

"What do you mean? I am not cross with you."

"No cross? no cross with me? Why send your man home to his own land, then?"

"Did you not tell me you would like to go back?"

"Yes, yes, we both there; no wish self there, if you not there!"

"And what should I do there?"

"You do great deal much good! you teach wild men be good men."

We soon set to work to make a boat that would take us both. The first thing was to look out for some large trees that grew near the shore, so that we could launch our boat when it was made. My slave's plan was to burn the wood to make it the right shape; but as mine was to hew it, I set him to work with my tools, and in two months' time we had made a good strong boat; but it took a long while to get her down to the shore and float her.

Friday had the whole charge of her; and, large as she was, he made her move with ease, and said, "he thought she go there well, though great blow wind!" He did not know that I meant to make a mast and sail. I cut down a young fir tree for the mast, and then I set to work at the sail. It made me laugh to see my man stand and stare, when he came to watch me sail the boat. But he soon gave a jump, a laugh, and a clap of the hands when for the first time he saw the sail jib and fall, now on this side, now on that.

The next thing to do was to stow our boat up in the creek,

where we dug a small dock; and when the tide was low, we made a dam, to keep out the sea. The time of year had now come for us to set sail, so we got out all our stores, to put them in the boat.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE ENGLISH SHIP AND HOW I SAILED FOR HOME

I was fast asleep in my hutch one morning, when my man Friday came running in to me, and called aloud, "Master, master, they are come, they are come!" I jumped up, and went out as soon as I could get my clothes on, through my little grove, which, by the way, was by this time grown to be a very thick wood. I went without my arms, which was not my custom to do: but I was surprised when, turning my eyes to the sea, I saw a boat at about a league and a half distance, standing in for the shore, with a shoulder-of-mutton sail, as they call it, and the wind blowing pretty fair to bring them in: also I saw that they did not come from that side which the shore lay on, but from the south end of the island.

Upon this I hastily called Friday in, and bade him lie close, for we did not know yet whether they were friends or enemies. In the next place, I went in to fetch my glass, to see what I could make of them; and, having climbed up to the top of the hill, I saw a ship lying at anchor, at about two leagues from me, but not above a league and a half from the shore. It seemed to be an English ship, and the boat looked like an English long-boat.

They ran their boat on shore upon the beach, at about half a mile from me; which was very happy for me, else they would have landed just at my door, as I may say, and would soon have beaten me out of my castle, and perhaps have plundered me of all I had. When they were on shore, I saw they were Englishmen; there were in all eleven men, whereof three of them I found were unarmed, and, as I thought, bound; and when the first four or five of them had jumped on shore, they took those

three out of the boat as prisoners: one of the three I could see using the gestures of entreaty and despair; the other two, I could see, lifted up their hands and appeared concerned but not to such a degree as the first.

I was shocked and terrified at the sight of all this and knew not what the meaning of it could be. Friday called out to me in English, as well as he could, "O master! you see English mans eat prisoner as well as savage mans." "Why, Friday," said I, "do you think they are going to eat them, then?"—"Yes," said Friday, "they will eat them."—"No, no," said I, "Friday; I am afraid they will murder them indeed; but you may be sure they will not eat them."

I expected to see the three prisoners killed every minute, so I fitted myself up for a battle, though with much caution, knowing that I had to do with another kind of enemy than if I were fighting savages. I ordered Friday also to load himself with arms. I took myself two fowling-pieces, and I gave him two muskets. My figure was very fierce; I had my goat-skin coat on, with the great cap, a naked sword, two pistols in my belt, and a gun upon each shoulder.

It was my design not to have made any attempt till it was dark; but about two o'clock, being the heat of the day, I found, in short, they had all gone straggling into the woods, and, as I thought, had all laid down to sleep. The three poor distressed men, too anxious for their condition to get any sleep, had, however, sat down under the shelter of a great tree.

I resolved to discover myself to them, and learn something of their condition; immediately I marched toward them, my man Friday at a good distance behind me, as formidable for his arms as I, but not making quite so staring a spectre-like figure as I did. I came as near them undiscovered as I could, and then, before any of them saw me, I called aloud to them in Spanish, "Who are ye, sirs?"

They gave a start at my voice and at my strange dress, and made a move as if they would fly from me. I said, "Do not fear

me, for it may be that you have a friend at hand, though you do not think it." "He must be sent from the sky then," said one of them with a grave look; and he took off his hat to me at the same time. "All help is from thence, sir," I said. "But what can I do to aid you? You look as if you had some load of grief on your breast. A moment ago I saw one of the men lift his sword as if to kill you."

The tears ran down the poor man's face, as he said, "Is this a god, or is it but a man?" "Have no doubt on that score, sir," said I, "for a god would not have come with a dress like this. No, do not fear—nor raise your hopes too high; for you see but a man, yet one who will do all he can to help you. Your speech shows me that you come from the same land as I do. I will do all I can to serve you. Tell me your case?"

"Our case, sir, is too long to tell you while they who would kill us are so near. My name is Paul. To be short, sir, my crew have thrust me out of my ship, which you see out there, and have left me here to die. It was as much as I could do to make them sheathe their swords, which you saw were drawn to slay me. They have set me down in this isle with these two men, my friend here, and the ship's mate."

"Where have they gone?" said I.

"There, in the wood close by. I fear they may have seen and heard us. If they have, they will be sure to kill us all."

"Have they fire-arms?"

"They have four guns, one of which is in the boat."

"Well, then, leave all to me!"

"There are two of the men," said he, "who are worse than the rest. All but these I feel sure would go back to work the ship."

I thought it was best to speak out to Paul at once, and I said, "Now if I save your life, there are two things which you must do."

But he read my thoughts, and said. "If you save my life, you shall do as you like with me and my ship, and take her where you please."

I saw that the two men, in whose charge the boat had been left, had come on shore; so the first thing I did was to send Friday to fetch from it the oars, the sail, and the gun. And now the ship might be said to be in our hands. When the time came for the men to go back to the ship, they were in a great rage; for, as the boat had now no sail nor oars, they knew not how to get out to their ship.

We heard them say that it was a strange sort of isle, for that sprites had come to the boat, to take off the sails and oars. We could see them run to and fro, with great rage; then go and sit in the boat to rest, and then come on shore once more. When they drew near to us, Paul and Friday would fain have had me fall on them at once. But my wish was to spare them, and kill as few as possible. I told two of my men to creep on their hands and knees close to the ground, so that they might not be seen, and when they got up to the men, not to fire till I gave the word.

They had not stood thus long when three of the crew came up to us. Till now we had but heard their voices, but when they came so near as to be seen, Paul and Friday stood up and shot at them. Two of the men fell dead, and they were the worst of the crew, and the third ran off. At the sound of the guns I came up, but it was so dark that the men could not tell if there were three of us or three score.

It fell out just as I wished, for I heard the men ask: "To whom must we yield, and where are they?" Friday told them that Paul was there with the king of the isle, who had brought with him a crowd of men! At this one of the crew said: "If Paul will spare our lives we will yield." "Then," said Friday, "you shall know the king's will." Then Paul said to them: "You know my voice; if you lay down your arms the king will spare your lives."

They fell on their knees to beg the same of me. I took good care that they did not see me, but I gave them my word that they should all live, that I should take four of them to work

the ship, and that the rest would be bound hand and foot for the good faith of the four. This was to show them what a stern king I was.

Of course I soon set them free, and I put them in a way to take my place on the isle. I told them of all my ways, taught them how to mind the goats, how to work the farm and make the bread. I gave them a house to live in, firearms, tools, and my two tame cats; in fact, all that I owned but Poll and my gold.

As I sat on the top of the hill Paul came up to me. He held out his hand to point to the ship, and with much warmth took me to his arms and said: "My dear friend, there is your ship! for this vessel is all yours, and all that is in her, and so are all of us."

I made ready to go on board the ship, but told the captain I would stay that night to get my things in shape, and asked him to go on board in the meantime and keep things right on the ship.

I cast my eyes to the ship, which rode half a mile off the shore, at the mouth of the creek, and near the place where I had brought my raft to the land. Yes, there she stood, the ship that was to set me free and to take me where I might choose to go. She set her sails to the wind and her flags threw out their gay stripes in the breeze. Such a sight was too much for me, and I fell down faint with joy.

Friday and Paul then went on board the ship, and Paul took charge of her once more. We did not start that night, but at noon the next day I left the isle—that lone isle, where I had spent so great a part of my life.

When I took leave of this island, I carried on board a great goat-skin cap I had made, and my parrot; also the money which had lain by me so long useless that it was grown rusty or tarnished, and could hardly pass for gold till it had been a little rubbed and handled. And thus I left the island, the 19th of December, as I found by the ship's account, in the year 1686,

after I had been upon it seven-and-twenty years, one month, and nineteen days; being delivered from this second captivity the same day of the month that I first made my escape from among the Moors. In this vessel, after a long voyage, I arrived in England the 11th of June, in the year 1687, having been more than thirty-five years absent.

Helps to Study

Notes and Questions

Why was an ocean voyage so difficult and dangerous at the time in which Robinson Crusoe lived?

Read the lines which describe what you think was the most difficult work undertaken by Robinson Crusoe.

What undertaking required the most perseverance? Read lines which show this.

At what time did he show the greatest courage? Read lines which seem to you to prove your answer is correct.

What was the greatest disappointment which he had to bear while on the island?

What do you think was the greatest happiness he had?

Read lines which tell how Robinson Crusoe studied how to make something he needed very much.

Mention some thing which he made and which you have tried to make.

How did your result compare with his? What reason can you give for this?

What part of the story do you like best?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

dē-sign′ (zīn)
gest′-ure (jĕst′-yūr)
căp-tĭv′-ĭ-ty
cruise (kruz)
fôr′-mĭ-dȧ-ble
drought (drout)
sieve (sĭv)
spĕc′-tre (tĕr)
league (lēg)
bulge (bŭlj)
launch (lônch)
yeast (yēst)
jĭb
ought (ôt)
doubt (dout)
spärs
sheathe (shēth)
sprītes
yield (yēld)
hew (hū)
tär′-nĭshed
pŭr-suit′ (sūt)
bŭlk
roam (rōm)
wrapt (răpt)
swōōn
shoal (shōl)

VOCABULARY:

reign (rān)—the time during which a king or queen rules; supreme authority.

tour (tōōr)—a journey; an excursion.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"lee of the land"
"wrapt in joy"
"bulge"
"spare yards"
"spars"
"O drug!"
"vale"
"sweat of my brow"
"peace of mind"
"durst"
"made much of him"
"in sooth"
"I found him apt"
"league"
"standing in for the shore"
"appeared concerned"
"fowling-pieces"
"naked sword"
"not my design"
"discover myself to them"
"spectre-like figure"
"sprites"

PART III

GREAT AMERICAN AUTHORS

A man lives in the last half of life on the memory of things read in the first half of life. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

PART III

GREAT AMERICAN AUTHORS

THE WHISTLE*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790) was born in Boston. When a small boy he assisted his father, who was a tallow chandler, by cutting wicks for the candles and pouring the moulds. He learned the printer's trade, but having difficulty with his brother for whom he worked, he went to Philadelphia, where later he became an editor He invented the lightning-rod and the "Franklin stove." Franklin was sent to England and France to represent our government there. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children, and being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family.

My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, Don't give too much for the whistle; and I saved my money.

*From a letter addressed to a friend, 1779.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, This man gives too much for his whistle.

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, He pays indeed, said I, too much for his whistle.

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, Poor man, said I, you pay too much for your whistle.

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, Mistaken man, said I, you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, Alas! say I, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, What a pity, say I, that she should pay so much for a whistle!

In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

Why did Franklin pay too much for his whistle?

How was this incident of use to him afterward?

How does it apply to the man fond of popularity? To the miser?

When does the man of pleasure pay too much for his "whistle"? When does the one who cares too much for appearance?

Express this thought in other words.

Do you like your expression as well as Franklin's way of saying it?

Tell what you can about the author.

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

dĭ-rĕct'-lў
dĭs-tûrb'-ĭng
ĭm-prĕs'-sion (prĕsh'-ŭn)
ăm-bĭ'-tious (bĭsh'-ŭs)
cha-grĭn' (shà-grĭn')
laud'-à-ble (lôd'-à-b'l)
lĕv-ēē'
pŏp-ū-lăr'-ĭ-tў
săc'rĭ-fĭce-ing (fĭz')
eq'-ui-page (ĕk'-wĭ-paj)
ăc-cū'-mû-lāt-ĭng
cŏr-pō'-rē-ăl

VOCABULARY:

vĕx-a'-tion (vĕk-sā'-shŭn) state of being troubled.
săc'-rĭ-fice—to give up something in order to gain something else.
bē-nĕv'-ō-lĕnt—having a desire to do good; generous; kind.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"voluntarily"
"reflection"
"chagrin"
"observed"
"accumulating"
"laudable"
"corporeal sensations"
"equipages"
"miscries"
"court favor"
"attendance on levees"
"above his fortune"

AN AX TO GRIND

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

When I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow!" said he. "Will you let me grind my ax on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered. "It is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettleful.

"How old are you?—and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply. "I'm sure you are one of the finest lads that I have ever seen. Will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rang, and I could not get away. My hands were blistered, and the ax was not half ground.

At length, however, it was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant! Scud to the school, or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal is too much."

It sank deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

How did the man secure the boy's help?
How did he show ingratitude in his treatment of the boy?
How would you have sought the boy's help?
In what way was this incident of use to Franklin afterward?
What is meant when we say of a person that he has "an ax to grind"?
How do you think Franklin valued sincerity?
How do you value it?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

ăc-cŏst'-ĕd
ket'-tle-ful (kĕt'-'l-fo͝ol)
bĕg'-ging
grīnd'-stōne
răs'-căl
rue (ro͞o)

VOCABULARY:

kŏm′-plĭ-ment—an expression of approval.

ĭn-grāt′-ĭ-tūde—a lack of thankfulness; ill return for a favor.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"accosted" "rue the day"

"sank deep into my mind" "Tickled with the flattery"

THE YELLOW VIOLET

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878) was born in the rugged hill country of western Massachusetts. He removed to New York and became editor of the "Evening Post," a position which he continued to hold throughout his long life. He was kind and polite to all. He had a remarkable memory and it is said he could repeat "by heart" every poem he had written.

1

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

2

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

3

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mould,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

4

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

5

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

6

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk,
But 'midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

7

So they, who climb to wealth, forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried.
I copied them—but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

8

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

When does the poet say the violet makes its appearance?

What is the "violet's modest bell"?

Why is the violet called a "modest" flower?

When does the poet say he loves to meet the violet?

What does "Alone" add to the meaning of the last line of stanza two?

In the third stanza what is meant by "her train"?

What are "the hands of Spring"?

In what sense is the sun the "parent" of the violet?

What are the "Pale skies" referred to in stanza four?

Why does Bryant say the violet's seat is low?

What does the poet mean by "early smile"?

What does the poet say "Thy early smile" has often done for him?

Why does Bryant stop to view the violet in April and pass it by in May?

With what does the poet compare this treatment of the violet?

What is meant by the word "climb" in stanza seven?

What does the poet say he regrets?

What are "the painted tribes of light"?

To what "genial hour" does the poet refer in the first line of stanza eight?

Why does the poet say he will not again o'erlook "the modest flower"?

Which stanza of the poem do you like best?

What other poem on the violet have you read?

Tell what you can about the author.

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

war'-ble (wôr'-b'l)	lŏft'-i-er (tĭ-ẽr)	mould (mōld)
re-sume' (rẽ-zūm')	ŭn-ăpt'	bathed (bāthd)
streaked (strēkt)	flaunt'-ĭng (flänt)	stayed (stād)
pâr'-ĕnt	cŏp'-ied (ĭd)	ge'-nĭ-ăl (jē)
earth'-ward (ûrth'-wẽrd)	fôr'-tûnes	vir'-gin (vûr'-jĭn)

VOCABULARY:

mŏd'-ĕst—not forward or bold; retiring.

gôr'-geous (jŭs)—rich in color; magnificent; beautiful.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"beechen buds"	"humble stalk"
"russet fields"	"darker fortunes"
"virgin air"	"ape the ways of pride"
"glowing lip"	"unapt"
"watery mould"	"flaunting nigh"
"chilling moisture"	"stayed my walk"

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

1

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our Mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

2

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

3

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

4

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

5

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

What season is described here?
What signs of gladness are mentioned in the first two stanzas?
Which of these have you seen in springtime?
Have you ever seen clouds which seem to chase one another?
Why do aspen leaves "dance"?
What is meant by "a laugh from the brook"?
What is meant by "a smile on the fruit"?
What does the poet say the sun will do for us?
Do you think Spring is "a time to be cloudy and sad"? Why?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

wĭld'-ĭng	vāle	beech'-en (bēch'n)
frŏl'-ic	tĭt'-ter (ēr)	isles (īls)

VOCABULARY:

gāy'-lў—with mirth and frolic; in a gay manner.
asp'-en (ăs'-pĕn)—a kind of poplar tree, the leaves of which quiver or move by a very slight current of air.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"frolic chase"
"blossoming ground"
"gladness breathes"
"titter of winds"

THE HUSKERS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892) was a native of Haverhill, Massachusetts. He attended the district school, but his parents were too poor to send him to college. He was patriotic, fond of children, and of nature. He is called the "Quaker Poet."

1

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again;
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow flowers of May.

2

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped;
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchards, and softly pictured wood.

3

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

4

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not why;
And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

5

From spire and barn, looked westerly the patient weathercocks;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell.

6

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green waves of rye;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

7

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that, dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

8

There wrought the busy harvester; and many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long, barn-floor its load of husk and grain;
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

9

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream, and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

10

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay;
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.

11

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below;
The glowing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

12

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart;
While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

13

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-ballad sung.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

What had the frost done that made the woodlands gay?

What words in the second stanza make you feel that the wood was some distance away?

To whom does "he" in the third stanza refer?

What words in the second stanza explain the word "haze" in the third stanza?

What gave the beeches the appearance of being painted?

Where did the girls find the aster-flowers?

What do you think was the reason the boys laughed when they looked up to the sky?

Read lines from the fifth stanza which tell that there was no wind.

What does the second stanza tell about the summer grains?

What "summer grain" is mentioned in this stanza?

What crop was still ungathered?

Where were the harvesters at work?

What was it that set the sky "all afire beyond?"

What was the "milder glory" which shone as the sun was setting?

Why does Whittier speak of the farm-houses as "brown" (stanza ten)?

Where did the husking take place?

What tells you this?

How did the old men spend the evening?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

chās'-tened (chās'nd)	twī'-lĭght	scēne (sēn)
glō'-rĭ-fied	lăpsed (lăpsd)	rāy'-lĕss
glĭs'-tened (glĭs-'nd)	mow (mou)	pĭc'-tûred
slōp'-ĭng	trăn'-quĭl (kwĭl)	sēre
wain (wān)	sŭb-dūed'	psälm (säm)

VOCABULARY:

hōst—one who receives or entertains another.
băl'-lad—a popular song in simple verses.
sē-rēne'—calm; placid; bright; clear.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"rayless disk of fire"	"glory fell chastened"
"golden shuttle"	"glorified the hill"
"stubble fields"	"sunshine of sweet looks"
"patient weathercocks"	"waves of rye"
"verdant fold"	"dry and sere"
"eastern sea-bluffs"	"ripened charge"
"hamlet without name"	"creaking wain"
"bleaching in the sun"	"glimmering o'er"
"slow sloping to the night"	"serene of look and heart"

THE CORN-SONG

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

1

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
  Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
  From out her lavish horn!

2

Let other lands, exulting, glean
  The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
  The cluster from the vine;

3

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

4

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

5

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

6

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

7

And now, with Autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

* * *

8

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

9

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly:

10

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

To whom is the poet speaking in the first two stanzas?
Why does he speak of corn as a "wintry hoard"?
Is all corn "golden"? What other kinds have you seen?
Name other gifts Autumn brings us?
What do we call the "apple from the pine"?
What fruits are mentioned in the second stanza?
What clusters are picked from vines?
In what "other lands" do these fruits grow?
What does the poet mean by "Our rugged vales"?
Where was Whittier's home?
What do you know of the soil and climate of New England?
Read the line which tells when we plant the corn.
Read the lines which tell when we harvest the corn.
What is the "yellow hair" the corn waves in summer?
What does the poet mean by "frosted leaves"?
What does he think of those who scorn the blessing of the corn?
What destroying influences are mentioned in the ninth stanza?
What wish does he express in the last stanza?
Which stanza do you like best?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

lăv'-ĭsh	glŏss'-ȳ	mĭl'-dew (dū)
ex-ult'-ing (ĕg-zŭlt'-ĭng)	meads (mēds)	à-dôrn'
glean (glēn)	fŭr'-rōws	clŭs'-tẽr

VOCABULARY:

hoard (hōrd)—a store laid up; a supply.
här'-dy—able to withstand cold, as plants of cold regions.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"hardy gift" "meads of flowers" "goodly root"
"robber crows" "sprouting grain" "changeful April"
"lavish horn"—Amalthea (ăm-ăl-thē'-à) was the nurse of Zeus (Zūs), the chief god of the ancient Greek people, and is supposed to have been a goat. Zeus broke off Amalthea's horn and gave it the magical power of becoming filled with whatever its possessor wished. This horn became famous as the "horn of plenty." Here applied to Autumn.

CAPTURING THE WILD HORSE

WASHINGTON IRVING

Washington Irving (1783-1859) was a native of New York. He was an interesting story-teller and a writer of humorous tales. As a boy Irving was rather mischievous, which trait perhaps helped him to become the "First American Humorist." He is called the "Gentle Humorist."

We left the buffalo camp about eight o'clock, and had a toilsome march of two hours, over ridges of hills, covered with a ragged forest of scrub-oaks, and broken by deep gullies. Among the oaks I observed many of the most diminutive size; some not above a foot high, yet bearing abundance of small acorns.

About ten o'clock in the morning we came to where this line of rugged hills swept down into a valley, through which flowed the north fork of the Red River. A beautiful meadow about half

a mile wide, colored with yellow autumnal flowers, stretched for two or three miles along the foot of the hills, bordered on the opposite side by the river, whose bank was fringed with cottonwood trees.

The meadow was finely diversified by groves and clumps of trees, so happily arranged, that they seemed as if set out by the hand of art. As we cast our eyes over this fresh and delightful valley, we saw a troop of wild horses, quietly grazing on a green lawn, about a mile distant to our right, while to our left, at nearly the same distance, were several buffaloes; some feeding, others reposing and ruminating among the high rich herbage, under the shade of a clump of cottonwood trees. The whole had the appearance of a broad beautiful tract of pasture land, on the estate of some gentleman farmer, with his cattle grazing about the lawns and meadows.

A council of war was now held, and it was determined to profit by the present favorable opportunity, and try our hand at the grand hunting maneuver, which is called ringing the wild horse.

This requires a large party of horsemen, well mounted. They extend themselves in each direction, singly, at certain distances apart, and gradually form a ring of two or three miles in circumference, so as to surround the game. This has to be done with extreme care, for the wild horse is the most readily alarmed inhabitant of the prairie, and can scent a hunter at a great distance, if to windward.

The ring being formed, two or three ride toward the horses, who start off in an opposite direction. Whenever they approach the bounds of the ring, however, a huntsman presents himself and turns them from their course. In this way, they are checked and driven back at every point, and kept galloping round and round this magic circle, until, being completely tired down, it is easy for the hunters to ride up beside them, and throw the lariat over their heads. The prime horses of most speed, courage, and bottom, however, are apt to break through and

escape, so that, in general, it is the second-rate horses that are taken.

Preparations were now made for a hunt of the kind. The pack-horses were taken into the woods and firmly tied to trees, lest, in a rush of the wild horses, they should break away with them. Twenty-five men were then sent under the command of a lieutenant, to steal along the edge of the valley within the strip of wood that skirted the hills. They were to station themselves about fifty yards apart, within the edge of the woods, and not advance or show themselves until the horses dashed in that direction.

Twenty-five men were sent across the valley, to steal in like manner along the river bank that bordered the opposite side, and to station themselves among the trees. A third party, of about the same number, was to form a line, stretching across the lower part of the valley, so as to connect the two wings. Beatte and our other half-breed, Antoine, together with the ever-officious Tonish, were to make a circuit through the woods so as to get to the upper part of the valley, in the rear of the horses, and to drive them forward into the kind of sack that we had formed, while the two wings should join behind them and make a complete circle.

The flanking parties were quietly extending themselves, out of sight, on each side of the valley, and the rest were stretching themselves, like the links of a chain across it, when the wild horses gave signs that they scented an enemy,—snuffing the air, snorting, and looking about.

At length they pranced off slowly toward the river, and disappeared behind a green bank. Here, had the rules of the chase been observed, they would have been quietly checked and turned back by the advance of a hunter from among the trees; unluckily, however, we had our wildfire Jack-o'-lantern little Frenchman to deal with.

Instead of keeping quietly up the right side of the valley, to get above the horses, the moment he saw them move toward the

river, he broke out of the thicket of woods, and dashed furiously across the plain in pursuit of them, being mounted on one of the led horses belonging to the Count. This put an end to all system. The half-breeds and half a score of rangers joined in the chase.

Away they all went over the green bank; in a moment or two the wild horses reappeared, and came thundering down the valley, with Frenchman, half-breeds, and rangers galloping and yelling like mad behind them. It was in vain that the line drawn across the valley attempted to check and turn back the fugitives. They were too hotly pressed by their pursuers; in their panic they dashed through the line, and clattered down the plain.

The whole troop joined in the headlong chase, some of the rangers without hats or caps, their hair flying about their ears, others with handkerchiefs tied round their heads. The buffaloes, who had been calmly ruminating among the herbage, heaved up their huge forms, gazed for a moment with astonishment at the tempest that came scouring down the meadow, then turned and took to heavy-rolling flight. They were soon overtaken; the mixed throng were pressed together by the sides of the valley, and away they went, pell-mell, hurry-scurry, wild buffalo, wild horse, wild huntsman, with clang and clatter, and whoop and halloo, that made the forests ring.

At length the buffaloes turned into a green brake on the river bank, while the horses dashed up a narrow defile of the hills, with their pursuers close at their heels. Beatte passed several of them, having fixed his eye upon a fine Pawnee horse, that had his ears slit, and saddle marks upon his back. He pressed him gallantly, but lost him in the woods.

Among the wild horses was a fine black mare. In scrambling up the defile, she tripped and fell. A young ranger sprang from his horse, and seized her by the mane and muzzle. Another ranger dismounted, and came to his assistance. The mare struggled fiercely, kicking and biting, and striking with her fore feet,

but a noose was slipped over her head and her struggles were in vain. It was some time, however, before she gave over rearing and plunging, and lashing out with her feet on every side. The two rangers then led her along the valley by two long lariats, which enabled them to keep at a sufficient distance on each side to be out of the reach of her hoofs, and whenever she struck out in one direction, she was jerked in the other. In this way her spirit was gradually subdued.

As to little Tonish, who had marred the whole scene by his rashness, he had been more successful than he deserved, having managed to catch a beautiful cream-colored colt, about seven months old, which had not strength to keep up with its companions. The little Frenchman was beside himself with joy. It was amusing to see him with his prize. The colt would rear and kick, and struggle to get free, when Tonish would take him about the neck, wrestle with him, jump on his back, and cut as many antics as a monkey with a kitten.

Nothing surprised me more, however, than to see how soon these poor animals, thus taken from the unbounded freedom of the prairie, yielded to the control of man. In the course of two or three days the mare and colt went with the led horses, and became quite docile.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

Historical: In 1832 Irving made "A Tour on the Prairies" of what was at that time the Far West beyond the Mississippi, where, he says, "there is neither to be seen the log house of the white man, nor the wigwam of the Indian." The above selection is taken from his account of a month's stay "beyond the outposts of human habitation."

Find the Red River on some map in your geography.

What picture do the first three paragraphs give you?

Tell how "ringing the wild horse" is accomplished.

What preparations did Irving's party make for the hunt?

Tell the story of the hunt and the capture.

Who broke the rules of the chase?

What was the effect of this?
Do you like this description? Why?
What does Irving say about the ease with which these horses were tamed?
Tell what you can about the author.

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

rag'-ged (răg'-ĕd)
dī-mĭn'-ū-tĭve
dĭ-ver'-sĭ-fied (vûr)
ru'-mĭ-nāt'-ĭng (rōō')
rē-pos'-ing (pōz)
lieu-tĕn'-ănt (lû)
her'-bage (ûr'-bāj)
mā-neu'-vĕr (nōō)
cir-cŭm'-fer-ĕnce (sĕr)
lăr'-ĭ-ăt
doc'-ile (dŏs'-ĭl)
fu'-gi-tives (fū'-jĭ-tĭvs)
ĭn-hăb'-ĭ-tănt
of-fī'-cious (ŏ-fĭsh'-ŭs)
dē-fīle'
rĭd'-gĕs (rĭj'-ĕs)
gŭl'-lies (ĭz)
grāz'-ĭng
prai'-rie (prā'-rĭ)
scent (sĕnt)
cir'-cuit (sûr'kĭt)
rāng'-er (jĕr)
rē'-ap-pear' (pēr)
Paw-nee (pô-nē')
ăn'-tĭcs
whoop (hōōp)
marred (märd)

VOCABULARY:

păn'-ĭc—a great and sudden fright; terror.
prīme—first in excellence; of highest quality.
brake—a thicket; a dense growth of shrubs.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"council of war"
"beside himself with joy"
"fringed with trees"
"toilsome march"
"scrub-oaks"
"swept down"
"autumnal flowers"
"happily arranged"
"finely diversified"
"gentleman farmer"
"grand hunting maneuver"
"well mounted"
"if to windward"
"scent a hunter"
"this magic circle"
"bottom"
"diminutive size"
"ruminating"
"rich herbage"
"pack-horses"
"half-breed"
"ever-officious"
"flanking parties"
"pranced off"
"wildfire Jack-o'-lantern"
"led horses"
"rangers"
"thundering down the valley"
"hotly pressed"
"scouring down the meadow"
"heavy-rolling flight"
"pressed him gallantly"
"marred the whole scene"
"unbounded freedom"
"docile"
"inhabitant of the prairie"
"headlong chase"
"dashed furiously"

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) was a native of Maine and a graduate of Bowdoin (bō'd'n) College, in the same class with Hawthorne. He became a professor in Bowdoin College and later at Harvard College. He was gentle and kind and a lover of children, for whom he wrote with simplicity and grace.

1

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

2

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

3

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

What became of the arrow? Of the song?
Where was the arrow found? When?
Where was the song found?
Point out lines that rhyme.
What is Longfellow's purpose in this poem?

Words and Phrases for Study

VOCABULARY:

kēēn—piercing; sharp. swĭft'-ly—with speed; quickly.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"flight of song" "breathed a song"

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour

2

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

3

From my study I see in the lamp-light,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

4

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

5

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

6

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

7

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

8

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

9

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

10

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

What is the time "Between the dark and the daylight" usually called?

What do you suppose Longfellow had been doing in his study before the children came down to him?

What reasons can you give for the "pause in the day's occupations"?

Who were the children whom the poet saw "Descending the broad hall stair" to enter the poet's "castle"?

What were these children whispering about?

What does Longfellow mean by his "turret"?

To what does he compare the rush made by the children in stanza five?

What does he call them in the eighth stanza?

What wall did they scale in order to reach him?

Where does Longfellow say he will put the children now that he has captured them?

How long will he keep them there?

How could he keep the children so long?

Which stanza of this poem do you like best?

Tell what you know about the life of Longfellow.

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

low'-er (lou-ēr)	un-guärd'-ed	rāid
ĕn-twīne'	moŭs-tàche' (mŭs-tàsh')	băn-dĭt'-tĭ
fôr'-trĕss	tŭr'-rĕt	mōuld'-er (mōld)

VOCABULARY:

de-pärt'—to go away; to leave.
pause—a brief stop or rest; hesitation.
grāve—thoughtful; serious.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"round-tower of my heart"
"such an old moustache"
"raid from the hall"
"scaled the wall"
"dungeon"
"fortress"
"crumble to ruin"
"moulder in dust"
"plotting and planning"
"forever and a day"

"Bishop of Bingen"—referring to the legend that Hatto, Archbishop of Mainz, was eaten by mice in the Mouse-Tower on the Rhine, near Bingen. The story has been told in poetry by the English poet, Southey, but is without foundation in history.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

INTRODUCTION

Should you ask me, whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?
I should answer, I should tell you,
"From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fenlands,
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer."
Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,
Found these legends and traditions?
I should answer, I should tell you,
"In the bird's-nests of the forests,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the eyry of the eagle!"

. . .

If still further you should ask me,
Saying, "Who was Nawadaha?

Tell us of this Nawadaha,"
I should answer your inquiries
Straightway in such words as follow.
"In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village
Spread the meadows and the cornfields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,
Green in Summer, white in Winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing.

. . .

"There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted.
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people!"
Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,

. . .

Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,

. . . .

Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

. . .

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.
There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!"
Lulled him into Slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"
Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;

. . .

Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on Summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.
Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"
Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,

All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."
When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that?" he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."
Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."
Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."
Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,
He the traveler and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"
Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.
Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,

Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.
Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow,
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow;
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.
From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

* * *

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS

Two good friends of Hiawatha,
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right hand
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow:
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.

. . .

Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers.
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers.
When he sang, the village listened;
All the warriors gathered round him,
All the women came to hear him;
Now he stirred their souls to passion,
Now he melted them to pity.
From the hollow reeds he fashioned
Flutes so musical and mellow,
That the brook, the Sebowisha,
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,
That the wood-birds ceased from singing,
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Sat upright to look and listen.
Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,
Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach my waves to flow in music,

Softly as your words in singing!"
Yes, the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
Envious, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,
Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"
Yes, the robin, the Opechee,
Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tunes as sweet and tender,
Teach me songs as full of gladness!"
And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,
Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as melancholy,
Teach me songs as full of sadness!"
All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music;
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love, and longing;
Sang of death, and life undying
In the Islands of the Blessed,
In the kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the Hereafter.
Very dear to Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers;
For his gentleness he loved him,
And the magic of his singing.
Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,
He the strongest of all mortals,
He the mightiest among many;
For his very strength he loved him,
For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,
Never played with other children,
Never fished and never hunted,
Not like other children was he;

. . .

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his mother,
"In my work you never help me!
In the Summer you are roaming
Idly in the fields and forests;
In the Winter you are cowering
O'er the firebrands in the wigwam!
In the coldest days of Winter
I must break the ice for fishing;
With my nets you never help me!
At the door my nets are hanging,
Dripping, freezing with the water;
Go and wring them, Yenadizze!
Go and dry them in the sunshine!"
Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind
Rose, but made no angry answer;
From the lodge went forth in silence,
Took the nets, that hung together,
Dripping, freezing at the doorway;
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,
Like a wisp of straw he broke them,
Could not wring them without breaking,
Such the strength was in his fingers.
"Lazy Kwasind!" said his father,
"In the hunt you never help me;
Every bow you touch is broken,
Snapped asunder every arrow;
Yet come with me to the forest,
You shall bring the hunting homeward."

Down a narrow pass they wandered,
Where a brooklet led them onward,
Where the trail of deer and bison
Marked the soft mud on the margin,
Till they found all further passage
Shut against them, barred securely
By the trunks of trees uprooted,
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,
And forbidding further passage.
"We must go back," said the old man,
"O'er these logs we cannot clamber;
Not a woodchuck could get through them,
Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"
And straightway his pipe he lighted,
And sat down to smoke and ponder.
But before his pipe was finished,
Lo! the path was cleared before him;
All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,
To the right hand, to the left hand,
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,
Hurled the cedars light as lances.
"Lazy Kwasind!" said the young men,
As they sported in the meadow;
"Why stand idly looking at us,
Leaning on the rock behind you?
Come and wrestle with the others,
Let us pitch the quoit together!"
Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
To their challenge made no answer,
Only rose, and, slowly turning,
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
Tore it from its deep foundation,
Poised it in the air a moment,
Pitched it sheer into the river,
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,

Where it still is seen in Summer.
Once as down that foaming river,
Down the rapids of Pauwating,
Kwasind sailed with his companions,
In the stream he saw a beaver,
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,
Struggling with the rushing currents,
Rising, sinking in the water.
Without speaking, without pausing,
Kwasind leaped into the river,
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,
Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,
Followed him among the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water
That his terrified companions
Cried, "Alas! good-by to Kwasind!
We shall never more see Kwasind!"
But he reappeared triumphant,
And upon his shining shoulders
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,
Brought the King of all the Beavers.
And these two, as I have told you
Were the friends of Hiawatha,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
Long they lived in peace together,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!

I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!
"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha.

. . .

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.
"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,

Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.
"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"
From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.
"Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"
And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.
"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,

And two stars to deck her bosom!"
From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"
From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.
Thus the Birch-Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.
Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;
Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.
Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Saying, "Help me clear this river

Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."
Straight into the river Kwasind
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dived as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water,
To his arm-pits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,
With his feet the ooze and tangle.
And thus sailed my Hiawatha
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and windings,
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.
Up and down the river went they,
In and out among its islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people,
From its springs among the mountains,
To the waters of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

. . .

HIAWATHA'S WOOING

I

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman:
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!"
Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,

Much perplexed by various feelings.
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.
"Wed a maiden of your people,"
Warning said the old Nokomis;
"Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!"
Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: "Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight!"
Gravely then said old Nokomis:
"Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!"
Smiling answered Hiawatha:
"In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people!"

Still dissuading said Nokomis:
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs!
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open!"
Laughing answered Hiawatha:
"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever!"
Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.
With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outran his footsteps;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured,
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"
On the outskirts of the forest,
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha;
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!"

Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck;
Threw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow;
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows.

. . .

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom;
Would he come again for arrows

To the Falls of Minnehaha?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

II

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.
Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"
At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"
Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,
With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.
Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,

Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of basswood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.
Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.
"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
"That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"
And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely:

"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"
And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband!"
This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!

III

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"
And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,

And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"
Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and slackened
To the steps of Laughing Water.
Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.
All the traveling winds went with them,
O'er the meadow, through the forest;
All the stars of night looked at them,
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber;
From his ambush in the oak-tree
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Watched with eager eyes the lovers;
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before them,
Peering, peeping from his burrow,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.
Pleasant was the journey homeward!
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease;
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,

"Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
"Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband!"
From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, "O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine;
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"
From the sky the moon looked at them
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
Whispered to them, "O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"
Thus it was they journeyed homeward;
Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

. . .

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT

From his wanderings far to eastward,
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun,
Homeward now returned Iagoo,
The great traveler, the great boaster,

Full of new and strange adventures,
Marvels many and many wonders.
And the people of the village
Listened to him as he told them
Of his marvelous adventures,
Laughing answered him in this wise:
"Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo!
No one else beholds such wonders!"
He had seen, he said, a water
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,
Broader than the Gitche Gumee,
Bitter so that none could drink it!
At each other looked the warriors,
Looked the women at each other,
Smiled, and said, "It cannot be so!
Kaw!" they said, "it cannot be so!"
O'er it, said he, o'er this water
Came a great canoe with pinions,
A canoe with wings came flying,
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!
And the old men and the women
Looked and tittered at each other;
"Kaw!" they said, "we don't believe it!"
From its mouth, he said, to greet him,
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,
Came the thunder, Annemeekee!
And the warriors and the women
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo;
"Kaw!" they said, "what tales you tell us!"
In it, said he, came a people,
In the great canoe with pinions
Came, he said, a hundred warriors;
Painted white were all their faces,
And with hair their chins were covered!

And the warriors and the women
Laughed and shouted in derision,
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.
"Kaw!" they said, "what lies you tell us.
Do not think that we believe them!"
Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered
To their jeering and their jesting:
"True is all Iagoo tells us;
I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun.
"Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Wheresoe'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the White-man's Foot in blossom.
"Let us welcome, then, the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,
And the heart's right hand of friendship
Give them when they come to see us.
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
Said this to me in my vision.
"I beheld, too, in that vision,
All the secrets of the future,

Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all their valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.
"Then a darker, drearier vision,
Passed before me, vague and cloud-like.
I beheld our nations scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of autumn!"

. . .

HELPS TO STUDY

(Introduction)

Notes and Questions

Where did these stories come from? Read lines which tell.
Name the Great Lakes.
Read lines which tell where the singer found these songs.
Who was Nawadaha?
What word tells the sound of the pine-trees?
Read five lines which tell what the singer sang of Hiawatha.
Whom does Longfellow call upon to listen to this Indian legend?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

păl-ĭ-sādes′
rĕp-ē-tĭ′-tions (shŭns)
rē-ver-bēr-ā′-tion (vur)
wĭg′-wams (wôms)
mōōrs
fĕn′-lănds
mŭ-si-cian (zĭsh′-ăn)
lodge (lŏj)
ey-ry (ē′-rĭ)

VOCABULARY:

lĕg'-ĕnd—a story coming down from the past; a tradition.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"curling smoke of wigwams"
"frequent repetitions"
"palisades of pine-trees"
"reeds and rushes"
"wild and wayward"
"lodges of the beaver"
"eyry of the eagle"
"moors and fen-lands"

(Hiawatha's Childhood)

Notes and Questions

What body of water is called Gitche Gumee?
Where did the wigwam of Nokomis stand?
What is meant by the "beat" of the water?
Why does Longfellow call the pine trees "black and gloomy"?
Who was Nokomis?
Why did she call Hiawatha "My little owlet"?
What do we call the "broad white road in heaven"?
What word tells the sound of the water?
Read lines which tell what Hiawatha learned of the birds and the beasts.
Of what was Hiawatha's bow made? His arrows? The cord?
Why was a tip of flint used on the arrows?
What is meant by "the ford across the river?"
Why did the deer point his nostrils "to windward?"
Read lines that tell Hiawatha was excited when hunting.
What two words tell the sound made by the arrow?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

sĭn'-ews (ūz)
war'-rior (wôr'-yẽr)
ănt'-lẽr
fōrd
păl'-pĭ-tāt-ĕd
wā'-rў
băn'-quet (kwĕt)
lĭn'-dĕn
wail (wāl)
owl-et (oul'-ĕt)
stilled (stĭld)
lăp'-pĭng
roe'-bŭck (rō)
haunch (hänch)
ăp-plausés (plôz)

VOCABULARY:

pĕr'-ĭsh—to die.
fā'-tăl—deadly.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"fiery tresses"
"fretful wail"
"light and shadow"
"brakes and bushes"
"fade and perish"
"stirred or rustled"

"native language"
"a famous roebuck"
"antlers"
"Flecked with leafy light"
"palpitated"
"singing, fatal arrow"

(Hiawatha's Friends)

Notes and Questions

What two friends did Hiawatha "Single out from all the others?"
What were they "contriving?"
Read lines which tell of Chibiabos.
With what is he compared? Read lines which tell.
From what did he make his flutes?
Read lines which tell how musical they were.
What did the brook say to Chibiabos? The bluebird? The robin?
Of what did Chibiabos sing?
Why did Hiawatha love him more than all others?
For what did Hiawatha love Kwasind?
What did Kwasind's mother say to him? His father?
What is meant by the line "Every bow you touch is broken"?
Read lines which tell of Kwasind and the beaver.
Which of Hiawatha's two friends do you like the better? Why?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

plī'-ănt	wĭsp	chăl'-lenge (ĕnj)
měl'-ăn-chŏl-y	trail (trāl)	wand (wŏnd)
pā'-thŏs	bī'-son (sŭn)	quoit (kwoit)
ăl-lied' (līd')	mär'-gin (jĭn)	ā-sŭn'-dĕr
cow'-ĕr-ing (kou')	barred (bärd)	trī-ŭm'-phănt
wring (rĭng)	měl'-lōw	pŏn'-dĕr

VOCABULARY:

prŏs'-pĕr—to succeed; to be fortunate; to thrive.
plŭnge—to thrust one's self into; a dive or a leap.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"ponder"
"contriving"
"full of frenzy"
"Pliant as a wand"
"Stately as a stag"
"melted them to pity"
"musical and mellow"
"Islands of the Blessed"
"strength allied to goodness"
"cowering"
"Snapped asunder"
"bring the hunting homeward"
"brooklet"
"barred securely"
"sheer into the river"
"Spake with naked hearts"

(Hiawatha's Sailing)

Notes and Questions

Of what did Hiawatha make his canoe?
Why does Hiawatha call the bark of the birch tree a cloak?
What other name does he call the bark of the birch tree?
What word tells the sound made by the leaves of the birch?
What word tells that Hiawatha cut all around the birch tree?
Why did Hiawatha ask the cedar tree for its boughs?
Read lines which tell why he asked the larch tree for its roots.
What other name does he give the larch tree?
Why did he want the balsam and the resin? Read lines which tell.
What is meant by "its robes of darkness"?
Why does Hiawatha call the drops of balsam "tears"?
Read the lines which tell why Hiawatha asked Kagh, the hedgehog, for his quills.
Can the hedgehog really shoot his quills "like arrows"?
What is meant by "my beauty"?
Read lines which tell how Hiawatha decorated his canoe.
What did he use for paddles for the canoe?
What did Kwasind do to aid the canoeing?
Why is the fir tree spoken of as "sombre"?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

nĕck'-lāce	crĕv'-ĭce (ĭs)	fī'-brĕs (bērs)
ca-noe' (kà-nōō')	ŏt'-ter (ĕr)	res'-ĭn (rĕz)
gir'-dle (gûr'-d'l)	rĕ-splĕn'-dent	sŏm'-bre (bĕr)
fore'-head (fŏr'-ĕd)	tăm'-à-răck	smeared (smērd)
bal'-sam (bŏl'-săm)	ōōze	fĭs'-sūre
swăm	lärch	veered (vērd)

VOCABULARY:

sŭm'-mit (ĭt)—the top; the highest point.
sŭp'-ple ('l)—limber; flexible; easily bent.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"white-skin wrapper"
"drowsy murmur"
"sand-bars"
"ooze and tangle"
"cleft"
"fibrous roots"
"tangle of his whiskers"
"wrought them"
"two stars resplendent"
"larch's supple sinews"
"Veered"
"deeps and shallows"

(Hiawatha's Wooing)

Notes and Questions

Why did Nokomis wish Hiawatha to wed a maiden of his own people?

Whom did Hiawatha say he would wed?

Find the Falls of Minnehaha on your map.

Read lines which tell of Hiawatha's journey "To the land of the Dacotahs."

Of what was the Arrow-maker thinking when Hiawatha appeared?

Read lines which tell of what the maiden was thinking.

What hospitality was shown Hiawatha?

Tell about the wigwam of the Arrow-maker.

Read the words of Hiawatha in asking the father for his daughter.

In what words did the Arrow-maker give his consent?

What were Minnehaha's words?

Read lines which tell of the journey homeward.

Why did Hiawatha "check" his pace on this journey?

What greeting did the blue-bird give them?

What was the greeting of the robin? The sun? The moon?

Read the lines which you like best.

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

rê-lūc'-tănt	dis-suad-ing (dĭ-swād')	swerve (swûrv)
bē-nĭg'-nănt	ĭm-pē'-rĭ-oŭs	plait'-ing (plāt)
chal-ced'-ô-ny (kăl-sĕd')	hearth (härth)	ac'-cent (ăk'-sĕnt)
ĭn-ter'-mĭ-nà-ble	feuds (fūds)	wōō-ing
ŭn-ĭn-tĕr-rŭpt'-ed	wounds (wōōnds)	plume (plōōm)
clăm'-or-ous (ẽr-ŭs)	mŏc'-cà-sĭns	bŭr'-rōw
căt'-à-răct	făl'-lōw	mys'-tic (mĭs)

VOCABULARY:

per-plexed' (pẽr-plĕkst)—in doubt; puzzled.
spā'-cious (shŭs)—of great space; roomy.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"feet unwilling"
"moor and meadow"
"moccasins of magic"
"cataract's laughter"
"mystic splendors"
"feuds yet unforgotten"
"interminable forests"
"heart outran his footsteps"
"fallow deer"
"Neither willing nor reluctant"
"heart's ease"
"the sun benignant"

(The White Man's Foot)

Notes and Questions

Read lines which tell Iagoo's story of adventures.

Where do you think he had seen these things?

What was the "bitter" water Iagoo told about?

What was the "lightning" and the "thunder" that came from the "canoe with pinions"?

Why was his story laughed at as false and impossible by the village folk?

How did Hiawatha know it was all true?

How does Hiawatha say they should receive the White-man when he came?

What secrets came to Hiawatha in the vision?

What "darker vision" did he see?

Has Hiawatha's vision come true?

What do you think of Hiawatha's character?

Which of all the stories in this poem do you like best?

Give the reason for your answer?

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

pĭn'-ions (yŭns) dē-rī'-sion (rĭzh'-ŭn) vī'-sion (vĭzh'-ŭn)
rĕm'-nănts blŏs'-som (ŭm) crē-ā'-tor (tĕr)

VOCABULARY:

trĕad—to set the foot; to walk.
hūge—very large; enormous in size.
rĕst-lĕss—uneasy; discontented; unsettled.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"People of the wooden vessel"
"Canoe with pinions"
"Painted white"
"regions of the morning"
"stinging fly"
"unknown, crowded nations"
"remnants of our people"
"Sweeping westward"

Indian Names

Ad-jĭ-dąu'-mo—the red squirrel.
Äh-mēēk'—the king of beavers.
Äh'-mō—the bee ("stinging fly").
An-nē-mēē'-kēē—the thunder.
Big-Sea-Water—Lake Superior.
Chēē-mąun'—a birch bark canoe.
Chĭ-bĭ-ä'bōs—the Musician; friend of Hiawatha; ruler in the Land of Spirits.

Dá-cō′-tahs—a name which includes many tribes of Indians in the Northwest; here means the Sioux (sōō) Indians.

E-wa-yeā′—lullaby.

Falls of Minnehaha—a water-fall near Minneapolis on a stream running into the Mississippi between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony.

Gĭt′-chē Măn′-ĭ-tō—the Master of Life; the Chief Spirit.

Gĭt′-chē Gū′-mēē—the Big-Sea-Water; Lake Superior.

Hī-a-wą′-tha—the Wise Man; the Teacher; son of Mudjekeewis the West Wind, and Wenonah, daughter of Nokomis.

I-ä′-gōō—a great boaster and story-teller; a traveler.

Kägh—the hedgehog.

Kwä′-sĭnd—the Strong Man.

Mähn-gō-tāy′-sēē—loon-hearted; brave.

Mĭn-nē-hä′-ha—Laughing Water; Hiawatha's wife.

Mĭn-nē-wą′-wą—sound of the wind in the trees.

Mŭd-wāy-aush′-ka—sound of waves on a shore.

Mŭs′-kō-dāy—the meadow.

Nä-wä-dä′-ha—the singer.

Nō-kō′-mĭs—the grandmother of Hiawatha.

O-jĭb′-wāys—a tribe of Indians that lived on the southern shore of Lake Superior.

O-pē′-chēē—the robin.

O-wāis′-sa—the bluebird.

Pąu-wā′-tĭng—Saulte Sainte Marie (sōō′ sânt mā′-rĭ).

Pō-nē′-mäh—the Land of the Hereafter.

Sē-bō-wĭsh′-a—the brook.

Shûh-shûh′-gah—the blue heron.

Sōan-gē-tä′-hä—strong hearted.

Tăm′-ă-răck—the larch tree.

Tă-quä-mē′-nąw—a river in northeastern Michigan.

Vale of Tă-wą-sĕn′-tha—a valley in Albany County, New York.

Wą-bäs′-sō—the rabbit; the land in the North.

Wą′-bŭn—the East Wind.

Wąh-wąh-tāy′-see—the firefly.

Wą′-wą—the wild goose.

Wą-wŏn-ăis′-sa—the whippoorwill.

Wāy-wąs′-sĭ-mō—the lightning.

Yĕn-ā-dĭz′-zē—an idler; an Indian dandy.

THE PARADISE OF CHILDREN *

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864), a native of Salem, Massachusetts, had the distinction to be born on the 4th of July. He graduated from Bowdoin College in the class with Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He is called "America's Prose Poet."

PANDORA AND THE GREAT BOX

Long, long ago, when this old world was in its tender infancy, there was a child, named Epimetheus, who never had either father or mother; and that he might not be lonely, another child, fatherless and motherless like himself, was sent from a far country, to live with him, and be his playfellow and helpmate. Her name was Pandora.

The first thing that Pandora saw, when she entered the cottage where Epimetheus dwelt, was a great box. And almost the first question which she put to him, after crossing the threshold, was this:

"Epimetheus, what have you in that box?"

"My dear little Pandora," answered Epimetheus, "that is a secret, and you must be kind enough not to ask any questions about it. The box was left here to be kept safely, and I do not myself know what it contains."

"But who gave it to you?" asked Pandora. "And where did it come from?"

"That is a secret, too," replied Epimetheus.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Pandora, pouting her lip. "I wish the great ugly box were out of the way!"

"O come, don't think of it any more," cried Epimetheus. "Let us run out of doors, and have some nice play with the other children."

It is thousands of years since Epimetheus and Pandora were alive; and the world, now-a-days, is a very different sort of thing from what it was in their time. Then, everybody was a child.

* From "A Wonder-Book."

They needed no fathers and mothers to take care of the children; because there was no danger or trouble of any kind, and no clothes to be mended, and there was always plenty to eat and drink.

Whenever a child wanted his dinner, he found it growing on a tree: and, if he looked at the tree in the morning, he could see the blossom of that night's supper; or, at eventide, he saw the tender bud of tomorrow's breakfast. It was a very pleasant life indeed. No labor to be done, no tasks to be studied; nothing but sports and dances, and sweet voices of children talking, or caroling like birds, or gushing out in merry laughter, throughout the livelong day.

What was most wonderful of all, the children never quarrelled among themselves; neither had they any crying fits; nor since time first began, had a single one of these little mortals ever gone apart into a corner and sulked. O, what a good time was that to be alive in! The truth is, those ugly little winged monsters, called Troubles, which are now almost as numerous as mosquitoes, had never yet been seen on the earth. It is probable that the very greatest disquietude which a child had ever felt was Pandora's vexation at not being able to discover the secret of the mysterious box.

This was at first only the faint shadow of a Trouble: but, every day, it grew more and more real, until, before a great while, the cottage of Epimetheus and Pandora was less sunshiny than those of the other children.

"Whence can the box have come?" Pandora continually kept saying to herself and to Epimetheus. "And what on earth can be inside of it?"

"Always talking about this box!" said Epimetheus at last; for he had grown extremely tired of the subject. "I wish, dear Pandora, you would try to talk of something else. Come, let us go and gather some ripe figs, and eat them under the trees, for our supper. And I know a vine that has the sweetest and juiciest grapes you ever tasted."

"Always talking about grapes and figs!" cried Pandora, pettishly.

"Well, then," said Epimetheus, who was a very good-tempered child, like many children in those days, "let us run out and have a merry time with our playmates."

"I am tired of merry times, and don't care if I never have any more!" answered our pettish little Pandora. "And, besides, I never do have any. This ugly box! I am so taken up with thinking about it all the time. I insist upon your telling me what is inside of it."

"As I have already said, fifty times over, I do not know!" replied Epimetheus, getting a little vexed. "How, then, can I tell you what is inside?"

"You might open it," said Pandora, looking sideways at Epimetheus, "and then we could see for ourselves."

"Pandora, what are you thinking of?" exclaimed Epimetheus.

And his face expressed so much horror at the idea of looking into a box which had been given to him on the condition of his never opening it, that Pandora thought it best not to suggest it any more. Still, however, she could not help thinking and talking about the box.

"At least," said she, "you can tell me how it came here."

"It was left at the door," replied Epimetheus, "just before you came, by a person who looked very smiling and intelligent, and who could hardly forbear laughing as he put it down. He was dressed in an odd kind of a cloak, and had on a cap that seemed to be made partly of feathers, so that it looked almost as if it had wings."

"What sort of a staff had he?" asked Pandora.

"Oh, the most curious staff you ever saw!" cried Epimetheus. "It was like two serpents twisting around a stick, and was carved so naturally that I, at first, thought the serpents were alive."

"I know him," said Pandora, thoughtfully. "Nobody else has such a staff. It was Quicksilver; and he brought me hither, as well as the box. No doubt he intended it for me; and most

probably it contains pretty dresses for me to wear, or toys for you and me to play with, or something very nice for us both to eat!"

"Perhaps so," answered Epimetheus, turning away. "But, until Quicksilver comes back and tells us so, we have neither of us any right to lift the lid of the box."

"What a dull boy he is!" muttered Pandora, as Epimetheus left the cottage. "I do wish he had a little more enterprise!"

THE KNOT OF GOLDEN CORD

For the first time since her arrival, Epimetheus had gone out without asking Pandora to accompany him. He went to gather figs and grapes by himself, or to seek whatever amusement he could find, in other society than his little playfellow's. He was tired to death of hearing about the box, and heartily wished that Quicksilver, or whatever was the messenger's name, had left it at some other child's door, where Pandora would never have set eyes on it.

So perseveringly as she did babble about this one thing! The box, the box, and nothing but the box! It seemed as if the box were bewitched, and as if the cottage were not big enough to hold it, without Pandora's continually stumbling over it, and making Epimetheus stumble over it likewise, and bruising all four of their shins.

Well, it was really hard that poor Epimetheus should have a box in his ears from morning till night; especially as the little people of the earth were so unaccustomed to vexations, in those happy days, that they knew not how to deal with them. Thus a small vexation made as much disturbance, then, as a far bigger one would in our own times.

After Epimetheus was gone, Pandora stood gazing at the box. She had called it ugly, above a hundred times; but, in spite of all that she had said against it, it was positively a very handsome article of furniture, and would have been quite an ornament to any room in which it should be placed. It was

made of a beautiful kind of wood, with dark and rich veins spreading over its surface, which was so highly polished that little Pandora could see her face in it. As the child had no other looking-glass, it is odd that she did not value the box, merely on this account.

The edges and corners of the box were carved with most wonderful skill Around the margin there were figures of graceful men and women, and the prettiest children ever seen, reclining or sporting amid a profusion of flowers and foliage; and these various objects were so finely represented, and were wrought together in such harmony, that flowers, foliage, and human beings seemed to combine into a wreath of mingled beauty.

But here and there, peeping forth from behind the carved foliage, Pandora once or twice fancied that she saw a face not so lovely, or something or other that was disagreeable, and which stole the beauty out of all the rest. Nevertheless, on looking more closely, and touching the spot with her finger, she could discover nothing of the kind. Some face, that was really beautiful, had been made to look ugly by her catching a sideway glimpse at it.

The most beautiful face of all was done in what is called high relief, in the center of the lid. There was nothing else, save the dark, smooth richness of the polished wood, and this one face in the center, with a garland of flowers about its brow. Pandora had looked at this face a great many times, and imagined that the mouth could smile if it liked, or be grave when it chose, the same as any living mouth. The features, indeed, all wore a very lively and rather mischievous expression, which looked almost as if it needs must burst out of the carved lips, and utter itself in words.

Had the mouth spoken, it would probably have been something like this:

"Do not be afraid, Pandora! What harm can there be in opening the box? Never mind that poor, simple Epimetheus!

You are wiser than he, and have ten times as much spirit. Open the box, and see if you do not find something very pretty!"

The box, I had almost forgotten to say, was fastened; not by a lock, nor by any other such contrivance, but by a very fine knot of gold cord. There appeared to be no end to this knot, and no beginning. Never was a knot so cunningly twisted, nor with so many ins and outs, which roguishly defied the skilfullest fingers to disentangle them. And yet, by the very difficulty that there was in it, Pandora was the more tempted to examine the knot, and just see how it was made. Two or three times, already, she had stooped over the box, and taken the knot between her thumb and forefinger, but without positively trying to undo it.

"I really believe," said she to herself, "that I begin to see how it was done. Nay, perhaps I could tie it up again, after undoing it. There could be no harm in that, surely. Even Epimetheus would not blame me for that. I need not open the box, and should not, of course, without the foolish boy's consent, even if the knot were untied."

It might have been better for Pandora if she had had a little work to do, or anything to employ her mind upon, so as not to be so constantly thinking of this one subject. But children led so easy a life before any Troubles came into the world that they had really a great deal too much leisure. They could not be forever playing at hide-and-seek among the flower-shrubs, or at blind-man's buff with garlands over their eyes, or at whatever other games had been found out, while Mother Earth was in her babyhood.

When life is all sport, toil is the real play. There was absolutely nothing to do. A little sweeping and dusting about the cottage, I suppose, and the gathering of fresh flowers (which were only too abundant everywhere), and arranging them in vases,—and poor little Pandora's day's work was over. And then, for the rest of the day, there was the box!

After all, I am not quite sure that the box was not a blessing to her in its way. It supplied her with so many ideas to think of, and to talk about, whenever she had anybody to listen! When she was in good humor, she could admire the bright polish of its sides, and the rich border of beautiful faces and foliage that ran all around it. Or, if she chanced to be ill-tempered, she could give it a push, or kick it with her naughty little foot. And many a kick did the box (but it was a mischievous box, as we shall see, and deserved all it got)—many a kick did it receive. But, certain it is, if it had not been for the box, our active-minded little Pandora would not have known half so well how to spend her time as she now did.

GUESSING WHAT WAS IN THE BOX

For it was really an endless employment to guess what was inside. What could it be, indeed? Just imagine, my little hearers, how busy your wits would be, if there were a great box in the house, which, as you might have reason to suppose, contained something new and pretty for your Christmas or New Year's gifts. Do you think that you should be less curious than Pandora? If you were left alone with the box, might you not feel a little tempted to lift the lid? But you would not do it. Oh, fie. No, no! Only, if you thought there were toys in it, it would be so very hard to let slip an opportunity of taking just one peep!

I know not whether Pandora expected any toys; for none had yet begun to be made, probably, in those days, when the world itself was one great plaything for the children that dwelt upon it. But Pandora was convinced that there was something very beautiful and valuable in the box; and therefore she felt just as anxious to take a peep as any of these little girls here around me would have felt. And, possibly, a little more so; but of that I am not quite so certain.

On this particular day, however, which we have so long been talking about, her curiosity grew so much greater than it usually

was, that, at last, she approached the box. She was more than half determined to open it, if she could. Ah, naughty Pandora!

First, however, she tried to lift it. It was heavy; much too heavy for the slender strength of a child like Pandora. She raised one end of the box a few inches from the floor, and let it fall again, with a pretty loud thump. A moment afterwards, she almost fancied that she heard something stir, inside of the box.

She applied her ear as closely as possible, and listened. Positively, there did seem to be a kind of stifled murmur, within. Or was it merely the singing in Pandora's ears? Or could it be the beating of her heart? The child could not quite satisfy herself whether she had heard anything or no. But, at all events, her curiosity was stronger than ever.

As she drew back her head, her eyes fell upon the knot of gold cord.

"It must have been a very ingenious person who tied this knot," said Pandora to herself. "But I think I could untie it, nevertheless. I am resolved, at least, to find the two ends of the cord."

So she took the golden knot in her fingers, and pried into it as sharply as she could. Almost without intending it, or quite knowing what she was about, she was soon busily engaged in attempting to undo it. Meanwhile, the bright sunshine came through the open window; as did likewise the merry voices of the children, playing at a distance, and perhaps, the voice of Epimetheus among them.

Pandora stopped to listen. What a beautiful day it was! Would it not be wiser, if she were to let the troublesome knot alone, and think no more about the box, but run and join her little playfellows, and be happy?

All this time, however, her fingers were busy with the knot; and happening to glance at the face on the lid of the enchanted box, she seemed to see it slyly grinning at her.

"That face looks very mischievous," thought Pandora. "I

wonder whether it smiles because I am doing wrong! I have the greatest mind in the world to run away!"

But, just then, by the merest accident, she gave the knot a kind of a twist, which produced a wonderful result. The gold cord untwined itself, as if by magic, and left the box without a fastening.

"This is the strangest thing I ever knew!" said Pandora. "What will Epimetheus say? And how can I possibly tie it up again?"

She made one or two attempts to restore the knot, but soon found it quite beyond her skill. It had untied itself so suddenly that she could not in the least remember how the strings had been doubled into one another; and when she tried to recollect the shape and appearance of the knot, it seemed to have gone entirely out of her mind. Nothing was to be done, therefore, but to let the box remain as it was, until Epimetheus should come in.

"But," said Pandora, "when he finds the knot untied, he will know that I have done it. How shall I make him believe that I have not looked into the box?"

And then the thought came into her naughty little heart, that, since she would be suspected of having looked into the box, she might just as well do so at once. O, very naughty and very foolish Pandora! You should have thought only of doing what was right, and of leaving undone what was wrong, and not of what your playfellow Epimetheus would have said or believed.

And so perhaps she might, if the enchanted face on the lid of the box had not looked so bewitchingly persuasive at her, and if she had not seemed to hear, more distinctly than before, the murmur of small voices within. She could not tell whether it was fancy or no; but there was quite a little tumult of whispers in her ear—or else it was her curiosity that whispered.

"Let us out, dear Pandora—pray let us out! We will be such nice pretty playfellows for you! Only let us out!"

"What can it be?" thought Pandora. "Is there something alive in the box? Well!—yes!—I am resolved to take just one peep! Only one peep; and then the lid shall be shut down as safely as ever! There cannot possibly be any harm in just one little peep!"

HOW TROUBLES CAME INTO THE WORLD

But it is now time for us to see what Epimetheus was doing. This was the first time since his little playmate had come to dwell with him that he had attempted to enjoy any pleasure in which she did not partake. But nothing went right; nor was he nearly so happy as on other days. He could not find a sweet grape or a ripe fig (if Epimetheus had a fault, it was a little too much fondness for figs); or, if ripe at all, they were overripe, and so sweet as to be distasteful. There was no mirth in his heart, such as usually made his voice gush out of its own accord, and swell the merriment of his companions. In short, he grew so uneasy and discontented that the other children could not imagine what was the matter with Epimetheus. Neither did he himself know what ailed him, any better than they did.

For you must recollect that, at the time we are speaking of, it was everybody's nature and constant habit to be happy. The world had not yet learned to be otherwise. Not a single soul or body, since these children were first sent to enjoy themselves on the beautiful earth, had ever been sick or out-of-sorts.

At length, discovering that, somehow or other, he put a stop to all the play, Epimetheus judged it best to go back to Pandora, who was in a humor better suited to his own. But, with a hope of giving her pleasure, he gathered some flowers, and made them into a wreath, which he meant to put upon her head. The flowers were very lovely—roses and lilies, and orange-blossoms, and a great many more, which left a trail of fragrance behind, as Epimetheus carried them along; and the wreath was put together with as much skill as could be expected of a boy. The fingers of little girls, it has always appeared to me, are

the fittest to twine flower-wreaths; but boys could do it in those days rather better than they can now.

And here I must mention that a great black cloud had been gathering in the sky for some time past, although it had not yet overspread the sun. But, just as Epimetheus reached the cottage-door, this cloud began to cut off the sunshine, and thus to make a sudden and sad darkness.

He entered softly; for he meant, if possible, to steal behind Pandora and fling the wreath of flowers over her head before she should be aware of his approach. But, as it happened, there was no need of his treading so very lightly. He might have trod as heavily as he pleased—as heavily as a grown man,—as heavily, I was going to say, as an elephant,—without much probability of Pandora's hearing his footsteps. She was too intent upon her purpose. At the moment of his entering the cottage, the naughty child had put her hand to the lid, and was on the point of opening the mysterious box. Epimetheus beheld her. If he had cried out, Pandora would probably have withdrawn her hand, and the fatal mystery of the box might never have been known.

But Epimetheus himself, although he said very little about it, had his own share of curiosity to know what was inside. Seeing that Pandora was resolved to find out the secret, he determined that his playfellow should not be the only wise person in the cottage. And if there were anything pretty or valuable in the box, he meant to take half of it to himself. Thus, after all his sage speeches to Pandora about restraining her curiosity, Epimetheus turned out to be quite as foolish, and nearly as much in fault, as she. So, whenever we blame Pandora for what happened, we must not forget to shake our heads at Epimetheus likewise.

As Pandora raised the lid, the cottage grew very dark and dismal; for the black cloud had now swept quite over the sun, and seemed to have buried it alive. There had, for a little while past, been a low growling and muttering, which all at once

broke into a heavy peal of thunder. But Pandora, heeding nothing of all this, lifted the lid nearly upright, and looked inside. It seemed as if a sudden swarm of winged creatures brushed past her, taking flight out of the box, while, at the same instant, she heard the voice of Epimetheus, with a lamentable tone, as if he were in pain.

"Oh, I am stung!" cried he. "I am stung! Naughty Pandora! why have you opened this wicked box?"

Pandora let fall the lid, and starting up, looked about her, to see what had befallen Epimetheus. The thunder-cloud had so darkened the room that she could not very clearly see what was in it. But she heard a disagreeable buzzing, as if a great many huge flies, or gigantic mosquitoes, or those insects which we call dor-bugs and pinching-dogs, were darting about. And, as her eyes grew more accustomed to the imperfect light, she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes, with bats' wings, looking very spiteful, and armed with terribly long stings in their tails. It was one of these that had stung Epimetheus. Nor was it a great while before Pandora herself began to scream, in no less pain and affright than her playfellow, and making a vast deal more hubbub about it. An ugly little monster had settled on her forehead, and would have stung her I know not how deeply, if Epimetheus had not run and brushed it away.

Now, if you wish to know what these ugly things might be which had made their escape out of the box, I must tell you that they were the whole family of earthly Troubles. There were evil Passions; there were a great many kinds of Cares; there were more than a hundred and fifty Sorrows; there were Diseases, in a vast number of miserable and painful shapes; there were more kinds of Naughtiness than it would be of any use to talk about.

In short, everything that has since afflicted the souls and bodies of mankind had been shut up in the mysterious box, and given to Epimetheus and Pandora to be kept safely, in order that the happy children of the world might never be molested by

them. Had they been faithful to their trust, all would have gone well. No grown person would ever have been sad, nor any child have had cause to shed a single tear, from that hour until this moment.

But—and you may see by this how a wrong act of any one mortal is a calamity to the whole world—by Pandora's lifting the lid of that miserable box, and by the fault of Epimetheus, too, in not preventing her, these Troubles have obtained a foothold among us, and do not seem very likely to be driven away in a hurry.

For it was impossible, as you will easily guess, that the two children should keep the ugly swarm in their own little cottage. On the contrary, the first thing that they did was to fling open the doors and windows in hope of getting rid of them; and, sure enough, away flew the winged Troubles all abroad, and so pestered and tormented the small people, everywhere about, that none of them so much as smiled for many days afterwards.

And, what was very singular, all the flowers and dewy blossoms on earth, not one of which had hitherto faded, now began to droop and shed their leaves, after a day or two. The children, moreover, who before seemed immortal in their childhood, now grew older, day by day, and came soon to be youths and maidens, and men and women by-and-by, and aged people, before they dreamed of such a thing.

WHAT HOPE DOES FOR US

Meanwhile, the naughty Pandora, and hardly less naughty Epimetheus, remained in their cottage. Both of them had been grievously stung, and were in a good deal of pain, which seemed the more intolerable to them, because it was the very first pain that had ever been felt since the world began. Of course they were entirely unaccustomed to it, and could have no idea what it meant. Besides all this, they were in exceedingly bad humor, both with themselves and with one another. In order to indulge it to the utmost, Epimetheus sat down sullenly in a corner with

his back toward Pandora; while Pandora flung herself upon the floor and rested her head on the fatal box. She was crying bitterly, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Suddenly there was a gentle little tap on the inside of the lid.

"What can that be?" cried Pandora, lifting her head.

But either Epimetheus had not heard the tap, or was too much out of humor to notice it. At any rate, he made no answer.

"You are very unkind," said Pandora, sobbing anew, "not to speak to me!"

Again the tap! It sounded like the tiny knuckles of a fairy's hand, knocking lightly and playfully on the inside of the box.

"Who are you?" asked Pandora, with a little of her former curiosity. "Who are you, inside of this naughty box?"

A sweet little voice spoke from within,—

"Only lift the lid, and you shall see."

"No, no," answered Pandora, again beginning to sob, "I have had enough of lifting the lid! You are inside of the box, naughty creature, and there you shall stay! There are plenty of your ugly brothers and sisters already flying about the world. You need never think that I shall be so foolish as to let you out!"

She looked toward Epimetheus, as she spoke, perhaps expecting that he would commend her for her wisdom. But the sullen boy only muttered that she was wise a little too late.

"Ah," said the sweet little voice again, "you had much better let me out. I am not like those naughty creatures that have stings in their tails. They are no brothers and sisters of mine, as you would see at once, if you were only to get a glimpse of me. Come, come, my pretty Pandora! I am sure you will let me out!"

And, indeed, there was a kind of cheerful witchery in the tone that made it almost impossible to refuse anything which

this little voice asked. Pandora's heart had grown lighter, at every word that came from within the box. Epimetheus, too, though still in the corner, had turned half round, and seemed to be in rather better spirits than before.

"My dear Epimetheus," cried Pandora, "have you heard this little voice?"

"Yes, to be sure I have," answered he, but in no very good humor as yet. "And what of it?"

"Shall I lift the lid again?" asked Pandora.

"Just as you please," said Epimetheus. "You have done so much mischief already that perhaps you may as well do a little more. One other Trouble, in such a swarm as you have set adrift about the world, can make no very great difference."

"You might speak a little more kindly!" murmured Pandora, wiping her eyes.

"Ah, naughty boy!" cried the little voice within the box, in an arch and laughing tone. "He knows he is longing to see me. Come, my dear Pandora, lift up the lid. I am in a great hurry to comfort you. Only let me have some fresh air, and you shall soon see that matters are not quite so dismal as you think them!"

"Epimetheus," exclaimed Pandora, "come what may, I am resolved to open the box!"

"And, as the lid seems very heavy," cried Epimetheus, running across the room, "I will help you!"

So, with one consent, the two children again lifted the lid. Out flew a sunny and smiling little personage, and hovered about the room, throwing a light wherever she went. Have you never made the sunshine dance into dark corners by reflecting it from a bit of looking-glass? Well, so looked the winged cheerfulness of this fairy-like stranger amid the gloom of the cottage. She flew to Epimetheus, and laid the least touch of her finger on the inflamed spot where the Trouble had stung him, and immediately the anguish of it was gone. Then she

kissed Pandora on the forehead, and her hurt was cured likewise.

After performing these good offices, the bright stranger fluttered sportively over the children's heads, and looked so sweetly at them that they both began to think it not so very much amiss to have opened the box, since, otherwise, their cheery guest must have been kept a prisoner among those naughty imps with stings in their tails.

"Pray, who are you, beautiful creature?" inquired Pandora.

"I am to be called Hope!" answered the sunshiny figure. "And because I am such a cheery little body, I was packed into the box, to make amends to the human race for that swarm of ugly Troubles, which was destined to be let loose among them. Never fear! We shall do pretty well in spite of them all."

"Your wings are colored like the rainbow!" exclaimed Pandora. "How very beautiful!"

"Yes, they are like the rainbow," said Hope, "because, glad as my nature is, I am partly made of tears as well as smiles."

"And will you stay with us," asked Epimetheus, "for ever and ever?"

"As long as you need me," said Hope, with her pleasant smile, "and that will be as long as you live in the world,—I promise never to leave you. There may be times and seasons, now and then, when you will think that I have utterly vanished. But again, and again, and again, when perhaps you least dream of it, you shall see the glimmer of my wings on the ceiling of your cottage. Yes, my dear children, and I know something very good and beautiful that is to be given you, hereafter!"

"Oh, tell us," they exclaimed; "tell us what it is!"

"Do not ask me," replied Hope, putting her finger on her rosy mouth. "But do not despair, even if it should never happen while you live on this earth. Trust in my promise, for it is true."

"We do trust you!" cried Epimetheus and Pandora, both in one breath.

And so they did; and not only they, but so has everybody trusted Hope, that has since been alive. And, to tell you the truth, I cannot help being glad (though, to be sure, it was an uncommonly naughty thing for her to do)—but I cannot help being glad that our foolish Pandora peeped into the box. No doubt—no doubt—the Troubles are still flying about the world, and have increased in numbers, rather than lessened, and are a very ugly set of imps, and carry most venomous stings in their tails. I have felt them already, and expect to feel them more as I grow older. But then that lovely and lightsome little figure of Hope! What in the world could we do without her? Hope spiritualizes the earth; Hope makes it always new; and, even in the earth's best and brightest aspect, Hope shows it to be only the shadow of an infinite bliss hereafter!

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

How long ago did Pandora and Epimetheus live?

Read the lines which tell how different the world was then from what it is now.

Where did the box come from?

On what conditions was it given to Epimetheus?

Read lines that describe the box.

Why was Pandora interested in it?

In what way was it a blessing to Pandora?

What led her to open the box?

Do you think Epimetheus was at fault? Why?

What happened when Pandora raised the lid of the box?

How did this affect the "Paradise of Children"? The flowers? The children?

What happened when Pandora opened the box a second time?

Why was Hope put in the box with the Troubles?

Why are the wings of Hope like the rainbow?

What does Hope do for us?

What qualities in Epimetheus do you like?

What did Hope mean by saying she was partly made of tears?

How does Hope "spiritualize" the earth, i. e., make it purer?

Tell what you can about the author.

Words and Phrases for Study

PRONUNCIATION:

Păn-dō′-rà	ăf-frīght′	pŏl′-ished (ĭsht)
Ep′-ĭmē′-theŭs	mō-lĕst′-ed	cŏn-trĭv′-ance
ĕn′-tēr-prise (prīz)	knuck′-les (nŭk′′ls)	dē-fīed′
ăr′-tĭ-cle (k′l)	wĭtch′-ĕr-ў	lei′-sure (lē′-zhûr)
vein (vān)	ān′-guish (gwĭsh)	ĭn-gēn′-ious (yŭs)
măr′-gin (jĭn)	à-mĭss′	mēr′-ĕst
prō-fū′-sion (zhŭn)	à-mĕnd′	bē-wĭtched′ (wĭcht)
fō′-lĭ-age (âj)	dĕs′-tined (tĭnd)	pēr-suā′-sĭve
mĭs′-chie-vous (chĭ)	spĭr′-ĭt-û-al-ĭz-ĕs	lăm′-ĕn-tà-ble
fie (fī)	ăs′-pĕct	dôr′-bŭg
pär-tāke′	prō-vōk′-ĭng	tŏr-mĕnt′-ĕd
ailed (āld)	căr′-ŏl-ĭng (ûl)	griēv′-oŭs-lў
sage (sāj)	dĭs-quī′-ē-tūde	ĭm-môr′-tăl
bē-fall′-en (fôl′′n)	bruis′-ing (brōōz)	vĕn′-om-ous (ŭm-ŭs)

VOCABULARY:

rō′-guĭsh-lў (gĭsh)—mischievously; in a mischievous manner.

gi-găn′-tic (jī)—like a giant; tremendous.

WORDS AND PHRASES:

"high relief"
"cheery guest"
"trail of fragrance"
"eventide"
"disquietude"
"more enterprise"
"roguishly defied"
"toil is the real play"
"bewitchingly persuasive"
"sage speeches"
"cheerful witchery"
"an arch and laughing tone"
"performing these good offices"
"make amends"
"lightsome figure"
"infinite bliss"

GLOSSARY

KEY TO THE SOUNDS OF MARKED VOWELS

ā	as in *ate*	ē	as in *event*	ō	as in *note*	ū	as in *cut*
ă	as in *bat*	ĕ	as in *maker*	ŏ	as in *not*	û	as in *turn*
â	as in *care*	ē	as in *eve*	ô	as in *or*	û	as in *unite*
á	as in *ask*	ĕ	as in *met*	ô	as in *obey*	o͝o	as in *food*
ä	as in *arm*	ī	as in *kind*	ū	as in *use*	o͝o	as in *foot*
å	as in *senate*	ĭ	as in *pin*				

a-ban'don (ȧ-băn'dŭn), give up absolutely; forsake.
a-bash' (ȧ-băsh'), confuse; shame.
ab'bey (ăb'ĭ), convent; monastery.
ab'bot (ăb'ŭt), the head of an abbey.
a-bil'ity (ȧ-bĭl'ĭtĭ), power; skill; talent.
ab'so-lute-ly (ăb'sō-lūt), wholly; positively.
a-bun'dance (ȧ-bŭn'dăns), plenty; sufficiency.
a-bun'dant (dănt), plentiful; liberal.
a-byss' (ȧ-bĭs), deep, immeasurable space.
ac-cept' (ăk-sĕpt'), to receive (a thing offered) with a consenting mind; to approve.
ac'ci-dent (ăk-sĭ-dĕnt), an event that takes place without one's foresight or expectation; an unexpected happening.
ac-com'pa-ny (ă-kŭm'pȧn-nĭ), to cause to be a companion; to go with, or attend as a companion.
ac-cord' (ă-kôrd'), agreement; consent.
ac-cost' (ă-kôst), to greet; to address.
ac-cou'tred (ă-kōō'tĕrd), furnished with dress or equipment; attired; arrayed.
ac-cu'mu-late (ă-kū'mū-lāt), to heap up in a mass; to collect or bring together.
ac'cu-sa'tion (ăk'û-zā'shŭn), act or fact of being charged with a fault or offense; that of which one is accused.
ac-cus'-er (ă-kūz'ĕr), one who accuses or brings a charge.
ac-cus'tomed (ă-kŭs'tŭmd), made familiar by use; in the habit of.
ad'mi-ra-bly (ăd'mĭ-rȧ-blĭ), in a manner worthy of praise; excellently.
ad'mi-ra'tion (ăd'mĭ-rā'shŭn), approbation or delight.
ad-mit' (ăd-mĭt'), to allow to enter; to grant.
a-do' (ȧ-dōō'), troublesome business; fuss.
a-drift' (ȧ-drĭft'), floating; drifting.
ad-ven'ture (ăd-vĕn'tûr), that which happens without design; a bold undertaking.
adze (ădz), a cutting tool having a thin blade set at right angles to the handles.
af-fair' (ă-fâr'), that which is done or to be done; business of any kind.
af-fec'tion-ate (ă-fĕk'shŭn-ât), loving; fond; tender.
af-flict' (ă-flĭkt'), to trouble; to pain; to hurt.
af-flic'tion (ă-flĭk'shŭn), distress; grief; pain.
af-fright' (ă-frīt'), terrify; alarm; scare.
a-fore'time (ȧ-fōr'tīm), formerly.
aft'er-math (ăf'tĕr-măth), the second crop of grass cut from the same soil.
ag'ate (ăg'ât), a mineral having its colors arranged in stripes or bands or clouded.
a-ghast' (ȧ-gȧst'), terrified; afraid.
a-gil'i-ty (ȧ-jĭl'ĭ-tĭ), quickness of motion; activity.
ag'o-ny (ăg'ô-nĭ), extreme pain; suffering.
a-gree'a-ble (ȧ-grē'ȧ-b'l), pleasing; acceptable.
a-larm' (ȧ-lärm'), a warning of danger; fright; terror.
al'der (ôl-dĕr), a tree or shrub growing in moist places and often forming thickets.
Al'ex-an'dri-a (ăl'ĕg-zăn'drĭ-ȧ), Seaport of Egypt on the Mediterranean Sea.
al-ly' (ă-lī), unite; join; form connection.
al-low'ance (ă-lou'ăns), that which is allowed; a share or portion.
al'oes (ăl'ōz), soft resinous wood of an East Indian tree burned as perfume.
al'ter (ôl'tĕr), change; make different.
al-ter'nate (ăl-tûr'nât; ăl'tĕr), one following the other in time or place.
a-maze'ment (ȧ-māz'), great wonder; surprise.
am-bi'tious (ăm-bĭsh'ŭs), greatly desirous of power, honor, or superiority.
am'ble (ăm'b'l), to move easily at moderate speed.
am'bush (ăm'bo͝osh), a concealed station, or place where troops lie in wait to attack by surprise.
a-mends' (ȧ-mĕndz'), compensation for loss or injury; recompense.
am'e-thyst (ăm'ĕ-thĭst), a clear purple or bluish violet stone used in jewelry.

a-miss' (ȧ-mĭs), wrong; improper; out of order.
an'chored (ăn'kẽrd), held by an anchor; held safely.
an'cient (ān'shĕnt), old; aged.
a-nem'o-ne (ȧ-nĕm'ō-nē), a wild flower.
an'guish (ăn'gwĭsh), great pain; distress; agony.
an'tic (ăn'tĭk), frolicsome leap or jump; a funny trick.
ant'ler (ănt'lẽr), the horn of a deer.
ape (āp), imitate or mimic.
a-poth'e-ca-ry (ȧ-pŏth'ē-kȧ-rĭ), one who prepares and sells drugs for medicine.
ap-plause' (ȧ-plôz'), praise or commendation expressed by clapping or some other sign.
ap-ply' (ȧ-plī'), put one thing to another; make use of; make request.
ap-proach' (ȧ-prōch'), come near.
apt (ăpt), suitable; fit; ready.
arch (ärch), mischievous; roguish.
ar'dent (är'dĕnt), intense; eager; passionate.
ar'gue (är'gū), dispute or discuss; reason.
ar'mor (är'mẽr), clothing or covering worn to protect the body in battle.
art'ful (ärt'fo͝ol), cunning; skillful; tricky.
ar-tif'i-cer (är-tĭf'ĭ-sẽr), a skilled workman; a mechanic.
as'pect (ăs'pĕkt), look; appearance.
asp'en (ăs'pĕn; ȧs'), a poplar tree, the leaves of which are swayed by a slight movement of the air.
as-pire' (ȧs-pīr'), try to win or become something high or great.
as-sem'ble (ȧ-sĕm'b'l), collect into one place; bring together.
as-sume' (ȧ-sūm'), pretend; take upon one's self; put on.
as-sure' (ȧ-shōōr'), declare; persuade; convince.
a-stir' (ȧ-stûr'), stirring; in a state of activity.
as-ton'ish-ment (ȧs-tŏn'ĭsh-mĕnt), wonder; surprise.
a-sun'der (ȧ-sŭn'dẽr), apart; separate from each other.
at-tain' (ȧ-tān'), arrive at; accomplish; obtain.
at-tempt' (ȧ-tĕmpt'), try; endeavor.
au'di-ble (ô'dĭ-b'l), capable of being heard.
aught (ôt), anything; any part.
av'a-rice (ăv'ȧ-rĭs), greediness; great desire for gain.
a-vert' (ȧ-vûrt'), turn aside or away.
a-wry' (ȧ-rī'), turned or twisted toward one side; crooked.
az'ure (ăzh'ûr), sky blue.

bab'ble (băb''l), utter words indistinctly; make a continuous murmuring noise.
Bag-dad' (băg-dăd'; băg'dăd), a city in Turkey in Asia.
bail (bāl), the arched handle of a pail or kettle.
bait (bāt), food used in catching any animal.
balk (bôk), stop and refuse to go.
bal'lad (băl'ȧd), a simple song of any kind.
bal'sam (bôl'sȧm), a fragrant or spicy substance flowing from certain plants.
bal'us-trade (băl'ŭs-trād), a row of upright supports topped by a rail, serving as a low wall.
ban'dit (băn'dĭt), one of a gang of robbers, especially one of a band living in mountains.
ban'quet (băn'kwĕt; kwĭt), a feast.
bar'gain (bär'gĕn; gĭn), an agreement between persons settling what each shall give or receive in a transaction.
bar'on (băr'ŭn), a nobleman.
bass'wood' (bȧs'wo͝od'), a kind of tree.
bat'tle-ment (băt''l-mĕnt), a low wall with open spaces on top of a fort.
bawl (bôl), cry loudly.
ba-zaar' (bȧ-zär'), an assemblage of shops or group of streets lined with shops.
beau'te-ous (bū'tē-ŭs), full of beauty.
be-calm' (bē-kām'), make quiet; keep from motion.
beck'on (bĕk''n), make a sign by motion of hand or finger.
beech'en (bēch''n), belonging to the beech tree; made of the wood or bark of the beech tree.
be-fall' (bē-fôl'), come to pass; happen.
be-guile' (bē-gīl'), deceive; amuse or entertain.
be-hold' (be-hōld'), see; gaze upon.
be-lat'ed (bē-lāt'ĕd), delayed; overtaken by night.
bel'fry (bĕl'frĭ), a bell tower.
be-moan' (bē-mōn'), express grief by moaning; lament.
be-nev'o-lent (bē-nĕv'ō-lĕnt), charitable; kind.
be-nig'nant (bē-nĭg'nănt), kind; gracious; liberal.
be-seech' (bē-sēch'), ask earnestly; beg.
be-seem' (bē-sēm'), be proper, fitting.
be-stow' (bē-stō'), give; grant; present.
be-tide' (bē-tīd'), happen; come to pass.
be-wil'der-ment (bē-wĭl'dẽr), state of being bewildered.
be-witch' (wĭch), charm; enchant.
bit'ter (bĭt'ẽr), severe; harsh, having a peculiar, disagreeable taste.
bit'ter-ly (bĭt'ẽr), painfully; with great grief.

blade (blād), a sword; the cutting part of an instrument.
blare (blâr), to sound with a loud and harsh tone.
blast (blăst), a violent gust of wind.
bleach (blēch), make white.
bleak (blēk), cold and cutting; desolate.
blend (blĕnd), mix or mingle together.
bless'ing (blĕs'), act of one who blesses; a gift; a means of happiness.
blight (blīt), prevent the growth; ruin.
bliss (blĭs), gladness; joy; happiness.
bloom (blōōm), blossom; flower.
bluff (blŭf), a high steep bank; a cliff.
blur (blûr), make indistinct or confused.
boast (bōst), brag; tell things to give others a high opinion of one's self.
bold'ness (bōld'), bravery; courage.
bomb (bŏm; bŭm), a shell; a hollow sphere containing an explosive charge.
bom-bard'ment (bŏm-bārd'; bŭm), attack upon a fortified place with shot and shell.
boom'ing (bōōm'), making a hollow sound, as waves or cannon.
boon (bōōn), bountiful; gay; merry.
boon (bōōn), a gift; a favor.
boun'ti-ful (boun'tĭ-fo͝ol), free in giving; liberal.
boun'ty (boun'tĭ), liberality; generosity.
bow'er (bou'ẽr), a shelter or covered place in a garden; an arbor.
brake (brak), a fern; a dense growth of shrubs.
brawn'y (brôn'ĭ), powerful; strong.
break'er (brāk'ẽr), a wave breaking into foam against the shore.
bril'liant (brĭl'yănt), bright; glittering.
bro-cade' (brō-kād'), silk ornamented with raised flowers or woven with gold or silver threads.
bronze (brŏnz), a substance composed of copper and tin.
brood (brōōd), think continuously and gloomily on one subject; sit quietly; sit and cover eggs, as a fowl.
broom (brōōm), a plant with long slender branches and yellow flowers.
bru'tal (brōō'tăl), like a brute; savage; cruel.

cab'in (kăb'ĭn), a small house.
Cai'ro (kī'rō), the capital of Egypt.
cal'cu-late (kăl'kŭ-lāt), count; estimate.
ca'liph (kā'lĭf), the ruler of Turkey.
calk (kôk), stop up the seams or crevices between planks to prevent leaking.
calm (käm), stillness; quiet.
ca'pable (kā'pà-b'l), having ability; skillful.
cap'tive (kăp'tĭv), prisoner.
cap'ture (kăp'tûr), act of seizing by force.
car'a-van (kăr'à-văn), a company of persons traveling together, especially through deserts.
ca-reer' (kà-rēr'), conduct in life; general course of action.
car'go (kär'gō), load or freight which a ship carries.
car'nage (kär'nâj), great destruction of life, as in battle; slaughter.
car'ol (kăr'ŭl), a song of praise.
cau'tion (kô'shŭn), care; watchfulness; warning.
cau'tious (kô'shŭs), watchful; thoughtful; prudent.
cav'ern (kăv'ẽrn), a cave.
cease (sēs), come to an end; leave off.
cel'e-brate (sĕl'ê-brāt), honor by ceremonies of joy and respect.
cel'e-bra'tion (brā'shŭn), act of celebrating.
cen'tu-ry (sĕn'tû-rĭ), period of one hundred years.
cer'e-mo-ny (sĕr'ê-mô-nĭ), an act directed by law or custom in the conduct of important matters.
chafe (chāf), irritate; vex.
chaff (chăf), husks of grains.
cha-grin' (shà-grĭn'), mortification; disgust.
chal-ced'o-ny (kăl-sĕd'ô-nĭ), a pale blue or gray quartz.
chal'ice (chăl'ĭs), a drinking cup or goblet.
chal'lenge (chăl'ĕnj), assert a right; invite defiantly.
chan'dler (chăn'dlẽr), a dealer in groceries, provisions or the like.
charg'er (chär'jẽr), an officer's horse ridden in battle or parade.
char'i-ty (chăr'ĭ-tĭ), love; good will; liberality.
charm (chärm), any action or thing supposed to have magic power.
chas'ten (chās''n), correct by punishment; purify from faults.
check (chĕk), stop; hinder.
cheer (chēr), mirth; cheerfulness; gayety.
cheer'y (chēr'ĭ), bright; pleasant; cheerful.
cher'ish (chĕr'ĭsh), hold dear; protect.
chief'ly (chēf'lĭ), principally; especially; above all.
chief'tain (chēf'tĭn), chief; leader; captain.
choice (chois), previous; uncommon; the thing or person chosen.
chris'ten (krĭs''n), baptize; give a name to.
chub'by (chŭb'ĭ), plump and round.
cir'cuit (sûr'kĭt), distance round any space.

cir-cum'fer-ence (sĕr-kŭm'fĕr-ĕns), the line what goes around a circular surface.
civ'il (sĭv'ĭl), respectful; obliging; polite.
clad (klăd), clothed.
clam'ber (klăm'bĕr), climb with difficulty.
clam'or-ous (klăm'ĕr-ŭs), noisy; loud; calling or demanding loudly.
clear'ing (klēr), a tract of land cleared of trees.
cleft (klĕft), a crack; an opening.
cliff (klĭf), a high, steep face of rock; a precipice.
clime (klīm), climate; region.
cloud-rack (răk), flying, broken clouds.
clown (kloun), one who causes merriment by awkward, silly actions.
clump (klŭmp), a cluster; a group; a thicket.
cock'a-too' (kŏk'ă-tōō'), a parrot.
cof'fer (kŏf'ĕr), a chest to hold money or valuables.
col'um-bine (kŏl'ŭm-bīn), a plant.
comb'er (kōm'ĕr), a long, curling wave.
com-bine' (kŏm-bīn), unite; join.
com'i-cal (kŏm'ĭkăl), funny; laughable.
com-mand' (kŏ-mănd'), govern; give orders.
com-par'a-tive (kŏm-păr'ă-tĭv), estimated by comparison with something else.
com-pel' (kŏm-pĕl'), force; oblige.
com-plain' (kŏm-plān'), find fault; grumble; lament.
com'pli-ment (kŏm'plĭ-mĕnt), praise; expression of admiration or respect.
com-posed' (kŏm-pōzd'), calm; quiet; self-possessed.
com-po'sure (kŏm-pō'zhûr), calmness; quiet.
com'rade (kŏm'răd), companion; associate.
con-ceal' (kŏn-sēl'), hide; cover.
con-ceive' (kŏn-sēv'), think; suppose.
con-cern' (kŏn-sûrn'), interest; affect.
con-clude' (kŏn-klōōd'), form a judgment; make an end.
con-demn' (kŏn-dĕm'), declare the guilt of; reprove; blame.
con-fer' (kŏn-fûr'), give; bestow; counsel.
con-fess' (kŏn-fĕs'), acknowledge or own a fault.
con-found' (kŏn-found'), bewilder; astonish; ruin.
con-fu'sion (fū'zhŭn), bewilderment; disorder.
con-join' (kŏn-join'), join together; unite.
con'science (kŏn'shĕns), sense of what is right and wrong in one's own conduct.
con'scious (kŏn'shŭs), having knowledge of; aware.
con'se-quence (kŏn'sĕ-kwĕns), result; end.
con-sid'er-a'tion (kŏn-sĭd'ĕr-ā'shŭn), careful thought; recompense.
con'stant (kŏn'stănt), faithful; steadfast.
con'stel-la'tion (lā'shŭn), a group of stars.
con-tin'u-al (kŏn-tĭn'û-ăl), uninterrupted; connected.
con'tract (kŏn'trăkt), an agreement; a bargain.
con'tra-ry (kŏn'trā-rĭ), opposite; unfavorable.
con-triv'ance (kŏn-trīv'ăns), plan; invention; machine.
con-trive' (kŏn-trīv'), form; plan; invent.
con-vince' (kŏn-vĭns'), satisfy by proof; persuade.
cor-nice (kor-nis), a molding or series of moldings on a wall.
cor-po're-al (kŏr-pō'rē-ăl), bodily; physical.
cor're-spond'ent (kŏr'ĕ-spŏnd'), a person employed to contribute news regularly from a particular place; one with whom communication is carried on by letter.
corse'let (kŏrs'lĕt), armor for the body.
cost'ly (kŏst'lĭ), expensive; of great cost.
cot'tage (kŏt'ăj), a small house.
couch'ing (kouch), hiding; lying down for concealment.
coun'cil (koun'sĭl), an assembly for consultation or advice.
coun'sel (koun'sĕl), advise; instruct.
coun'se-lor (koun'sĕ-lĕr), an adviser.
count'less (kount'), incapable of being counted.
cou-ra'geous (kŭ-rā'jŭs), brave; fearless; daring.
course (kōrs), way; passage; road.
cours'er (kōr'sĕr), a race horse or a war horse.
court (kōrt), an uncovered space inclosed by buildings or by walls.
cour'te-ous (kûr'tē-ŭs), polite; obliging; well-bred.
cour'te-sy (kûr'tē-sĭ), politeness; elegance; refinement.
cour'tier (kōrt'yĕr), one who is in attendance at the court of a king.
cow'er (kou'er), crouch; sink through fear.

Daed'a-lus (dĕd'ă-lŭs; dē'dă-lŭs), See note Page 66.
dag'ger (dăg'ĕr), a short weapon used for stabbing.
dai'ly (dālĭ), happening each day.
dain'ties (dān'tĭz), things which are delicious to the taste; delicacies.
dai'ry (dā'rĭ), the place where milk is kept and made into butter or cheese.
dal'ly (dăl'ĭ), play; trifle; delay.

dame (dām), a mother or an elderly woman.
Da-ri'us (dȧ-rī'ŭs), name of a Persian king; here used as a boy's name.
dawn (dôn), the first appearance of light in the morning.
daz'zle (dăz''l), be overpowered by light; have sight confused by light.
dearth (dûrth), scarcity; want; famine.
de-ceit' (de-sēt'), an attempt to deceive; fraud; trickery.
de-cid'ed (dē-sīd'ĕd), fully settled; free from doubt; determined.
deck (dĕk), the floor-like platform of a compartment of a ship.
deck (dĕk), dress; adorn.
dec'la-ra'tion (dĕk'lȧ-rā'shŭn), that which is declared; proclamation; announcement.
deed (dēd), act; that which is done.
de-fend' (dē-fĕnd'), protect; guard.
de-fy' (dē-fī'), dare; provoke to strife; challenge.
del'i-cate (dĕl'ī-kȧt), tender; fine; frail.
dell (dĕl), a small retired valley; a ravine.
de-mand' (dē-mȧnd'), ask or call for with authority; claim as due.
de'mon (dē'mŏn), an evil spirit.
dense (dĕns), close; thick; heavy.
de-part' (dē-pȧrt'), go away; leave; separate.
de-pos'it (dē-pŏz'ĭt), place for safe keeping; put.
de-ri'sion (dē-rĭzh'ŭn), scorn; mockery; insult.
de-scend'ant (dē-sĕn'dănt), child, grandchild, great grandchild, etc.
des'ert (dĕz'ĕrt), a tract of land unoccupied and uncultivated.
de-sign' (dē-zīn'), a plan of something to be done; intention.
de-sir'a-ble (dē-zīr'ȧ-b'l), pleasing; agreeable.
des'o-la'tion (lā'shŭn), ruin; destruction of inhabitants.
de-spair' (dē-spâr'), loss of hope; hopelessness.
des'per-ate (dĕs'pĕr-ȧt), extremely dangerous; rash; furious.
des-sert' (dē-zûrt'), fruit or sweet things at the close of a meal.
des'tine (dĕs'tĭn), fix or determine beforehand.
de-ter'mine (dē-tûr'mĭn), fix; resolve; decide.
dew'y (dū'ĭ), moist with dew.
dif'fi-cul-ty (dĭf'ĭ-kŭl-tĭ), a thing hard to do or to understand; obstacle.
dig'ni-ty (dĭg'nĭ-tĭ), nobleness of manner; stateliness; high office.
dike (dīk), an embankment to prevent floods.
dil'i-gence (dĭl'ĭ-jĕns), industry; carefulness.
dil'i-gent (dĭl'ĭ-jĕnt), industrious; steady and earnest.
di-min'ish (dĭ-mĭn'ĭsh), make less; take away.
di-min'u-tive (dĭ-mĭn'ū-tĭv), small; little.
dint (dĭnt), force; power; a blow.
dis'a-gree'a-ble (dĭs'ȧ-grē'a-b'l), displeasing; unpleasant.
dis'con-tent'ed (dĭs'kŏn-tĕn'tĕd), dissatisfied.
dis-cuss' (dĭs-kŭs'), reason; debate; examine.
dis-ease' (dĭ-zēz'), illness; sickness.
dis'en-tan'gle (dĭs'ĕn-tăn'g'l), to straighten out.
dis-guise' (dĭs-gīz'), a dress put on for concealment or to deceive.
dis-hon'or-a-ble (dĭs-ŏn'ẽr-a-b'l), not honorable; shameful; disgraceful.
dis'mal (dĭz'mȧl), gloomy; sorrowful.
dis-pose' (dĭs-pōz'), arrange; get rid of.
dis-pute' (dĭs-pūt'), argue against; discuss.
dis-qui'e-tude (dĭs-kwī'ĕ-tūd), want of peace; anxiety.
dis-suade' (dĭ-swād'), advise against.
dis'tant (dĭs'tănt), not friendly; haughty; far off.
dis-taste'ful (tāst'), unpleasant to the taste; unpalatable.
dis-tress' (dĭs-trĕs'), pain; suffering; sorrow.
dis-turb'ance (dis-tûr'bănș), tumult; confusion; annoyance.
di-ver'si-fied (dĭ-vûr'sĭ-fīd), having many forms or a variety of objects.
diz'zy (dĭz'ĭ), having a whirling sensation in the head; confused; thoughtless.
doc'ile (dŏs'ĭl), gentle; easily managed.
dock (dŏk), an inclosure in connection with a harbor or river, with gates to keep the water in or shut it out.
dole'ful (dōl'fo͝ol), sorrowful; sad.
dome (dōm), a roof having a rounded form.
do-min'ion (dō-mĭn'yŭn), the power of controlling and governing; authority.
doubt (dout), uncertainty; distrust.
doubt'less (dout), certainly; without doubt.
dow'ry (dou'rĭ), a gift of property by a man to or for his bride; the money or property which a woman brings to her husband in marriage.
drag'on (drăg'ŭn), a huge serpent; an animal represented in fables and myths as a monstrous serpent with wings.
draught (drȧft), the act of drinking; liquid to be swallowed.
dread (drĕd), to fear greatly; to have terror of.
dream'y (drēm'ĭ), given to imagining or fancying things; soothing; soft.
drear'y (drēr'ĭ), comfortless; gloomy.
droll (drōl), amusing; queer; comic.

droop (drōōp), hang down; sink down; grow weak.
drought (drout), dryness; want of rain.
drow'sy (drou'zĭ), sleepy; heavy with sleepiness.
drug (drŭg), any substance used as medicine; an article that is not in demand.
dun'geon (dŭn'jŭn), a close, dark prison, underground.
dusk (dŭsk), the darker part of twilight or dawn.
dusk'y (dŭs'kĭ), dark colored; not bright.
du'ty (dū'tĭ), conduct due parents or superiors; that which one ought to do.
dwarf (dwôrf), an animal or plant much below the ordinary size.

ea'ger (ē'gĕr), earnest; very desirous to do or to have.
ear'nest-ness (ûr'nĕst), seriousness; sincerity.
earth'en (ûr'th'n), made of earth; especially, made of clay.
eaves (ēvz), the edges of the roof of a building, which overhang the walls.
eb'on (ĕb'ŭn), like ebony; black; dark.
ef'fort (ĕf'ôrt; ĕrt), attempt; trial; endeavor.
e-lab'o-rate (ê-lăb'ô-rāt), worked out with great care and exactness.
elf (ĕlf), a fairy, a sprite.
ell (ĕll), a measure for cloth, The English ell is about 45 inches.
em-brace' (ĕm-brās'), clasp in the arms, with affection.
em'er-ald (ĕm'ĕr-ăld), a stone of deep green color used in jewelry.
e-merge' (ê-mûrj'), rise from; come into view.
e-mo'tion (ê-mō'shŭn), feeling of joy, fear, grief, love or hate.
en-chant' (ĕn-chănt'), act on by magic; delight.
en-cir'cle (ĕn-sûr'k'l), form a circle about.
en-coun'ter (ĕn-koun'), engage in conflict; meet face to face.
en-dear'ment (ĕn-dēr'mĕnt), caress; sign of affection.
en-dure' (ĕn-dūr'), remain firm; continue; hold out.
en'e-my (ĕn'ê-mĭ), one who hates and desires to injure another.
en-grave' (ĕn-grāv'), carve figures or letters; impress deeply.
e-nor'mous (ê-nôr'mŭs), huge; immense.
en-rage' (ĕn-rāj'), fill with rage; anger.
en-rich' (ĕn-rĭch'), make rich.
en'ter-prise (ĕn'tĕr-prīz), an attempt; an undertaking.
en'ter-tain' (ĕn'tĕr-tān'), receive into one's house as a guest; amuse.
en-treat'y (ĕn-trēt'ĭ), request; prayer.
en'vi-ous (ĕn'vĭ-ŭs), pained by the good fortune of another; grudging.
en'vy (ĕn-vĭ), discontent at the excellence or good fortune of another.
eq'ui-page (ĕk'wĭ-pāj), a carriage, horses and coachman.
ere (âr), before.
e-rect' (ê-rĕkt'), upright; not bent.
es-pe'cial (ĕs-pĕsh'ăl), particular; uncommon.
es-tate' (ĕs-tāt'), property; fortune.
es-teem' (ĕs-tēm'), favorable opinion; great regard.
es'ti-mate (ĕs'tĭ-māt), a judgment or opinion.
e-ter'ni-ty (ê-tûr'nĭ-tĭ), immeasurable time; immortality.
e-vent' (ê-vĕnt'), that which happens; incident; adventure.
e'ven-tide (ē'v'n-tīd), evening.
ex-ceed' (ĕk-sēd'), go too far; be greater than others.
ex-ceed'ing (ĕk-sēd'), more than sufficient; extraordinary.
ex-cel' (ĕk-sĕl'), go beyond others in good qualities.
ex'cel-lent (lĕnt), very good; worthy.
ex-cess' (ĕk-sĕs'), that which goes beyond what is usual or proper.
ex-cite' (ĕk-sīt'), stir up; rouse to feeling.
ex-haust'ed (ĕg-zôs'tĕd), worn out; tired out.
ex'ile (ĕk'sĭl), forced separation from one's native land; a person expelled from his country.
ex-pe'ri-ence (ĕks-pē'rĭ-ĕns), the actual living through events.
ex-per'i-ment (ĕks-pĕr'ĭ-mĕnt), a trial; the act of trying or testing.
ex-plore' (ĕks-plōr'), make or conduct a systematic search.
ex-pound' (ĕks-pound'), explain; interpret.
ex'qui-site (ĕks'kwĭ-zĭt), choice; delicate; perfect.
ex-tin'quish (ĕks-tĭn'gwĭsh), put out, as a light; destroy.
ex-traor'di-na-ry (ĕks-trôr'dĭ-nā-rĭ), not usual; remarkable.
ex-trav'a-gant (ĕks-trăv'ă-gănt), wasteful; unrestrained.
ex-treme' (ĕks-trēm'), very great; utmost.
ex-ult'ant (ĕg-zŭl'tănt), rejoicing.
ey'ry, ey'rie (ē'rĭ), the nest of a bird of prey.

fa'ble (fā'b'l), a story in which animals speak and act like human beings; legend; untruth.
fa'bled (fā'b'ld), told in fable; having no real existence.
fab'ric (făb'rĭk), manufactured cloth; a building; a structure.
fain (fān), with joy; gladly.
fair'y (fâr'ĭ), an imaginary being or spirit, supposed to meddle in the affairs of human beings.

faith (fāth), promise; loyalty; state of being faithful; belief.
faith'ful (fōōl), true and constant; loyal.
false (fôls), not faithful; untrue.
fame (fām), reputation; public opinion; renown.
fa-mil'iar (fă-mĭl'yăr), well known; closely acquainted.
fa'mous (fā-mŭs), celebrated; renowned.
fan'cy (făn'sĭ), imagine; believe without being certain.
fane (fān), a temple; a church.
fan-tas'tic (făs-tĭk), queer; imaginary.
fare (fâr), food; price of transportation.
fare'well' (fâr'wĕl'), go well; good-by.
fash'ion (făsh'ŭn), form; shape; make.
fa'tal (fā'tăl), causing death or destruction; deadly.
fa-tigue' (fă-tēg'), weariness; exhaustion.
fa'vor (fā'vĕr), kindness; good will.
fa'vor-a-ble (-ă-b'l), friendly; kind; advantageous.
fa'vor-ite (fā-vĕr-ĭt), a person or thing preferred above others.
fea'ture (fē-tûr), any marked characteristic; any single part of the face.
fee'ble (fē'b'l), weak, slight; lacking strength.
fel'on (fĕl'ŭn), a criminal; a wicked person.
fen'land (fĕn), marshy land; low land partly covered with water.
fer'vent (fûr'vĕnt), earnest; eager; hot.
fes'ti-val (fĕs'tĭ-văl), a time of feasting or celebration.
feud (fūd), a quarrel; continuous strife between families.
fit'ful (fĭt'fōōl), restless; impulsive; irregular.
fla-min'go (flă-mĭn'gō), a water bird having very long legs and neck and rosy white plumage.
flat'ter (flăt'ĕr), praise insincerely or deceitfully.
flaunt (flânt; flônt), make show or display of; wave showily.
flee (flē), run away; fly.
fleec'y (flēs'ĭ), made of or covered with wool.
fleet (flēt), a group of vessels.
fleet (flēt), swift; fast.
flex'i-bil'i-ty (flĕk'sĭ-bĭl'ĭ-tĭ), quality of being bent, turned, or twisted.
fo'li-age (fō'lĭ-ăj), leaves.
for'eign (fŏr'ĭn), outside one's own country; belonging to some other country.
frag'ment (frag'mĕnt), a part broken off.
fra'grance (frā'grăns), sweetness of smell; perfume.
fra'grant (frā'grănt), sweet-smelling; having an agreeable perfume.
frail (frāl), easily broken; not firm; weak.
fran'chise (frăn-chīz; chĭz), the right to vote.
freight (frāt), load; cargo.
fren'zy (frĕn'zĭ), madness; excitement.
fri'ar (frī'ĕr), a brother or member of a religious order.
frig'ate (frĭg'ăt), originally a light vessel propelled by oars and sails, later, a war vessel.
frol'ic-some (frŏl'ĭk-sŭm), full of gayety and mirth.
froth-y (frŏth'ĭ), foamy; light; empty.
fu'el (fū'ĕl), any matter used to produce heat by burning.
fu'gi-tive (fū'jĭ-tĭv), one who flees from pursuit or danger.
fu'ry (fū'rĭ), violent anger; a fit of rage.
furze (fûrz), an evergreen shrub with yellow flowers, often used for fuel and fodder.

gal'lant (găl'ănt), brave; high-spirited.
game (gām), animals taken in hunting.
gar'land (gär'lănd), a wreath to be worn on the head or hung up as ornament.
gauz'y (gôz'ĭ), like gauze, very thin and light.
gem (jĕm), a precious stone; a jewel.
gen'er-a'tion (jĕn'ĕr-ā'shŭn), the average lifetime of man.
gen'er-os'i-ty (jĕn'ĕr-ŏs'ĭ-tĭ), liberality.
gen'er-ous (jĕn'ĕr-ŭs), liberal; bountiful.
ge'ni-al (jē'nĭ-ăl; jēn'yăl), cheerful; kindly.
gen'ius (jēn'yŭs), unusual intellectual power.
gen'ius (jēn'yŭs; jē'nĭ-ŭs), one of the powerful spirits or demons represented in Arabian stories as interfering in human affairs.
ges'ture (jĕs'tûr), a movement of the body or limbs to emphasize or enforce words.
gen'tian (jĕn'shăn), a beautiful blue autumn flower.
gi-gan'tic (jī-găn'tĭk), like a giant.
gir'dle (gûr'd'l), encircle; cut around.
glance (glâns), a quick look; glimpse.
glanc'ing (glân'sĭng), touching lightly; looking quickly.
gleam (glēm), a beam; a brightness.
glean (glēn), pick up after the reapers.
glee (glē), joy; merriment.
glen (glĕn), a narrow valley.
glim'mer (glĭm'ĕr), shine faintly or unsteadily.
glimpse (glĭmps), a short, hurried view.
glis'ten (glĭs''n), sparkle or shine.

gloom (glōōm), darkness; dullness; sadness.
gloom'y (glōōm'ĭ), dark; cloudy; sad.
glo'ri-ous (glō'rĭ-ŭs), splendid in appearance; grand; noble.
gloss'y (glŏs'ĭ), smooth and shining; highly polished.
glow (glō), shine with intense heat; feel hot; to be bright or red.
goal (gōl), the place at which a race or journey is to end.
gold'smith (gōld'), one who manufactures articles of gold.
gor'geous (gôr'jŭs), splendid; magnificent.
gos'ling (gŏz'lĭng), a young goose.
grace (grās), easy and natural elegance in manner and movement.
grace'ful (grās'fo͝ol), showing grace or beauty in form and action.
gra'cious (grā'shŭs), friendly; kind; merciful.
grad'u-al (grăd'û-ăl), moving by slow or slight changes.
gran'a-ry (grăn'ā-rĭ), a storehouse for grain; to store in a granary.
grate'ful (grāt'fo͝ol), glad to acknowledge and repay benefits; thankful; pleasing.
grat'i-fy (grăt'ĭ-fī), oblige; favor; satisfy.
grat'i-tude (grăt'ĭ-tūd), thankfulness.
grave (grāv), serious; dignified; sober.
grief (grēf), sadness; sorrow.
grieve (grēv), mourn; sorrow.
griev'ous (grēv'ŭs), severe; intense; full of grief.
gri-mace' (grĭ-mās'), a twist or distortion of the face.
grin (grĭn), draw back the lips from the teeth, as in a broad smile.
groan (grōn), a low moaning sound.
grope (grōp), feel one's way with the hands.
grove (grōv), a smaller group of trees than a forest.
grum'ble (grŭm'b'l), make ill-natured complaints in a low voice.
guest (gĕst), a visitor entertained without pay.
guile'less (gīl'), honest; frank; not deceitful.
gul'ly (gŭl'ĭ), a small valley made by running water.
gush (gŭsh), free outpouring.
gust (gŭst), a violent blast of wind.

hail (hāl), greet; welcome; call loudly to.
hal'low (hăl'ō), make holy.
ham'let (hăm'lĕt), a cluster of houses in the country.
ham'per (hăm'pĕr), a large basket used for the packing and carrying of articles.
hang'bird (hăng'), the Baltimore oriole—so called because its nest is suspended.
hard'ship (härd'shĭp), that which is hard to bear; hardness.
har'dy (här'dĭ), brave; daring; strong.
har'mo-ny (här'mô-nĭ), melody; agreement.
Ha-roun' Al-ra-schid' (hä-ro͞on' ăr-rä-shēd'), caliph of Bagdad.
harsh (härsh), severe; stern; cruel.
hart (härt), a stag; a red deer.
hast'i-ly (hās'tĭ-lĭ), quickly; speedily; hurriedly.
haugh'ty (hô'tĭ), proud; arrogant.
haunt (hänt; hônt), to visit very frequently; to come into the mind frequently and without effort.
haunt (hänt; hônt), a place to which one often goes; a den.
hav'oc (hăv'ŏk), general destruction; waste.
haz'ard (hăz'ärd), risk; danger.
haze (hāz), mist; fog; dimness.
head'gear (hĕd'gēr'), a covering for the head; hat, cap, bonnet, etc.
heark'en (här'k'n), listen; hear.
hearth (härth), the floor of a fireplace.
heart'i-ly (härt'ĭ-lĭ), sincerely; earnestly.
heath (hēth), a tract of waste land.
heave (hēv), rise and fall with alternate motions.
heed (hēd), notice; observe; attend.
heir (ār), one who inherits or who will receive property after the death of its owner.
helm (hĕlm), rudder, tiller, wheel, etc., by which a ship is steered.
helm (hĕlm), helmet; a protection for the head.
hel'met (hĕl'mĕt), the head piece in armor.
hem'lock (hĕm'lŏk), a pine tree; a poisonous herb.
herb'age (ûr'bāj; hûr'bāj), green plants.
he'ro (hē'rō), the principal person in a story; a person of great courage.
he-ro'ic (hē-rō'ĭk), brave; daring; noble.
hes'i-tate (hĕz'ĭ-tāt), to stop or pause; to be uncertain; to stammer.
Hes-pe'ri-an (hĕs-pē'rĭ-ăn), Western.
hid'e-ous (hĭd'ē-ŭs), ugly, terrible; ghastly.
hie (hī), hasten.
high'way' (hī'wā'), a road or way open to the public.
hilt (hĭlt), a handle of a sword, dagger, etc.
hire'ling (hīr'lĭng), one who serves another, merely for gain.
hith'er (hĭth'ĕr), here; to this place.
hith'er-to' (tōō'; hĭth'ĕr-tōō'), up to this time; to this place.
hoard (hôrd), a store; a hidden supply.
hoar'y (hôr'ĭ), white; white with age.
hon'or (ŏn'ĕr), respect; reverence; a mark of respect; honesty.
hon'or-a-ble (ŏn'ĕr-ă-b'l), noble; honest.

hor'ror (hŏr'ĕr), fear; dread; detestation.
hos'pi-tal'i-ty (hŏs'pĭ-tăl'ĭ-tĭ), kind and generous treatment of strangers.
host (hōst), an army; a great number.
hov'er (hŭv'ĕr), flutter; move to and fro near a place.
hub'bub (hŭb'ŭb), a loud noise of many speaking at once; tumult.
hue (hū), color; tint.
Hum'ber (hŭm'bĕr), a river in the eastern part of England.
hum'ble (hŭm'b'l), modest; not proud; lowly.
hu'mor (hū'mĕr), the ability to see or express what is funny.
hu'mor-ous (ūs), pleasant; merry; funny.
hurl (hûrl), throw with violence.
husk'er (hŭsk), one who strips off the husks, as from corn.

Ic'a-rus (ĭk'ā-rŭs), see note page 66.
im'age (ĭm'āj), an imitation of a person or thing in solid form; a representation.
im-ag'i-na'tion (ā'shŭn), fancy; the power of the mind by which we imagine or make mental images.
im'i-tate (ĭm'ĭ-tāt), follow as a pattern; try to copy.
im'i-ta'tion (tā'shŭn), that which is made as a copy; counterfeit.
im-mense' (ĭ-mĕns'), very great; huge.
im-mor'tal (ĭ-môr'tăl), undying; everlasting.
imp (ĭmp), a young or little spirit.
im-pe'ri-ous (ĭm-pē'rĭ-ŭs), haughty; commanding.
im-pres'sion (ĭm-prĕsh'ŭn), influence or effect.
im'pu-dence (ĭm'pû-dĕns), rudeness; impertinence.
im'pulse (ĭm'pŭls), inclination; sudden desire.
in'ci-dent (ĭn'sĭ-dĕnt), an event; circumstance.
in'con-ven'ience (ĭn'kŏn-vēn'yĕns), disturbance; trouble; annoyance.
in'di-gest'i-ble (ĭn'dĭ-jĕs'tĭ-b'l), not digestible.
in'di-vid'u-al (ĭn'dĭ-vĭd'û-ăl), a single or particular being.
In'do-stan'; **Hin'du-stan** (Hĭn'dōō-stän), India.
in-duce' (ĭn-dūs'), lead on; influence.
in-dulge' (ĭn-dŭlj'), give way to; not oppose or restrain.
in'fan-cy (ĭn'făn-sĭ), early childhood; babyhood.
in'fi-nite (ĭn'fĭ-nĭt), unlimited; boundless.
in-flame' (ĭn-flām'), produce heat or swelling; excite; arouse.
in-form' (ĭn-fôrm'), notify; tell; instruct.
in-gen'ious (ĭn-jēn'yŭs), having inventive skill.

in-grat'i-tude (ĭn-grăt'ĭ-tūd), unthankfulness; forgetfulness of kindness received.
in-hab'it-ed (ĭnhăb'ĭt-ĕd), having inhabitants or dwellers.
in-hale' (ĭn-hāl'), breathe in; draw into the lungs.
in-her'it (ĭn-hĕr'ĭt), come into possession of; receive on the death of another.
in'ju-ry (ĭn'jōō-rĭ), hurt; damage; injustice.
in-jus'tice (ĭn-jŭs'tĭs), unfairness; injury.
in'no-cence (ĭn'ō-sĕns), freedom from sin; blamelessness; purity.
in'no-cent (ĭn'ō-sĕnt), free from sin or guilt; blameless.
in'no-cents (ĭn'ō-sĕnts), small flowers also called bluets.
in-sane' (ĭn-sān'), not sound of mind; crazy.
in-sist' (ĭn-sĭst'), remain firm in a demand or request.
in'stant (ĭn'stănt), immediate.
in-struc'tor (ĭn-strŭk'tĕr), a teacher
in-tel'li-gence (ĭn-tĕl'ĭ-jĕns), understanding; information.
in-tent' (ĭn-tĕnt'), earnest; eagerly occupied.
in-ter'mi-na-ble (ĭn-tûr'mĭ-nâ-b'l), endless; unlimited.
in'ter-rupt' (ĭn'tĕ-rŭpt'), stop or hinder; break in while another is speaking.
in-tol'er-a-ble (ĭn-tŏl'ĕr-ā-b'l), not capable of being endured; unbearable.
in'to-na'tion (ĭn'tō-nā'shŭn), the act of sounding musical tones.
in'tro-duc'tion (ĭn'trō-dŭk'shŭn), that part of a book which leads the way to the main subject; act of making persons known to each other.
in-tru'sive (ĭn-trōō'sĭv), entering without right or welcome.
in-vade' (ĭn-vād'), enter with unfriendly intentions.
in-va'sion (ĭn-vā'zhŭn), a warlike entrance into the posessions of another.
in-vent' (ĭn-vĕnt'), produce or make for the first time.
in-ven'tion (ĭn-vĕn'shŭn), that which is invented.

Jack'o-lan'tern (jăk'), a will-o-the wisp; a misleading influence.
jas'per (jăs'pĕr), formerly used to mean a dark green stone, now applied to stones of duller color.
jaun'ty (jän'tĭ; jôn'), smart; sprightly.
jeal'ous (jĕl'ŭs), fearful or suspicious of favor shown to another.
jeer (jēr), speak with mockery.
jest (jĕst), joke; fun; merriment.
jet (jĕt), a black mineral of the nature of coal used for jewelry.
jib (jĭb), swing round, as a sail.

joust (jŭst; jo͞ost), a combat on horseback between two knights.
jo'vi-al (jō'vĭ-ăl), gay; jolly; merry.
joy'ance (joi'ăns), delight; gayety.
jun'gle (jŭn'g'l), a thicket of tropical plants; a tangled mass of vegetation.
ju'ni-per (jo͞o'nĭ-pĕr), an evergreen shrub or tree. The common juniper has blue berrylike fruits.
Ju'pi-ter (jo͞o'pĭ-tĕr), see note, page 30.
jus'tice (jŭs'tĭs), fairness; right; just dealing.
Jus-ti'ci-ar (jŭs-tĭsh'ĭ-ar), a judge; a justice.

ker'chief (kûr'chĭf), a square cloth worn as a covering for the head.
khan (kän; kăn), an unfurnished building for the accommodation of traders in the East.
kind'ly (kīnd'lĭ), gracious; sympathetic; kind.
knight (nīt), a man of a special military rank bound to bravery, courtesy, and defense of those in distress.
knot'ty (nŏt'ĭ), covered with lumps or knobs; having many knots.

lad'die (lăd'ĭ), a lad; a boy.
lad'en (lād''n), loaded.
lair (lâr), the bed of a wild beast.
la-ment' (lȧ-mĕnt'), weep; mourn; feel sorrow.
lam'en-ta-ble (lăm'ĕn-tȧ-b'l), mournful; sorrowful.
lance (lăns), a weapon consisting of a long handle and a sharp steel head.
lane (lān), a narrow passageway between fences or hedges.
lan'guid (lăn'gwĭd), without energy; weak.
lapsed (lăpst), having slipped away.
larch (lärch), a pine tree.
lar'i-at (lăr'ĭ-ăt), a long rope with a running noose.
lav'ish (lăv'ĭsh), abundant; luxuriant.
lea (lē), meadow; pasture.
league (lēg), a measure of distance—about 3 miles.
learn'ed (lûr'nĕd), possessing learning; well informed.
lee (lē), the side sheltered from the wind.
leg'end (lĕj'ĕnd; lē'jĕnd), a story coming down from the past.
leg'end-a-ry (lĕj'ĕn-dȧ-rĭ), like a legend.
lei'sure (lē-zhûr; lĕzh'ûr), time free from work; ease.
lev-ee' (lĕv-ē'), a reception.
liege (lēj), a superior to whom services are due; king.
light'some (līt'sŭm), cheerful; merry; light.
lime (līm), a small greenish yellow fruit, having an acid taste.
lin'den (lĭn'dĕn), a shade tree having large leaves and yellow flowers.
list (lĭst), choose; desire; wish.
list'less (lĭst'lĕs), without desire; indifferent.
lit'er-al-ly (lĭt'ĕr-ăl), actually; really.
live'li-hood (līv'lĭ-ho͝od), means of supporting life.
loft'y (lôf'tĭ), high; tall; haughty.
low'er (lou'ĕr), to be dark, gloomy and threatening.
luck (lŭk), that which happens to one seemingly by chance.
lurk (lûrk), to lie hidden; to lie in wait.
lust (lŭst), eager desire; wrong desire.
lus'ti-ly (lĭ), with strength; vigorously.
lus'ter, lus'tre (lŭs'tĕr), shine; gloss.
lus'trous (trŭs'), shining; radiant.
lust'y (lŭs'tĭ), strong; full of life and vigor.
lyre (līr), a stringed instrument used by the Greeks.

mag'a-zine' (măg'ȧ-zēn'), the room in which the supply of powder is kept in a ship or fort.
mag'ic (măj'ĭk), the art which pretends to produce effects by the assistance of spirits.
ma-gi'cian (mȧ-jĭsh'ŭn), one skilled in magic.
mag-nĭf'i-cent (măg-nĭf'ĭ-sĕnt), glorious; splendid.
Ma-ha-ra'jah (mȧ-hȧ-rā'jȧ), a prince in India.
mail (māl), armor made of interlinked metal rings.
main (mān), principal; chief.
main (mān), the main or high sea; the ocean.
main-tain' (mān-tān'; mĕn), support; keep up.
mal'ice (măl'ĭs), spite; ill will; grudge.
ma-neu'ver (mȧ-no͞o'vĕr), a military movement or device planned with regard to the position of the enemy.
man'-of-war', a war vessel.
man'sion (măn'shŭn), a large house.
man'tle (măn't'l), a cloak.
mar (mär), damage; spoil; disfigure.
mar'gin (mär'jĭn), a border; edge; brink.
mar'i-ner (măr'ĭ-nĕr), a sailor.
mar'vel (mär'vĕl), to wonder; to be astonished.
mar'vel-ous (ŭs), astonishing; wonderful.
mass (mȧs), a large quantity; bulk.
mas'sive (mȧs'ĭv), heavy; weighty; bulky.
match'less (măch), having no equal.
match'lock' (măch'lŏk'), a musket; a gun.
ma-te'ri-al (mȧ-tē'rĭ-ăl), the substance of which anything is composed.

ma'tron (mā'trŭn), a wife or widow; a housekeeper.
may'hap' (mā'hăp'; mā'hăp'), perhaps.
mead (mēd), a meadow.
me-chan'ic (mē-kăn'ĭk), one skilled in shaping and uniting materials, as wood, metal, etc.
med'dle (mĕd''l), interfere with; busy one's self improperly with another's affairs.
med'i-tate (mĕd'ĭ-tāt), consider; reflect; study.
meek (mēk), mild; patient; humble.
meet (mēt), suitable; fit.
mel'an-chol-y (mĕl'ăn-kŏl-ĭ), mournfulness; sorrow.
mel'low (mĕl'ō), soft or tender; rich; delicate.
mer'chan-dise (mûr'chăn-dīz), goods; whatever is usually bought and sold.
mer'chant (mûr'chănt), one who makes a business of buying and selling.
mer'chant-man (măn), a trading vessel.
mer'cy (mûr'sĭ), pity; compassion; gentleness.
mere (mēr), nothing more than.
mere'ly (mēr'lĭ), only; simply.
me-tal'lic (mē-tăl'ĭk), of the nature or appearance of metal.
me-thinks' (mē-thĭnks'), it seems to me.
might (mīt), power; force; strength.
mil'dew (mĭl'dū), a whitish discoloration on leather, cloth, etc.
min'a-ret (mĭn'ă-rĕt), a slender, lofty tower on a mosque.
min'gle (mĭn'g'l), mix; associate; combine.
min'i-a-ture (mĭn'ĭ-ă-tûr), a very small painting.
min'strel-sy (mĭn'strĕl'sĭ), the occupation of a minstrel or singer; songs; music.
mir'a-cle (mĭr'ă-k'l), a wonderful thing.
mirth'ful (mûrth'fo͝ol), full of merriment; joyous.
mis'chie-vous (mĭs'chĭ-vŭs), full of mischief; injurious.
mis-do'ing (dō͞o'ĭng), wrong doing.
mi'ser (mī'zĕr), a person who cares more about saving money than anything else.
mis'er-a-ble (mĭz'ĕr-ă-b'l), unhappy; wretched; sorry.
mis'er-y (mĭz'ĕr-ĭ), distress, wretchedness; unhappiness.
mis-for'tune (tūn), trouble; accident; hardship.
mist (mĭst), fog; coarse, watery vapor, floating or falling like rain.
moat (mōt), a ditch or trench around a castle, usually filled with water.
moc'ca-sin (mŏk'ă-sĭn), a shoe of deerskin.
mod'er-a'tion (mŏd'ĕr-ā'shŭn), avoidance of extremes or excesses.
mod'ern (mŏd'ĕrn), belonging to the present time; not old; recent.
mod'est (mŏd'ĕst), not bold, boastful or forward.
mois'ten (mois''n), make moist or damp.
mois'ture (mois'tûr), dampness; that which makes damp or wet.
mo-lest' (mō-lĕst'), trouble; disturb.
mol'ten (mōl't'n), melted.
mon'arch (mŏn'ărk), a supreme ruler.
monk (mŭnk), one of a religious brotherhood living apart from the world.
mon'ster (mŏn'stĕr), a huge animal; an unnaturally wicked person.
mon'strous (mŏn'strŭs), huge; gigantic; dreadful.
Moor (mo͝or), a native of Morocco or other North African country.
moor (mo͝or), an extensive area of waste sandy ground, sometimes marshy.
mor'al (mŏr'ăl), the meaning of a fable or story.
mor'sel (mŏr'sĕl), a small quantity; a little piece.
mor'tal (mŏr'tăl), human; subject to death.
mor'ti-fi-ca'tion (môr'tĭ-fĭ-kā'shŭn), humiliation; vexation.
mosque (mŏsk), a Mohammedan place of worship.
mould (mōld), soil; earth suited to the growth of plants.
mould'er; mold'er (mōl'dĕr), crumble into small particles; waste away.
mount (mount), climb; ascend.
mourn'ful (mŏrn'fo͝ol), full of sorrow or grief.
mous-tache'; mus-tache' (mŭs-tăsh'), that part of the beard which grows on the upper lip.
mow (mou), the place in a barn where hay is stored.
mul'ti-ply (mŭl'tĭ-plī), increase in number.
mum'my (mŭm'ĭ), a body embalmed after the manner of the ancient Egyptians.
mur'mur (mûr'mŭr), a low, confused, indistinct sound; a complaint.
mute (mūt), silent; uttering no sound.
mut'ter (mŭt'ĕr), to utter words with a low voice and lips partly closed.
muz'zle (mŭz'l), the jaws and nose of an animal.
mys-te'ri-ous (mĭs-tē'rĭ-ŭs), difficult or impossible to understand; secret.
mys'ter-y (mĭs'tĕr-ĭ), a secret; something kept concealed and exciting wonder.
mys'tic (mĭs'tĭk), beyond human understanding.

na'tion-al (năsh'ŭn-ăl), of or belonging to the nation.
na'tive (nā'tĭv), one born in the place referred to.

nat'u-ral (năt'ū-răl), produced by nature; not artificial; in accordance with circumstances of the case.
naught (nôt), nothing; nought.
nav'i-gate (năv'ĭ-gāt), journey by water; use the waters as a highway.
neck'lace (nĕk'lās), a string of jewels or beads worn around the neck.
nec'tar (nĕk'tär), the drink of the gods.
neg-lect' (nĕg-lĕkt'), treat with little or no attention; disregard.
nes'tle (nĕs''l), to lie close and snug as a bird in a nest.
niche (nĭch), a hollow within the thickness of a wall.
nigh (nī), near; not distant.
nim'ble (nĭm'b'l), light and quick in motion.
no'ble (nō'b'l), possessing very excellent qualities.
no'ble (nō'b'l), an old English gold coin.
nook (nŏŏk), a corner; an out-of-the-way place.
noose (nōōs), a loop with a running knot.

oath (ōth), a solemn appeal to God in witness of the truth.
ob-scure' (ŏb-skūr'), not clear; dim.
ob'ser-va'tion (ŏb'zĕr-vā'shŭn), act of seeing; a remark.
ob-serve' (ŏb-zûrv'), take notice; heed; to remark.
ob'sta-cle (ŏb'stȧ-k'l), that which stands in the way; a hindrance.
ob'sti-nate (ŏb'stĭ-nȧt), stubborn; unyielding.
o'dor (ō'dĕr), any smell; scent; perfume.
of-fense' (ŏ-fĕns'), act of displeasing or angering; misdeed.
of-fi'cial (ŏ-fĭsh'ăl), one who holds an office.
of-fi'cious (ŏ-fĭsh'ŭs), eager to serve; volunteering services when not asked or needed; meddlesome.
oint'ment (oint'mĕnt), a soft, oily substance applied to the skin for healing purposes.
ooze (ōōz), flow slowly through small openings.
o'pen-hand'ed (ō'p'n), generous; liberal.
op'er-a'tion (ŏp'ĕr-ā'shŭn), an action of a surgeon's hand or the hand with instruments upon the body.
o-pin'ion (ō-pĭn'yŭn), idea; judgment; belief.
op'por-tu'ni-ty (ŏp'ŏr-tū'nĭ-tĭ), fit or convenient time.
op-pres'sion (ŏ-prĕsh'ŭn), cruelty; severity; tyranny.
or'a-tor (ŏr'ȧ-tĕr), a public speaker; one who is eloquent.
or'di-na-ry (ôr'dĭ-nȧ-rĭ), common; usual.
o-rig'i-nal (ō-rĭj'ĭ-năl), first in order; not copied.
or'na-ment (ôr'ná-mĕnt), that which adds grace or beauty; a decoration.
out'law' (out'lô'), a fugitive from the law; a lawless person.
out'skirts' (skûrts), parts far from the center; edges.
o'ver-come' (kŭm'), conquer; be victorious.
o'ver-joyed' (joid'), very glad; rejoiced.
o'ver-pow'er (ō-vĕr-pou'ĕr), subdue; defeat; crush.

pace (pās), a step; the distance covered in one step.
pad'dle (păd'l), an implement with a broad blade used to propel and steer canoes and other boats.
pad'lock' (păd'lŏk'), a lock having an outside U-shaped locking bar.
pa'gan (pā'gȧn), one who worships false gods.
pal'ace (păl'ȧs), the residence of a king or queen.
pal'an-quin' (păl'ȧn-kēn'), a kind of box about eight feet long borne on the shoulders of men, used in India and China as a conveyance or carriage.
pal'frey (pôl'frĭ; păl'), a saddle horse.
pal'i-sade' (păl'ĭ-sād'), a fence made of stakes or pales, for defense.
pal'pi-tate (păl'pĭ-tāt), beat rapidly and strongly; throb.
pam'phlet (păm'flĕt), a book of a few sheets, not bound.
pan'ic (păn'ĭk), extreme and sudden fear.
par'cel (pär'sĕl), a number or quantity of things put up together.
parch (pärch), scorch; roast on the fire.
par-take' (pär-tāk'), share; have a part or share with others.
par'ti-cle (pär'tĭ-k'l), a little bit; a morsel.
pass'ing (pȧs'ĭng), very; exceedingly.
pas'sion (pȧsh'ŭn), rage; excitement; intense feeling.
patch'work' (păch'), work composed of pieces sewed together; something that is irregularly composed.
pa'thos (pā'thŏs), that which awakens pity, sympathy, and sorrow.
pa'tience (pā'shĕns), power of suffering or enduring uncomplainingly.
pa'tri-ot (pā'trĭ-ŏt), one who loves his country.
Paw-nee' (pô-nē'), the name of a once powerful tribe of Indians.
peace (pēs), a state of quiet; calm.
peas'ant (pĕz'ănt), a countryman.
pe-cul'iar (pē-kūl'yär), special; unusual; strange.
peer (pēr), one of the same rank, an equal; a nobleman.
pen'al-ty (pĕn'ăl-tĭ), punishment for offense.

pen'i-tence (pĕn'ĭ-tĕns), sorrow for sin or faults; repentance.
pen'non (pĕn'ŭn), a flag or banner.
per-ceive' (pĕr-sēv'), see; observe; notice.
per-chance' (pĕr-chans'), perhaps; possibly.
per-fec'tion (pĕr-fĕk'shŭn), quality or state of being perfect; faultlessness.
per-form' (fôrm'), do; make complete.
per'fume (pûr'fūm; pĕr-fūm'), a sweet odor; fragrance.
per'il (pĕr'ĭl), danger; risk.
per'il-ous (pĕr'ĭ-lŭs), dangerous; daring.
per'ish (pĕr'ĭsh), die; be destroyed; pass away.
per-plexed' (pĕr-plĕkst'), doubtful; puzzled.
per-plex'i-ty (pĕr-plĕk'sĭ-tĭ), state of being puzzled; doubt; bewilderment.
per'se-ver'ance (pur'sĕ-vēr'ăns), steadiness; persistence.
per'son-age (pûr'sŭn-âj), a distinguished person.
per-suade' (pĕr-swād'), influence by advice or argument.
per-sua'sive (swā'sĭv), having the power of persuading.
pes'ter (pĕs'tĕr), annoy; worry; tease.
pet'tish (pĕt'ĭsh), fretful; peevish.
pheas'ant (fĕz'ănt), a bird common in England and Europe, much prized as a game bird.
phoe'be (fē'bē), a bird, grayish brown above and yellowish white below; pewee.
phoe'nix (fē'nĭks), see note page 28.
pied (pīd), with large blotches of two or more colors.
pierce (pērs), run into or through; stab.
pil'grim (pĭl'grĭm), one who journeys far; a wanderer.
pil'grim-age (grĭ-mâj), a long and weary journey.
pil'lar (pĭl'ăr), a firm, upright support.
pin'ion (pĭn'yŭn), a wing.
pi'rate (pī'rât), a rubber on the high seas.
pith (pĭth), force; vigor.
pit'i-a-ble (pĭt'ĭ-ă-b'l), sorrowful; exciting pity.
plague (plāg), an infectious disease; anything which troubles.
plait (plāt; plēt), to braid; to interweave strands; to fold.
Plan-tag'e-net (tăj'ĕ-nĕt), see note page 218.
plan-ta'tion (tā'shŭn), cultivated land; usually a large estate.
pledge (plĕj), something given as security for the performance of an act.
pli'ant (plī'ănt), bending without breaking; flexible.
plight (plīt), condition; state.
plod (plŏd), walk heavily; work steadily and patiently.
plot (plŏt), a plan, design, or scheme, usually for a bad purpose.
pluck (plŭk), gather; pick.
plume (plōōm), a feather or group of feathers worn as an ornament.
plump (plŭmp), well rounded or filled out; fat.
plun'der (plŭn'dĕr), that which is taken by force or robbery.
plunge (plŭnj), to drive or rush in; to thrust into.
poise (poiz), balance; the bearing or carriage of the body or head.
pol'ished (pŏl'ĭsht), polite; refined; elegant.
po-lit'i-cal (pō-lĭt'ĭ-kăl), having to do with the conduct of government.
pol-lu'tion (pō-lū'shŭn), impurity; uncleanness.
pomp (pŏmp), splendor; grandeur; display.
pon'der (pŏn'dĕr), consider carefully.
pon'iard (pŏn'yărd), a slender dagger.
pop'u-lar'i-ty (pŏp'ū-lăr'ĭ-tĭ), the state of being in favor with people in general.
por'ce-lain (pôr'sĕ-lăn; pôrs'lăn), a fine earthenware; china.
por'tal (pôr'tăl), a door; a gate.
por'ter (pôr'tĕr), one who carries burdens for hire.
pos'i-tive-ly (pŏz'ĭ-tĭv), certainly; without doubt.
pouch (pouch), a bag; a purse.
pounce (pouns), to seize; to spring upon.
pout (pout), to look sullen; to show displeasure by thrusting out the lips.
prat'tle (prăt''l), childish talk or chatter.
pre'cious (prĕsh'ŭs), of great value; dear; beloved.
pre-fer' (prē-fûr'), like better; choose; select.
pres'ence (prĕz'ĕns), state of being present; personal appearance.
pre-sent' (prē-zĕnt'), introduce; make a present.
prey (prā), any animal seized by another to be devoured.
prime (prīm), first in excellence; of highest quality.
prim'rose' (prĭm'), a flower of pale yellow color.
prin'ci-pal (prĭn'sĭ-păl), highest in rank; chief.
pri'vate (prī'vât), one's own; not public; not general.
prize (prīz), value highly.
prize (prīz), anything worth striving for; anything offered as a reward of effort.
prob'a-bil'i-ty (prŏb'ă-bĭl'ĭ-tĭ), that which appears probable or likely.

prob'a-ble (prŏb'á-b'l), likely.
pro-ceed (prō-sēd'), move or go forward or onward.
pro-claim' (prō-klām'), make known by public announcement; publish.
pro-found' (prō-found'), extending far below the surface; deep.
pro-fu'sion (fū'zhŭn), abundance; lavish supply.
pro-pos'al (prō-pōz'ăl), an offer; that which is proposed.
pro-pose' (prō-pōz'), offer for consideration; set before the mind.
pros'per (prŏs'pĕr), succeed; be successful; turn out well.
pros'trate (prŏs'trāte), throw one's self down in humility or reverence.
pro-tect' (prō-tĕkt'), defend; cover or shield from injury or danger.
prov'ince (prŏv'ĭns), a district or division of a country.
pro-vi'sion (prō-vĭzh'ŭn), a store or stock of needed materials prepared beforehand.
pro-voke' (prō-vōk'), arouse; stir up; anger.
pru'dence (prōō'dĕns), carefulness; economy; watchfulness for one's interest.
pry (prī), raise or move with a pry or lever.
psalm (säm), a sacred song or poem.
pub'lic (pŭb'lĭk), open to all; common; general.
puck'er (pŭk'ĕr), gather into small folds or wrinkles.
pul'pit (pōōl'pĭt), an elevated place in a church where the clergyman stands while preaching.
pur-suit' (pŭr-sūt'), the act of following to overtake; a chase.

quaint (kwānt), curious and fanciful.
Quak'er (kwāk'ĕr), one of a religious sect founded by George Fox, about 1650.
quiv'er (kwĭv'ĕr), a case for carrying arrows.
quoth (kwōth), said; spoke.

ra'di-ance (rā'dĭ-ăns), vivid brightness; glare; splendor.
ra'di-ant (rā'dĭ-ănt), bright; beaming.
raid (rād), a sudden and rapid attack upon the enemy's territory.
ram'part (răm'pärt), a protecting wall; a broad embankment round a place.
rang'er (rān'jĕr), a cowboy who herds cattle on the range.
rank (răngk), row; line.
rap'id (răp'ĭd), very swift or quick; fast.
rap'id (răp'ĭd), a part of a river where the current moves with great swiftness.
rap'tur-ous (răp'tûr-ŭs), expressing or showing great joy.
rar'i-ty (răr'ĭ-tĭ; rār), that which is uncommon or rare.
ras'cal (răs'kăl), a mean, dishonest person.
rash (răsh), hasty; careless; heedless.
rash'ness (răsh'), the quality or state of acting without thought or caution.
rave (rāv), talk as if mad; to be wild.
rav'en-ous (răv''n-ŭs), devouring eagerly; greedy.
ray'less (rā'), sending out no rays or lines of light.
read'i-ness (rĕd'ĭ), promptness; quickness; willingness.
re'al-ize (rē'ăl-īz), make real; cause to seem real.
realm (rĕlm), a kingdom; a region.
re'cent (rē'sĕnt), new; fresh; modern.
reck'on (rĕk''n), count; calculate.
re-cline' (rē-klīn), lie down; rest.
rec'og-nize (rĕk'ŏg-nīz), know again; own; admit.
re-deem' (rē-dēm'), regain possession of by payment of a price agreed upon.
re-dou'ble (rē-dŭb''l), double again.
re-duce' (rē-dūs'), lessen; lower; bring to a certain condition.
reef (rēf), a range of rocks lying near the surface of the water.
re-flect' (rē-flĕkt'), give back an image; throw or cast back.
ref'uge (rĕf'ūj), shelter or protection from danger.
re-fuse' (rē-fūz'), decline to do or grant; deny; withhold permission.
re-gard' (rē-gärd'), respect; affection.
re'gion (rē'jŭn), a district; a country.
re-gret' (rē-grĕt'), feel sorrow; grieve at.
reign (rān), royal authority; supreme power.
re-joice' (rē-jois'), feel joy or gladness; to be delighted.
re-lief' (rē-lēf'), projection of figures from a background, obtained by modeling, hammering, or carving; aid.
re-luc'tant (rē-lŭk'tănt), unwilling; resisting.
re-mark'a-ble (rē-mär'kà-b'l), unusual; wonderful.
rem'nant (rĕm'nănt), that which remains; a small portion.
re-mote' (rē-mōt'), distant; far away.
re-nown' (rē-noun'), condition of being widely and honorably known.
re-pair' (rē-pâr'), go.
re-pair' (rē-pâr'), mend; renew; make right.
re-past' (rē-pàst'), a meal; a feast.
re-pent' (rē-pĕnt'), feel sorrow for what one has done or has not done.
re-pent'ance (rē-pĕn'tăns), sorrow for sin.

rep'e-ti'tion (rĕp'ē-tĭsh'ŭn), act of repeating; act of doing or saying again.
re-plen'ish (rē-plĕn'ĭsh), fill again after emptying.
re-pose' (rē-pōz'), rest; quite.
rep're-sent' (rĕp'rē-zĕnt'), show; supply the place of.
re-quest' (rē-kwĕst'), act of asking for something; prayer; entreaty.
res'cue (rĕs'kū), free; save; release.
re-sem'blance (rē-zĕm'blăns), likeness; similarity.
re-sem'ble (rē-zĕm'b'l), be like or similar to.
res'in (rĕz'ĭn), a yellowish or brown substance obtained mostly from trees, used in making varnishes and in medicine.
re-sist'ance (rē-zĭs'tăns), act of standing against or opposing; opposition.
res'o-lu'tion (rĕz'ō-lū'shŭn), firmness; that which is decided upon.
re-solve' (rē-zŏlv'), determine; decide.
re-sort' (rē-zôrt'), go to frequently; visit.
re-sound' (rē-zound'), to echo; to be filled with sound.
re-spect' (rē-spĕkt'), honor; esteem; regard.
re-splend'ent (rē-splĕn'dĕnt), shining; splendid.
rest'less (rĕst'), uneasy; unsettled; sleepless.
re-strain' (rē-strān'), hold back; check; hinder.
re-sult' (rē-zŭlt'), effect; consequence.
re-sume' (rē-zūm'), enter upon or begin again.
re-tain' (rē-tān'), keep; continue to hold or use.
re-treat' (rē-trēt'), a hiding place; a den; a retired place; seclusion.
rev'el (rĕv'ĕl), make merry in a noisy manner.
re-venge' (rē-vĕnj'), inflict injury in return for injury.
re-ver'ber-ate (rē-vûr'bĕr-āt), echo; resound.
rev'er-ence (rĕv'ĕr-ĕns), great respect and affection.
rev'er-ent (rĕv'ĕr-ĕnt), showing reverence; very respectful.
re-vert' (rē-vûrt'), return to a former state; go back.
rid'i-cule (rĭd'ĭ-kūl), laugh at mockingly.
rife (rīf), full of; abounding with.
rill (rĭl), a small brook; a streamlet.
ring'let (rĭng'lĕt), a long curl of hair.
risk (rĭsk), danger; peril.
ri'val (rī'văl), try to equal or excel.
riv'et (rĭv'ĕt), a headed bolt of iron, steel, or copper.
riv'et (rĭv'ĕt), fasten firmly.
roam (rōm), wander; go from place to place.
ro'guish (rō'gĭsh), pleasantly mischievous.
ro-man'tic (rō-măn'tĭk), fanciful; unreal.
rook (rŏŏk), a European bird about the size of the American crow.
roy'al (roi'ăl), kingly; magnificent.
ru'by (rōō'bĭ), a precious stone, of red color.
rud'dy (rŭd'ĭ), of a red color; having a healthy reddish color.
rue (rōō), feel sorrow; repent.
rue'ful (rōō'fo͝ol), mournful; pitiable.
rug'ged (rŭg'ĕd), not smooth; rough; irregular.
ru'in (rōō'ĭn), destruction; downfall; overthrow.
ru'mi-nate (rōō'mĭ-nāt), chew again what has been chewed slightly and swallowed.
ru'ral (rōō'răl), belonging to or living in the country; rustic.
rush (rŭsh), a plant growing in the water or in marshes; used in bottoming chairs.
rus'set (rŭs'ĕt), reddish brown color.

sa'bre, sa'ber (sā'bĕr,) a weapon similar to a sword, but having a curved blade.
sa'chem (sā'chĕm), a chief in some tribes of American Indians.
sa'cred (sā'krĕd), made holy; set apart to religious use.
sac'ri-fice (săk'rĭ-fīz, fĭs), make an offering of; give up in favor of a higher duty.
sage (sāj), wise; prudent.
sal'ly (săl'ĭ), leap or rush out; burst forth.
sa-lute' (sa-lūt'), greet; address with expressions of kind wishes.
san'dal-wood (săn'dăl), close-grained, fragrant yellowish wood of an East Indian tree.
sand'-bar' (băr'), a bank of sand at the mouth of a river or harbor.
sap'phire (săf'ĭr), a blue transparent stone prized as a gem.
sa'vor-y (sā'vĕr-ĭ), having a pleasant taste or smell.
scale (skāl), ascend by climbing; to climb as if by a ladder.
scam'per (skăm'pĕr), run or move in a quick, hurried manner.
scene (sēn), view; landscape; surroundings.
scim'i-tar (sĭm'ĭ-tĕr), a sword with a curved blade.
scope (skōp), extent of view; liberty; free course.
score (skōr), twenty.
scorn (skōrn), extreme contempt; mockery.
scour (skour), pass over ground swiftly in pursuit or in search of something.
scud (skŭd), move swiftly as if driven forward.

seal (sēl), an impression made on wax, used instead of signature and fastened to a document.
se-cure' (sē-kūr'), safe; undisturbed.
sedge (sĕj), a grasslike herb growing in tufts in marshy places.
seek (sēk), look for; go in search of.
sen-sa'tion (sĕn-sā'shŭn), feeling; sense.
sense'less (sĕns'), unconscious; insensible.
se'quin (sē'kwĭn), a gold coin of Italy and Turkey.
sere (sēr), dry; withered.
se-rene' (sē-rēn'), bright; clear; calm.
se'ri-ous (sē'rĭ-ŭs), grave; earnest.
ser'pent (sûr'pĕnt), a large snake.
serv'ice (sûr'vĭs), a set or number of articles for a particular use.
ses'a-me (sĕs'ā-mē), an East Indian plant with small seeds which are used as food.
se-vere' (sē-vēr'), strict; harsh; stern.
Sev'ern (sĕv'ĕrn), a river in England.
shaft (shăft), the stem of an arrow; handle of a spear; anything which may be thrown or darted.
shal'low (shăl'ō), a place where the water is not deep.
shat'ter (shăt'ĕr), break into pieces.
sheaf (shēf), a quantity of the stalks and ears of wheat, rye, or other grain bound together.
sher'iff (shĕr'ĭf), the chief executive officer of a county charged with the execution of the laws.
shin (shĭn), the front part of the leg below the knee.
shock (shŏk), strike with surprise or horror.
shrine (shrīn), a place supposed to be made holy by a deity.
shroud (shroud), one of the ropes leading from a vessel's mastheads, to give support to the top.
shud'der (shŭd'ĕr), tremble, shake, shiver with fear or horror.
shy (shī), timid; reserved.
sig'ni-fy (sĭg'nĭ-fī), express; declare; have meaning.
sim'i-lar (sĭm'ĭ-lăr), somewhat alike; having a general likeness.
sim-plic'i-ty (sĭm-plĭs'ĭ-tĭ), plainness; freedom from luxury or ornament.
sin-cer'i-ty (sĭn-sĕr'ĭ-tĭ), honesty; truth.
sin'ew (sĭn'ū), a tough cord or band uniting a muscle to some other part of the body; a tendon.
sin'gu-lar (sĭn'gū-lăr), strange; unusual.
sire (sīr), father; a title of respect used in addressing a king.
sketch (skĕch), a short story; an outline.
skill (skĭl), knowledge with readiness and power to perform.
skim (skĭm), pass swiftly or lightly over; brush the surface of.
skirt (skûrt), to border; to run along the edge of.
slay (slā), kill; murder.
sledge (slĕj), a large, heavy hammer
sleep'less (slēp), having no sleep.
sluice (slōōs), a water gate; an artificial passage for water.
slum'ber (slŭm'bĕr), sleep.
sly'ly (slī'lĭ), in a sly or cunning manner.
smirk (smûrk), an affected smile.
smite (smīte), strike.
smoul'der (smōl'dĕr), burn and smoke without flame.
snare (snār), an arrangement consisting of a noose of cord or the like, by which an animal may be entangled and caught.
snuff (snŭf), inhale forcibly through the nose; sniff; scent.
snug (snŭg), tidy; cozy; comfortable.
soar (sōr), fly aloft, as a bird.
so-ci'e-ty (sō-sī'ĕ-tĭ), companionship; company.
sol'emn (sŏl'ĕm), sacred; serious; devout.
so-lid'i-ty (sō-lĭd'ĭ-tĭ), solidness; hardness; firmness.
sol'i-ta-ry (sŏl'ĭ-tā-rĭ), having no companion; being by one's self.
Sol'o-mon (sŏl'ō-mŭn), King of Israel, noted for his great wisdom and the magnificence of his reign.
som'bre, som'ber (sŏm'bĕr), gloomy; melancholy; grave.
sooth (sōōth), true; in accordance with truth.
sor'rel (sŏr'ĕl), a plant having sour juice.
source (sōrs), the rising from the ground, or beginning, of a stream.
South Sea (south), the Pacific Ocean
sov'er-eign (sŏv'ĕr-ĭn; sŭv), king, queen, or emperor.
spa'cious (spā'shŭs), of great space; vast in extent.
span (spăn), stretch, or extend over or across.
spar'ry (spär'ĭ), abounding with spar.
Spar'tan (spär'tăn), see note page 28.
spe'cial (spĕsh'ăl), particular; uncommon.
spec'ta-cle (spĕk'tă-k'l), show; exhibition; display.
spec'ter (spĕk'tĕr), a ghost; a spirit.
speech (spēch), that which is spoken; address.
speech'less (spēch'), silent; dumb; mute.
speed (spēd), swiftness; rapidity.
speed'i-ly (spēd'), rapidly; quickly; swiftly.
spell (spĕl), a word or form of words supposed to have magic power; a charm.
sphere (sfēr), a globe; a globe representing the earth or heavens.
spire (spīr), a steeple; a steep, tapering roof on a tower.

spir'it-u-al-ize (spĭr'ĭt-û-ăl-īz), refine; purify.
spite'ful (spīt'fo͝ol), having a desire to annoy or injure; malicious.
splen'dor (splĕn'dẽr), great brightness; grandeur; glory.
spoil (spoil), plunder taken in war.
sport (spōrt), game; play; frolic.
spor'tive (spôr'tĭv), playful; merry.
spray (sprā), water flying in small drops.
sprite (sprīt), a spirit; a fairy.
spy (spī), one who watches secretly the conduct of others.
squint (skwĭnt), to look with eyes partly closed or aslant.
squirm (skwûrm), twist about; wriggle.
staff (stăf), a long stick carried in the hand for support.
stanch (stănch), firm; strong; steady.
star'tle (stär't'l), frighten suddenly; alarm.
state'ly (stāt'), grand; majestic.
stead (stĕd), be of service or advantage.
stern (stûrn), severe; hard; harsh.
stew'ard (stū'ẽrd), a head manager on a large estate; a person who has charge of provision and distribution of food.
sti'fle (stī'f'l), stop the breath; suffocate.
stir'ring (stûr'ĭng), rousing; exciting.
stir'rup (stĭr'ŭp; stûr'ŭp), a bent piece of wood, metal, or leather, for receiving the foot of a rider and attached by a strap to the saddle.
stout (stout), brave; courageous; bold; fleshy.
strag'gle (străg''l), wander; stray.
straight'for'ward (fôr'wẽrd), honest; frank.
strait (strāt), difficulty; need.
strick'en (strĭk''n), wounded; smitten.
stride (strīd), walk with long steps.
strife (strīf), struggle; quarrel; contest.
strive (strīv), to struggle; to endeavor; to labor hard.
strug'gle (strŭg''l), to put forth great effort; to try hard; to labor hard.
stub'ble (stŭb''l), the stumps of grain left in the ground after reaping.
stum'ble (stŭm'b'l), to trip in walking.
stump (stŭmp), the part of a tree or plant remaining in the earth after the stem or trunk is cut off.
stur'dy (stûr'dĭ), firm; strong.
sub-due' (sŭb-dū'), to conquer; to overcome.
sub-lime' (sŭb-līm'), noble; majestic.
sub'stance (sŭb'stăns), matter; material of which a thing is made.
sub'tle (sŭt''l), thin; skillful; cunning.
Su-ez' (so͞o-ĕz'; so͞o'ĕz), a city in Egypt.
suf-fi'cient (sŭ-fĭsh'ĕnt), enough; ample.
sug'ar-plum' (shoŏg'ẽr-plŭm'), a kind of candy made up in small balls; a bonbon.
sug-gest' (sŭg-jĕst'), to present a matter to be considered or acted upon.
suit'a-ble (sūt'ă-b'l), proper; fitting.
sulk'y (sŭl'kĭ), obstinate and cross; unwilling to associate with others.
sul'len (sŭl'ĕn), silent because of ill humor.
sul'tan (sŭl'tăn), the ruler of the Turkish.
sul'try (sŭl'trĭ), very hot; burning; oppressive.
sum'mit (sŭm'ĭt), the top; the highest point.
sup'ple (sŭp''l), easily bent; flexible.
sup-ply' (sŭ-plī'), to furnish with what is wanted.
sup-press' (sŭ-prĕs'), put down; subdue.
sure'ty (shoŏr'tĭ), one who becomes liable for the debt of another.
surge (sûrj), a large wave.
surge (sûrj), to rush or roll.
sur'geon (sûr'jŭn), one whose profession is to cure disease or injury by operations with the hands.
sur-pass' (sŭr-pȧs'), go beyond; excel.
sur-round' (sŭ-round'), inclose on all sides.
sur-vive' (sŭr-vīv'), to live longer than another.
sus-pect' (sŭs-pĕkt'), to doubt; to distrust.
sway (swā), rule; govern; cause to swing.
swarm (swôrm), a large number or mass of small insects.
sweat (swĕt), perspiration.
sweep (swēp), one who cleans chimneys.
sweet'meat' (mēt'), fruit preserved with sugar.
swerve (swûrv), turn aside; go out of a straight line.
swoon (swo͞on), to faint.
sym'bol (sĭm'bŏl'), that which stands for or represents something else.
sym'bol-ize (sĭm'bŏl-īz), to make a thing representative of something else.

tab'let (tăb'lĕt), a flat piece of any material on which to write.
ta'bor (tā'bẽr), a small drum.
tack'le (tăk''l), equipment for fishing; rods, lines, etc.
tale (tāl), story; anecdote; fable.
tal'is-man (tăl'ĭs-măn), something supposed to act as a charm and keep away evil.
tal'low (tăl'ō), suet or fat.
tang (tăng), something that pricks or spurs one on.

tar'nish (tär'nĭsh), soil; dull; stain.
task (tăsk), work; employment; lesson.
tas'sel (tăs''l), an ornament ending in a tuft of loose threads.
tel'e-scope (tĕl'ĕ-skōp), an instrument used as an assistance to the eye in viewing distant objects.
tem'pest (tĕm'pĕst), storm; violent wind.
tem'ple (tĕm'p'l), a church; a place of public worship.
tempt (tĕmpt), endeavor to lead into evil.
temp-ta'tion (tā'shŭn), that which tempts or leads into evil.
ten'der (tĕn'dĕr), delicate; kind; loving.
ter'race (tĕr'ăs), a raised level space.
ter'ri-fy (tĕr'ĭ-fī), frighten; alarm.
ter'ror (tĕr'ĕr), extreme fear.
text (tĕkst), a verse from the Bible, used as the subject of a sermon.
tex'ture (tĕks'tûr), that which is woven.
thatch (thăch), cover with a roof of straw.
thick'et (thĭk'ĕt), a dense growth of low trees or shrubs.
thong (thŏng), a strap or strip of leather used for fastening something.
threat'en (thrĕt''n), to express an intention to inflict punishment or evil.
thresh (thrĕsh), to beat out grain from.
thresh'old (thrĕsh'ōld), entrance; gate; door.
thrice (thrīs), three times.
thrift'less (thrĭft'), not careful, frugal, or economical.
thrill (thrĭl), to cause to have a tingling or throbbing sensation; to pierce.
throb (thrŏb), a beat of the heart.
throng (thrŏng), a crowd.
thrush (thrŭsh), a European song bird.
thwart (thwôrt), oppose; hinder; defeat.
ti'dings (tī'dĭngs), news; account of what has taken place.
till'er (tĭl'ĕr), a plowman; one who cultivates the soil.
tim'id (tĭm'ĭd), easily frightened; shy.
tinge (tĭnj), stain slightly; color.
tink'er (tĭnk'ĕr), mend clumsily or unskillfully.
tint (tĭnt), a slight coloring.
ti'ny (tī'nĭ), very small.
ti'tled (tī't'ld), having a title; one of the nobility.
tit'ter (tĭt'ĕr), to laugh without much noise; giggle.
toil (toil), labor; employment; work.
toil'some (sŭm), wearisome.
to'ken (tō'k'n), a sign; a signal.
toll (tōl), a tax paid for passing over a highway or bridge.
torch (tôrch), a burning substance, generally wood, carried in the hand to give light.
tor-ment' (tôr-mĕnt'), to pain; to distress; to torture.
tor'toise (tôr'tŭs; tĭs), a turtle.
to'tal (tō'tăl), the whole.
tough (tŭf), capable of resisting great strain; stiff.
tour (tōor), a journey from place to place, returning to the starting point.
tour'ney (tōor'nĭ; tûr'nĭ), a contest between mounted knights armed usually with blunted swords or lances.
tow'er-ing (tou'ĕr), very high; lofty
trace (trās), follow a track.
tract (trăkt), an extent of land; a region.
trade wind (trād), a wind blowing continually in the same course, toward the equator, but from an easterly direction.
tra-di'tion (trā-dĭsh'ŭn), information given by father to son, through many generations.
traf'fic (trăf'ĭk), commerce; interchange of goods.
trail (trāl), something drawn or dragged behind; a footpath worn by passage through a wilderness.
train (trān), a number of followers; a body of attendants.
trait (trāt), a distinguishing characteristic or feature.
trai'tor (trā'tĕr), one who betrays a trust; one who delivers his country to an enemy.
trance (tråns), a state in which the soul seems to have passed out of the body.
tran'quil (trăn'kwĭl), quiet; calm.
trans-par'ent (păr'ĕnt), clear.
trans-port' (trăns-pôrt'), carry or convey from one place to another.
trans'port (trånsˈpôrt), great feeling or emotion.
trav'erse (trăv'ĕrs), move across or over.
treach'er-y (trĕch'ĕr-ĭ), betrayal of faith; deception.
tread (trĕd), step or walk.
trea'son (trē'z'n), betrayal of trust or faith.
treas'ure (trĕzh'ûr), money, jewels, or the like, hoarded up.
treas'ur-y (trĕzh'ûr-ĭ), a place or building in which money or treasure is deposited.
treat (trēt), that which affords entertainment.
tre-men'dous (trē-mĕn'dŭs), very great; awe inspiring.
trench (trĕnch), a ditch.
tribe (trīb), a group composing a series of families descended from the same ancestor.

tri'fle (trī'f'l), a thing of very little value.
tri'umph (trī'ŭmf), a state of joy over success or victory; a victory.
troop (troop), a company of mounted soldiers; a company of people.
tru'ant (troo'ănt), one who stays away from school without leave.
trudge (trŭj), walk wearily.
trump'et (trŭm'pĕt; pĭt), a wind instrument; a trumpet shaped instrument for collecting and intensifying sounds.
trust (trŭst), confidence; faith; belief.
tryst (trĭst; trīst), an appointment to meet; a meeting.
tu'mult (tū'mŭlt), great commotion and noise; uproar.
tur'ban (tûr'băn), a cap with sash wound around it, worn by men in the East.
tur'bu-lent (tûr'bû-lĕnt), aroused to violent commotion; agitated.
Turk (tûrk), a native or inhabitant of Turkey.
tur-quoise' (tûr-koiz'; tûr'kwoiz), a bluish green stone valued as a gem.
tur'ret (tûr'ĕt), a little tower.
tusk (tŭsk), a long protruding tooth.
twain (twān), two.
ty'rant (tī'rănt), a severe or cruel ruler.

un-apt' (ŭn-ăpt'), unsuitable; not accustomed.
un-con'scious (ŭn-kŏn'shŭs), not aware of; not knowing.
un-doubt'ed (ŭn-dout'ĕd), not doubted.
un-eas'y (ŭn-ēz'ĭ), restless; disturbed.
un-grate'ful (ŭn-grāt'fo͝ol), not thankful.
un'in-hab'it-ed (ŭn'ĭn-hăb'ĭt-ĕd), without dwellers or inhabitants.
un'ion (ūn'yŭn), act of uniting or joining two or more things into one.
un-just' (ŭn-jŭst'), not just or fair; wrongful; dishonest.
un-rea'son-a-ble (rē'z'n-ă-b'l), not reasonable; unfair; excessive.
un-seen' (ŭn-sēn'), not seen; invisible.
un-skil'ful (skĭl'fo͝ol), inexperienced; awkward.
un-speak'a-ble (spēk'ă-b'l), beyond the power of words to express.
up'roar' (ŭp'rôr'), noisy confusion; great disturbance and noise.
urge (ûrj), force onward; insist upon.
ut'most (ŭt'mōst), extreme; the farthest limit.
ut'ter (ŭt'ĕr), pronounce; speak.
ut'ter (ŭt'ĕr), complete; total.

va'grant (vā'grant), a wanderer; one who strolls from place to place.
vague (vāg), not clear; indefinite.
vain (vān), having a high opinion of one's self; conceited.
val'or (văl'ĕr), bravery; heroism.
val'u-a-ble (văl'ū-ă-b'l), precious; of considerable worth.
Van Die'men's Land (dē'mĕn), an island south of Australia now called Tasmania, (tăz-mā'nĭ-ă).
van'ish (văn'ĭsh), disappear; go out of sight.
van'i-ty (văn'ĭ-tĭ), foolishness; that which is vain or empty.
va'ried (vā'rĭd), having or showing differences.
va-ri'e-ty (vă-rī'ĕ-tĭ), mixture or succession of different things or qualities.
va'ri-ous (vā'rĭ-ŭs), different.
vast (văst), of great extent; immense.
vaunt (vânt; vônt), boast; brag.
veer (vēr), change direction; turn
veiled (vāld), hidden.
ven'e-mous; ven'om-ous (vĕn'ŭm-ŭs) poisonous.
venge'ance (vĕn'jăns), punishment inflicted in return for injury.
ven'i-son (vĕn'ĭ-z'n), the flesh of deer
ver'dant (vûr'dănt), green; fresh.
ver'dure (vûr'dûr), greenness of vegetation.
vest'ed (vĕs'tĕd), that has become a complete and perfect right.
vex (vĕks), disturb; annoy; anger.
vex-a'tion (vĕk-sā'shŭn), irritation, trouble.
vic'tim (vĭk'tĭm), a person injured in the gratification of the passion or desires of another.
vic-to'ri-ous (vĭk-tō'rĭ-ŭs), conquering.
vict'uals (vĭt''ls), food for human beings.
view (vū), that which is seen.
vil'lain (vĭl'ĭn), a wicked person; a scoundrel.
vi'o-lence (vī'ō-lĕns), fierceness; highly excited force.
vi'o-lent (vī'ō-lĕnt), fierce; passionate
vir'gin (vûr'jĭn), fresh; new; pure
vir'tue (vûr'tū), power to produce effect.
vis'i-ble (vĭz'ĭb'l), capable of being seen.
vi'sion (vĭzh'ŭn), a dream; act of seeing.
viv'id (vĭv'ĭd), clear; fresh; brilliant.
vi-zier' (vĭ-zēr'; vĭz'yĕr), a high officer in various Mohammedan countries.
vol'un-ta-ry (vŏl'ŭn-tâ-rĭ), done of one's own free will or choice.
vow (vou), a solemn promise to God.
voy'ag-er (voi'ă-jĕr), one who sails or voyages.

wa'ger (wā'jĕr), a bet; that which is risked on an uncertain event.
wail (wāl), lament; grieve over.
wain (wān), a wagon or cart.
waist'coat (wāst'kōt), a sleeveless garment for men worn under the coat.

wal'let (wŏl'ĕt), a bag or purse.
war'ble (wôr'b'l), sing; carol.
ward'er (wôr'dĕr), one who keeps; a keeper; a guard.
ware' house' (wâr'), a storehouse for goods; a wholesale shop; a store.
war' fare' (wôr' fâr'), war; struggle.
warn'ing (wôrn), previous notice; caution.
war'rior (wôr'yĕr; ĭ-ĕr; wŏr'ĭ-ĕr), a soldier.
wa'ry (wā'rĭ; wâr'ĭ), cautious; prudent.
way'ward (wā'wĕrd), disobedient; unruly; self-willed.
weap'on (wĕp'ŭn), something to fight with.
wea'ry (wē'rĭ), tired; fatigued.
wea'sel (wē'z'l), a small, slender animal very active and bold which kills birds, mice, and rats.
wedge (wĕj), a piece of wood or metal, tapering to a thin edge; used in raising heavy bodies.
wee (wē), very small; little.
ween (wēn), think; believe.
whirl' pool' (hwûrl' pōōl'), water moving rapidly in a circle.
wield (wēld), manage; handle; control.
wild' fire' (wīld' fīr'), a composition which burns under water; fire very hard to quench when kindled.
will'ing (wĭl), ready; desirous.
wil'y (wīl'ĭ), full of tricks; cunning.
wind'ward (wĭnd'wĕrd), toward the wind.
wis'dom (wĭz'dŭm), knowledge with the ability to make proper use of it
witch'er-y (wich'ĕr-ĭ), enchantment.
with-draw' (wĭth-drô'), take back; remove; draw back.
wit'ness (wĭt'nĕs), see; observe.
wits (wĭts), the mind or power of the mind.
wit'ty (wĭt'ĭ), quick to see humor or fun.
woe (wō), grief; sorrow; misery.
wo'ful (wō'fo͝ol), full of sorrow; sad.
won'drous (wŭn'drŭs), astonishing, wonderful.
wont (wŭnt; wōnt), custom; habit.
wood' bine' (wo͝od' bīn'), the European honeysuckle or the Virginia Creeper.
wor'ship (wûr'shĭp), adoration or reverence paid to God.
wor'thy (wûr'thĭ), deserving of honor or praise.
wrack (răk), ruin; wreck; calamity
wres'tle (rĕs''l), struggle; seek to throw down.
wretch (rĕch), a miserable person; a wicked or cruel person.
wretch'ed-ness (rĕch), misery.
wrought (rôt), worked.
yeo'man (yō'măn), an attendant; a retainer.
yield (yēld), give up; surrender.
yield (yēld), amount yielded, product
yore (yōr), in time long past.

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